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A WINTER JOURNEY THROUGH SIBERIA.



ON Friday, the 8th of January, 1886, Mr. Frost and I left Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, for a journey of about four thousand miles to St. Petersburg. The route that we intended to follow differed a little from that which we had pursued in coming into Siberia, and included two important towns that we had not yet visited, namely Minusinsk and Tobolsk. The former we expected to reach by making a detour of about four hundred miles to the southward from Krasnoyarsk, and the latter by taking a more northerly route between Omsk and Tiumen than the one over which we had passed on our way eastward. Our equipment for this long and difficult journey consisted of a strongly built *pavoska*, or seatless traveling-sleigh, with low runners, wide outriggers, and a sort of carriage-top which could be closed with a leather curtain in stormy weather; a very heavy sheepskin bag six feet wide and nine feet long in which we could both lie side by side at full length; eight or ten pillows and cushions of various sizes to fill up chinks in the mass of baggage and to break the force of the jolting on rough roads; three overcoats apiece of soft shaggy sheepskin so graded in size and weight that we could adapt ourselves to any temperature from the freezing point to eighty degrees below; very long and heavy felt boots known in Siberia as *vallinki*; fur caps, mittens, and a small quantity of provisions consisting chiefly of tea, sugar, bread, condensed milk, boiled ham, frozen soup in cakes, and a couple of

roasted grouse. After having packed our heavy baggage as carefully as possible in the bottom of the *pavoska*, so as to make a comparatively smooth and level foundation, we stuffed the interstices with pillows and cushions; covered the somewhat lumpy surface to a depth of twelve or fourteen inches with straw; spread down over all our spare overcoats, blankets, and the big sheepskin bag; stowed away the bread, boiled ham, and roast grouse in the straw, where we could sit on them and thus protect them to some extent from the intense cold;¹ and finally, filled the whole back of the *pavoska* with pillows. At ten o'clock Friday morning all was in readiness for a start, and as soon as the driver came with the horses from the post-station we sang "Home, Sweet Home" as a prelude to the next act, wrapped up the banjo carefully in a soft rug and put it behind our pillows, took seats in the *pavoska* with our feet and legs thrust down into the capacious sheepskin bag, and rode away from the Hotel Dekó amid a chorus of good-bys and shouts of "May God grant you a safe journey!" from the assembled crowd of servants and clerks.

In an article entitled "Adventures in Eastern Siberia," which many readers of THE CENTURY will doubtless remember, I have already described our experience for the first four days after leaving Irkutsk, including our visit to the Alexandrófski Central Prison, and our difficult journey down the half-frozen Angará to the little settlement of Kámenka. Near the latter place we succeeded in crossing the river, by means of an ice-gorge, to the western bank, and stopped

¹ A temperature of forty degrees below zero will turn a boiled ham into a substance that is as useless for edible purposes as the famous "chunk of old red sandstone" from Table Mountain. You can neither cut it, gnaw it, nor break it in pieces with a sledge-hammer; and unless you have facilities for thawing it out, more time enough to waste in that way, you can no more

get nourishment from it than you could get beef tea from a paleozoic fossil. Having learned this fact from sad experience, Mr. Frost and I were accustomed to put articles of food that contained moisture either under us or into the sheepskin bag between us, where they would not freeze so hard.

for the night in the post-station of Cherómka on the great Siberian road. It is customary in Siberia, when traveling by post, to ride night and day without other rest than that which can be obtained in one's sleigh; but I was still suffering from the results of the previous night's exposure to storm and cold in the mountains of the Angara, and at every respiration was warned by a sharp, cutting pain in one lung that it would be prudent to seek shelter and keep warm until I should be able to breathe freely. But it was very difficult to keep warm in that post-station. Almost every hour throughout the night travelers stopped there to change horses or to drink tea, and with every opening of the door a cold wind blew across the bare floor where we lay, condensing the moisture of the atmosphere into chilly clouds of vapor, and changing the temperature of the room from twenty to thirty degrees in as many seconds. I had taken the precaution, however, to bring our large sheepskin bag into the house, and, by burying myself in the depths of that, I not only escaped being chilled, but succeeded, with the aid of medicinal remedies, in getting into a profuse perspiration. This soon relieved the pleuritic pain in my side, and in the morning I felt able to go on. Neither of us had had any sleep, but to the experienced Siberian traveler deprivation of sleep for a night or two is a trifling hardship. I do not think that Mr. Frost had two consecutive hours of sleep in the whole week that we spent on the road between the Alexandrofski Central Prison and Krasnoyarsk; but when we reached the latter place he went to bed, with his clothes on, and slept sixteen hours without waking.

In several villages through which we passed between Cheromka and Nizhneibinsk the *étapes* were evidently occupied by exile parties; but we did not happen to see such a party on the march until Wednesday, and it came upon us then very suddenly and unexpectedly. The day was cold and stormy, with a high wind and flying snow, and we were lying half buried in our sheepskin bag, watching for the next verst-post. The atmosphere was so thick with snowflakes that we could not see the road distinctly for a greater distance than seventy-five or one hundred yards, and the party of exiles was fairly upon us before we discovered that it was not—as we at first supposed—a train of *obózes*, or freight-sleighs. I was not absolutely sure of its nature until the head of the column was so near us that I could make out the muskets of the advance-guard of Cossacks and hear the familiar clinking of the prisoners' leg-fetter chains. I then ordered our *yamshchik* to drive out into the deep snow at one side of the road and there stop. The general appearance of the party, as it passed

us, was very different from the appearance of the similar party whose departure from Tomsk we had watched in August. Then the convicts were all in their light summer costume of gray, their faces were black with sunburn, and they were enveloped in a cloud of fine yellow dust raised by their shuffling, slipper-clad feet from the powdery road. The exiles before us were all dressed in reddish *pólu-shúbas*, or short overcoats of sheepskin, and *bródnias*, or high-topped leather boots, their faces were pallid from long confinement in the Tomsk forwarding prison, and they were wading slowly and laboriously through fresh-fallen snow. The order of march was the same as in the summer, but on account of the storm and the condition of the road there seemed to be some relaxation of discipline and a good deal of straggling and disorder. The dress of the marching convicts consisted of the usual gray Tam o' Shanter cap, with a handkerchief, a ragged tippet, or an old stocking tied over it in such a way as to protect the ears; a *polu-shuba*, with the reddish tanned side out; long, loose leather boots, which had been stuffed around the feet and ankles with hay to make them warmer; woolen trousers, foot-wrappers, or short woolen stockings, and big leather mittens. The leg-fetters, in most cases, were worn inside the boots, and the chain that united them was looped in the middle by means of a strap attached to the leather waist-belt. From this point of support it hung down to the ankle on each side between the tucked-in trouser-leg and the boot. With some slight changes—such, for example, as the substitution of a fur hood for the flimsy Tam o' Shanter cap—the dress, it seemed to me, would afford adequate warmth in ordinary winter weather to men whose blood was kept in vigorous circulation by exercise; but it was by no means sufficient for the protection of sick or disabled convicts who were exposed for eight or ten hours at a stretch to all sorts of weather in open vehicles. I noticed a number of such incapables lying in the shallow, uncomfortable one-horse sleighs at the rear of the column, and clinging or crouching together as if to seek warmth in mutual contact. They all seemed to be half frozen to death.

As the straggling column passed us a convict here and there left the ranks, apparently with the permission of the guard, and approaching our *pavoska* with bared head and extended cap, begged us, in the peculiar, half-wailing chant of the *milosérdnaya*,¹ to "pity the unfortunate" and to "have mercy on the poor and needy, for Christ's sake." I knew that money given to them would probably be used

¹ The exiles' begging-song, which I have already described and translated.



A MARCHING PARTY OF EXILES PASSING A TRAIN OF FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

in gambling or go to the *maidánshchik*¹ in payment for *vódka*; but the poor wretches looked so cold, tired, hungry, and miserable, as they tramped past us through the drifting snow on their way to the distant mines of the Trans-Baikal, that my feelings ran away with my prudential philosophy, and I put a few *kopéks* into every gray cap that was presented to me. The convicts all stared at us with curiosity as they passed; some greeted us pleasantly, a few removed their caps, and in five minutes they were gone, and a long, dark, confused line of moving objects was all that I could see as I looked after them through the white drift of the storm.

After we passed the party of convicts our monotonous life of night-and-day travel was not diversified by a single noteworthy incident. Now and then we met a rich merchant or an army officer posting furiously toward Irkutsk, or passed a long caravan of rude one-horse sledges laden with hide-bound chests of tea for the Nizhni Nóvgorod fair, but we saw no more exiles; the country through which we passed was thinly settled and uninteresting, and the wretched little villages where we stopped to change horses or to refresh ourselves with tea were literally buried in drifts of snow. At the post-station of Kamishétskaya, five hundred and thirty versts west of Irkutsk, we overtook two political offenders named Shamárin and Peterson who had just finished their terms of administrative exile in Eastern Siberia, and were on their way back to European Russia. We had made their acquaintance some weeks before in Irkutsk, and had agreed to travel with them, if possible, as far as Krasnoyarsk; but our route differed somewhat from theirs at the outset, and, owing to our detention at the Alexandrofski Central Prison and to our various mishaps on the Angara, we had fallen a little behind them. They greeted us joyously, shared their supper with us, and after an hour or two of animated conversation, in which we related to one another our several adventures and experiences, we put on our heavy shubas, again climbed into our respective pavoskas, and with two *troikas* of horses went on together.

As we approached the town of Kansk, Thursday, January 14, the sky cleared and the weather suddenly became colder. The thermometer fell that night to thirty degrees below zero, and on the following night to forty degrees below. We continued to travel without stop, but suffered intensely from cold, particularly during the long hours between

midnight and dawn, when it was impossible to get any warm food at the post-stations, and when all our vital powers were at their lowest ebb. More than once, notwithstanding the weight and warmth of our outer clothing, we became so stiff and chilled between stations that we could hardly get out of our pavoska. Sleep, of course, was out of the question. Even if the temperature had not made it perilous, the roughness of the road would have rendered it impossible. Under the conjoint action of a dozen howling Arctic gales and four or five thousand pounding freight-sledges, the deep snow that lay on this part of the road had been drifted and packed into a series of huge transverse waves known to travelers in Siberia as *ukhábi*. These billows of solidified snow measured four or five feet vertically from trough to summit, and fifteen or twenty feet horizontally from crest to crest, and the jolting and banging of our heavy pavoska, as it mounted the slope of one wave and plunged into the hollow of the next, jarred every bone and shocked every nerve-ganglion in one's body. I finally became so much exhausted, as a result of cold, sleeplessness, and jolting, that at every post-station, particularly in the night, I would throw myself on the floor, without blanket or pillow, and catch five or ten minutes' sleep while the horses were being harnessed. At the lonely post-station of Kuskúnskaya, about eleven o'clock one night, I threw myself down in this way on a narrow plank bench in the travelers' room, fell asleep, and dreamed that I had just been invited to make an extempore address to a Sunday-school. The school was in the church of a religious denomination called the "Holy Monopolists." I inquired what the "Holy Monopolists" were, and was informed that they were a new sect consisting of people who believed in only one thing. I wanted very much to ask what that one thing was, but felt ashamed to do so, because it seemed to me that I ought to know without asking. I entered the Sunday-school room, which was an amphitheater of seats with a low platform in the middle, and saw, standing on the platform and acting in the capacity of superintendent, a well-known citizen of Norwalk, Ohio, whom I had not seen before since boyhood. All the scholars of the Sunday-school, to my great surprise, were standing in their places with their backs to the platform. As I came in, however, the superintendent said, "You will now please resume your seats," and the boys and girls all turned

¹ The *maidánshchik* occupies something like the same position in a convict party that a sutler occupies in a regiment of soldiers. Although a prisoner himself, he is allowed, by virtue of long-established custom, to keep a small stock of such luxuries as tea, sugar, and

white bread, for sale to his fellow prisoners; and at the same time, with the aid of the soldiers of the convoy whom he bribes, he deals surreptitiously in tobacco, playing-cards, and *vódka*.

around and sat down. The superintendent then gave out a hymn, and while it was being sung I made a few notes on the back of an envelope to aid me in the extempore address that I was about to deliver. I decided to give the scholars a talk on the comparative merits of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and I was just considering the question whether I

inform us who this lamented Alaskan euchre-player was. Instead of doing so, however, he bowed towards me and said, "The distinguished friend whom we have with us to-day will please tell us who was the first progressive-euchre player that after his death was brought back from Alaska amid the mourning of a nation." A cold chill ran down my spine. It suddenly



A VILLAGE ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

should not also include fetishism when the hymn came to an end. The superintendent then announced, "We will now proceed to the lessons of the day." "Good!" I said to myself; "that will give me time to think up my speech."

As the recitation began I noticed, to my surprise, that all the scholars held in their hands big, round soda-biscuits, which they looked at now and then as if they were lesson-books. I did not have time, however, to investigate this remarkable phenomenon, because it was urgently necessary that I should get my extempore remarks into some sort of shape before the superintendent should call upon me to speak. I paid no heed, therefore, to the questions that he was propounding to the scholars until he came to one that nobody, apparently, could answer. He repeated it solemnly several times, pausing for a reply, until at last it attracted my attention. It was, "Who was the first progressive-euchre player that after his death was brought back from Alaska amid the mourning of a nation?" As I glanced around at the faces of the scholars I could see that everybody had given up this extraordinary conundrum, and I turned with interest to the superintendent, expecting that he would

flashed upon me that this must be an elementary fact that even school-children were expected to know—and I was so ignorant that I had never even heard of an Alaskan euchre-player. In order to gain a moment's time in which to collect my faculties I said, "Show me the question." The superintendent handed me a big, hot soda-biscuit, as if it were a book. I examined it carefully on both sides, but could not find on it anything that looked like printing. The superintendent thereupon pulled the two halves apart and showed me the question stamped in Thibetan characters around the inside of the biscuit about half an inch from the edge. I found in the queer-looking letters no clue to the answer, and in an agony of shame at being forced to confess to a Sunday-school of "Holy Monopolists" that I did not know who was the first progressive-euchre player that died in Alaska and was brought back amid the mourning of a nation I awoke. For a moment I could not recover my mental hold upon life. I was apparently in a place where I had never before been, and over me were standing two extraordinary figures that I could not remember ever having seen before. One of them, a tall, powerful man with black, bushy, Circassian-like hair, and blazing blue eyes,



SNOW-WAVES OR UKHABI, NEAR KRASNOYARSK.

was dressed in a long, spotted reindeer-skin *kukhlanka*¹ and high fur boots, while the other, who seemed to be an official of some kind, had on a blue uniform with a double row of brass buttons down the front of his coat, and was holding over my head a kerosene lamp. "What's the matter, Mr. Kennan?" inquired the figure in the reindeer-skin *kukhlanka*. "You have been moaning as if you were in pain."

As memory slowly resumed its throne I recognized in the speaker my exile traveling companion Peterson and in the official the post-

¹ A very heavy fur blouse or over-shirt covering the body from the neck to the calf of the leg, and confined about the waist with a sash.

station-master. "I have had a bad dream," I replied. "How long have I been asleep?"

"We have been here only ten minutes," replied Peterson, looking at his watch, "and I don't think you have been asleep more than five. The horses are ready."

With stiff and aching limbs I hobbled out to the pavoska, crept into the sheepskin bag beside Mr. Frost, and began another long, cold, and dreary night ride.

Between Kuskunskaya and Krasnoyarsk we experienced the lowest temperature of the winter,—forty-five degrees below zero,—and had an opportunity to observe again the phenomena of extreme cold. Clouds of vapor rose all the time from the bodies of our horses; the

freight-wagon caravans were constantly enshrouded in mist, and frequently, after passing one of them, we would find the road foggy with frozen moisture for a distance of a quarter of a mile. When we opened the door of a station-house a great volume of steam seemed to rush into it ahead of us; little jets of vapor played around the holes and crevices of the windows and doors; and in a warm room white frost accumulated to a thickness of nearly half an inch upon the inner ends of iron bolts that went through the window-casings to the outside air. Throughout Friday and Saturday, January 15 and 16, we stopped to drink tea at almost every post-station we passed, and even then we were constantly cold. This was due partly to the extreme severity of the weather, and partly to the fact that we were compelled, every five or ten miles, to get out of our pavoska and help the horses drag it through the deep soft snow at the side of the road, where we had been forced to go in order to get past a long train of freight-sledges. Sunday, January 17, nine days after our departure from Irkutsk, we drove into the provincial town of Krasnoyarsk, having made, with forty-three relays of post-horses, a journey of about seven hundred miles. Mr. Frost and I took up our quarters in the same hotel at which we had stopped on our way into Siberia the previous summer, and Messrs. Shamarin and Peterson went to the house of an acquaintance.

In the course of the three days that we spent in Krasnoyarsk we renewed our acquaintance with Mr. Innokénti Kuznetsóf, the wealthy mining proprietor at whose house we had been so hospitably entertained on our way eastward five months before; took breakfast with Mr. Sávenkof, the director of the Krasnoyarsk normal school, whose collection of archaeological relics and cliff pictographs greatly interested us; and spent one afternoon with Colonel Zagárin, inspector of exile transportation for Eastern Siberia. With the permission of the latter we also made a careful examination on Wednesday of the Krasnoyarsk city prison, the exile forwarding prison, and the prison hospital; and I am glad to be able to say a good word for all of them. The prisons were far from being model institutions of their kind, of course, and at certain seasons of the year I have no doubt that they were more or less dirty and overcrowded; but at the time when we inspected them they were in better condition than any prisons that we had seen in Siberia, except the military prison at Ust Kámenogórsrk and the Alexandrofski Central Prison near Irkutsk. The hospital connected with the Krasnoyarsk prisons seemed to me to be worthy of almost unqualified praise. It was scrupulously clean, perfectly ventilated, well-

supplied, apparently, with bed linen, medicines, and surgical appliances, and in irreproachable sanitary condition generally. It is possible, of course, that in the late summer and early fall, when the great annual tide of exiles is at its flood, this hospital becomes as much overcrowded and as foul as the hospital of the forwarding prison at Tomsk; but at the time when we saw it I should have been willing, if necessary, to go into it for treatment myself.

The Krasnoyarsk city prison was a large two-story building of stuccoed brick resembling in type the forwarding prison at Tiúmen. Its *kámeras*, or common cells, were rather small, but none of them seemed to be crowded, and the inscriptions over their doors, such as "murderers," "passportless," and "politicals," showed that at least an attempt had been made to classify the prisoners and to keep them properly separated. There were wheel-ventilators in most of the cell-windows and ventilating-pipes in the walls; the stone floors of the corridors were clean; the closet fixtures and plumbing were in fairly good condition; and although the air in some of the cells was heavy and lifeless and had the peculiar characteristic prison odor, it could be breathed without much discomfort, and without any of the repulsion and disgust that we had felt in the overcrowded cells of the prisons in Tiúmen, Tomsk, Irkutsk, and at the mines. The exile forwarding prison, which stood near the city prison in a stockaded yard, consisted of three large one-story log buildings of the Tomsk type, and presented to the eye nothing that was particularly interesting or new. It did not contain more than half the number of prisoners that, apparently, could be accommodated in it; some of the *kámeras* were entirely empty, and the air everywhere was fresh and good.

By a fortunate chance we reached this prison just in time to see the departure of a marching party of two hundred and seventy male convicts destined for the province of Yakútsk and the mines and prisons of the Trans-Baikal. It was a bitterly cold morning, and two-thirds of the mustered party were walking back and forth in the prison-yard, trying, by means of physical exercise, to keep themselves warm while they were waiting for the medical examination of the other third. After watching them for a moment we entered a large new log building standing a little apart from the prison proper, where we found the prison surgeon, an intelligent, kindly-looking man, engaged in making a physical examination of seventy-five or eighty convicts who had declared themselves unable to march. To my inexperienced eye all of them looked thin, pallid, and miserable enough to be excused from



PASSING A TRAIN OF FREIGHT-SLEDGES.

a march of twenty miles in such weather and over such a road; but the doctor, after a brief examination by means of scrutiny, touch, and the stethoscope, dismissed as imaginary or frivolous the complaints of nine men out of every ten, and ordered sleighs for the rest. In less than half an hour all was in readiness for a start. The soldiers of the convoy, with shouldered rifles, formed a cordon outside the gate to receive the party; the prison blacksmith made his appearance with hammers, rivets, and spare irons, and carefully examined the leg-fetters of the chained convicts as they came out; the incapables climbed into the one-horse sleighs that were awaiting them; an under-

officer counted the prisoners again, to make sure that they were all there; and at the command "March!" the whole party instantly put itself in motion, the soldiers at the head of the column setting so rapid a pace that many of the convicts were forced into a run. In three minutes they were out of sight.

Marching parties of exiles leave Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk every week throughout the winter, and go through to their destination without regard to weather and with no more regard to the condition of the road than is necessary to determine whether it is passable or absolutely impassable. It would be perfectly easy, by making use of horses and vehicles, to trans-

port the whole annual contingent of exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk during the summer months, and thus relieve them from the suffering that they now endure as the necessary result of exposure to winter cold and winter storms; but for some unknown reason the Government has always persistently refused to take this step in the direction of humane reform. It cannot explain nor defend its refusal by pleading considerations of expense, because the cost of transporting ten thousand exiles from Tomsk to Irkutsk with horses would actually be much less than the cost of sending them on foot. Before me, as I write, lies an official report of Colonel Vinokúrof, inspector of exile transportation for Western Siberia, in which that officer shows that if all the convicts for the whole year were despatched from Moscow in the summer, and were carried from Tomsk to Achinsk in one-horse wagons instead of being forced to walk, the expense of delivering them in the latter place would be reduced by almost 50,000 rubles.¹

The late Colonel Zagarin, inspector of exile transportation for Eastern Siberia, told me in the course of a long conversation that we had on the subject of Krasnoyarsk, that in 1882 or 1883 he made a detailed report to Governor-general Anúchin in which he set forth the evils of the present system of forwarding exiles on foot the year round at the rate of only one party a week, and recommended that the Government restrict the deportation of criminals to the summer months, and then forward them swiftly to their destinations in wagons with relays of horses at the rate of a party every day. He showed conclusively to the governor-general, he said, by means of official statistics and contractors' estimates, that the cost of carrying the annual quota of exiles in wagons from Achinsk to Irkutsk (780 miles) during the summer months would be 14 rubles less per capita, and more than 100,000 rubles less per annum, than the cost of sending them over the same distance on foot in the usual way. Besides this saving in expense, there would be a saving, he said,

of at least sixty days in the time occupied by the journey, to say nothing of the saving of human life that would be effected by shortening the period of confinement in the forwarding prisons and étapes, and by making the season of exile-travel coincide with the season of good weather and good roads. The overcrowding of the Tomsk forwarding prison, with its attendant suffering and mortality, would be at once relieved by the daily shipment of exiles eastward in wagons; the periodical epidemics of typhus fever, due chiefly to overcrowding, would cease; the corrupting influence of étape life upon first offenders and upon the innocent families of banished criminals would be greatly weakened; and finally, the exiles would reach their destination in a state of comparative health and vigor, instead of being broken down on the road by the hardships and exposures of a thousand-mile winter march.

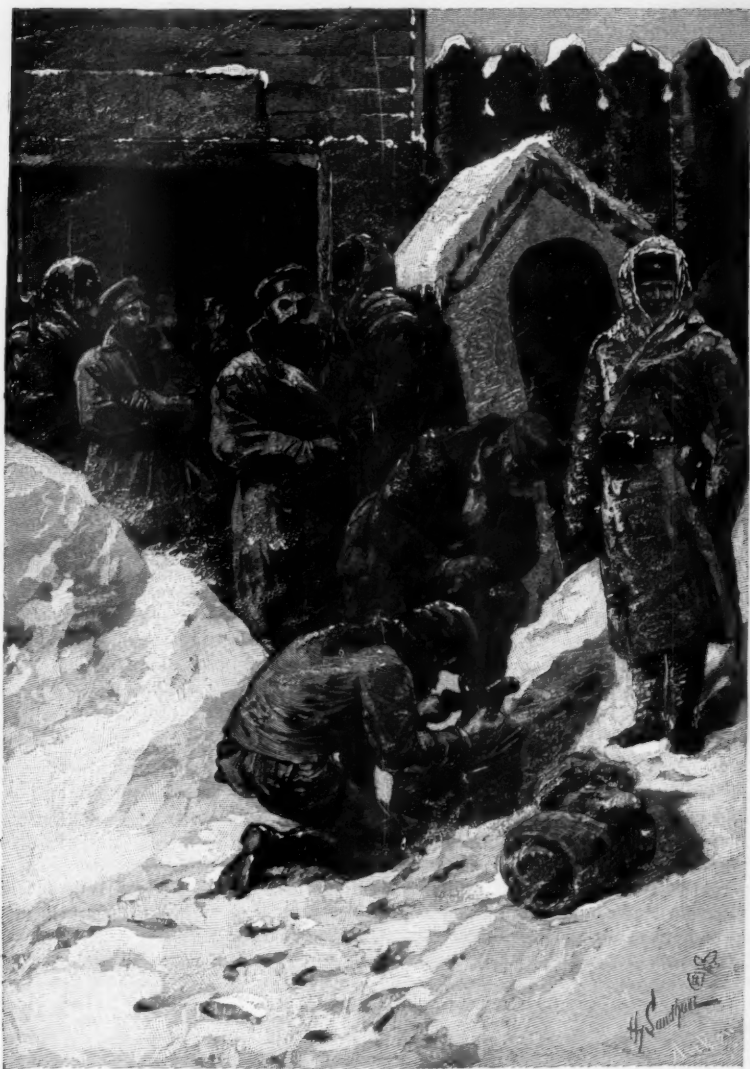
"Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, has this change not been made?" I said to Colonel Zagarin when he finished explaining to me the nature of his report. "If it would be cheaper, as well as more humane, to forward the exiles only in summer and in wagons, why does n't the Government do it? Who can have any interest in opposing a reform that is economical as well as philanthropical?"

"You had better inquire when you get to St. Petersburg," replied Colonel Zagarin, shrugging his shoulders. "All that we can do here is to suggest."

The reason why changes that are manifestly desirable, that are in the direction of economy, and that, apparently, would injure no one, are not made in Russia, is one of the most puzzling and exasperating things that are forced upon a traveler's attention. In every branch of the administration one is constantly stumbling upon abuses or defects that have long been recognized, that have been commented upon for years, that are apparently prejudicial to the interests of everybody, and that, nevertheless, continue to exist. If you ask an explanation of an official in Siberia, he refers you to St. Petersburg. If you inquire of the chief of the

¹ The part of the great Siberian road that lies between Tomsk and Achinsk, 260 miles in extent, is the only part of the exile marching route over which Colonel Vinokúrof has jurisdiction, and for that reason his figures and estimates relate to it alone. In the report to which I refer he makes an itemized statement of the cost of sending 9417 exiles on foot from Tomsk to Achinsk in the year 1884, and says: "It thus appears that the expense of forwarding 9417 exiles from Tomsk to Achinsk—on the basis of a twenty-one days' trip—is not less than 130,342 rubles. This is at the rate of 13 rubles and 75 kopeks for every marching prisoner, while the cost of a pair of post-horses from Tomsk to Achinsk, at the regular established rate, is only 11 rubles and 64 kopeks." In other words, according to Colonel Vinokúrof's figures, it would be actually

cheaper to hire relays of post-horses for every convict and to send him to his destination as if he were a private traveler—or even a Government courier—than to march him across Siberia "by étape" in the usual way. Colonel Vinokúrof then makes an itemized statement of the expense of carrying 9417 exiles from Tomsk to Achinsk in wagons with relays of horses, and shows that it would not exceed 80,817 rubles. The saving that would be effected, therefore, by the substitution of this method of deportation for the other would be 49,525 rubles, or about \$25,000 per annum, on a distance of only 260 miles. At the same rate the saving for the distance between Tomsk and the mines of Kara would be more than \$175,000 per annum, provided all the prisoners went through.



EXAMINATION OF POLITICAL CONVICT'S LEG-FETTERS AT THE PRISON GATE.

prison department in St. Petersburg, he tells you that he has drawn up a "project" to cope with the evil, but that this "project" has not yet been approved by the Minister of the Interior. If you go to the Minister of the Interior, you learn that the "project" requires a preliminary appropriation of money,—even although its ultimate effect may be to save money,—and that it cannot be carried into execution without the assent and coöperation of the Minister of Finance. If you follow the "project"

to the Minister of Finance, you are told that it has been sent back through the Minister of the Interior to the chief of the prison department for "modification." If you still persist in your determination to find out why this thing is not done, you may chase the modified "project" through the prison department, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Finance, to the Council of the Empire. There you discover that, inasmuch as certain cross-and-ribbon-decorated senators and generals, who

barely know Siberia by name, have expressed a doubt as to the existence of the evil with which the "project" is intended to deal, a special "commission" (with salaries amounting to twenty thousand rubles a year and mileage) has been appointed to investigate the subject and make a report. If you pursue the commission to Siberia and back, and search diligently in the proceedings of the Council of the Empire for its report, you ascertain that the document has been sent to the Minister of the Interior to serve as a basis for a new "project," and then, as ten or fifteen years have elapsed and all the original projectors are dead, everything begins over again. At no stage of this circumrotatory process can you lay your hand on a particular official and say, "Here! You are responsible for this—what do you mean by it?" At no stage, probably, can you find an official who is opposed to the reform or who has any personal interest in defeating it; and yet the general effect of the circumrotatory process is more certainly fatal to your reformatory project than any amount of intelligent and active opposition. The various bureaux of the provincial governor-general's office, the chief prison department, the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of Justice, the Council of Ministers, and the Council of the Empire constitute a huge administrative maelstrom of ignorance and indifference, in which a "project" revolves slowly, month after month and year after year, until it is finally sucked down out of sight, or, perhaps, thrown by a fortuitous eddy of personal or official interest into the great gulf-stream current of real life.¹

On the occasion of our first visit to Krasnoyarsk, in the summer, we had not been able to find there any political exiles, or even to hear of any; but under the guidance of our new traveling companions, Shamarin and Peterson, we discovered three: namely, first, Madame Dubrova, wife of a Siberian missionary whose anthropological researches among the Buriats have recently attracted to him some attention; secondly, a young medical student named Urúsof, who, by permission of Governor Pedashénko,

was serving as an assistant in the city hospital; and, thirdly, a lady who had been taken to that hospital to recover from injuries that she had received in an assault made upon her by a drunken soldier. The only one of these exiles whose personal acquaintance we made was Madame Dubrova, who, in 1880, before her marriage, was exiled to Eastern Siberia for making an attempt, in connection with Madame Róssikova, to rob the Khersón Government Treasury. After the adoption of the so-called "policy of terror" by the extreme section of the Russian revolutionary party in 1878, some of the terrorists advocated and practised a resort to such methods of waging war as the forgery of imperial manifestos as a means of inciting the peasants to revolt, and the robbery of government mails and government treasuries as a means of procuring money to relieve the sufferings and to facilitate the escape of political exiles in Siberia. These measures were disapproved and condemned by all of the Russian liberals and by most of the cool-headed revolutionists; but they were defended by those who resorted to them upon the ground that they (the terrorists) were fighting against tremendous odds, and that the unjust, treacherous, and ferociously cruel treatment of political prisoners by the Government was enough to justify any sort of reprisals. Among the terrorists of this class was Madame Dubrova, or, as she was known before her marriage, Miss Anna Alexéiova. In conjunction with Madame Róssikova, a school-teacher from Elizabethgrad, and aided by an escaped convict from Siberia, Miss Alexéiova made an attempt to rob the Kherson Government Treasury by means of a tunnel driven secretly at night under the stone floor of the vault in which the funds of the institution were kept. Judged from any point of view this was a wild scheme for young and criminally inexperienced gentlewomen to undertake; and that it ever succeeded at all is a striking evidence of the skill, the energy, the patience, and the extraordinary daring that were developed in certain classes of Russian society at that time by the conditions of revolutionary life. Young, refined, and educated women, in all parts of the Empire,

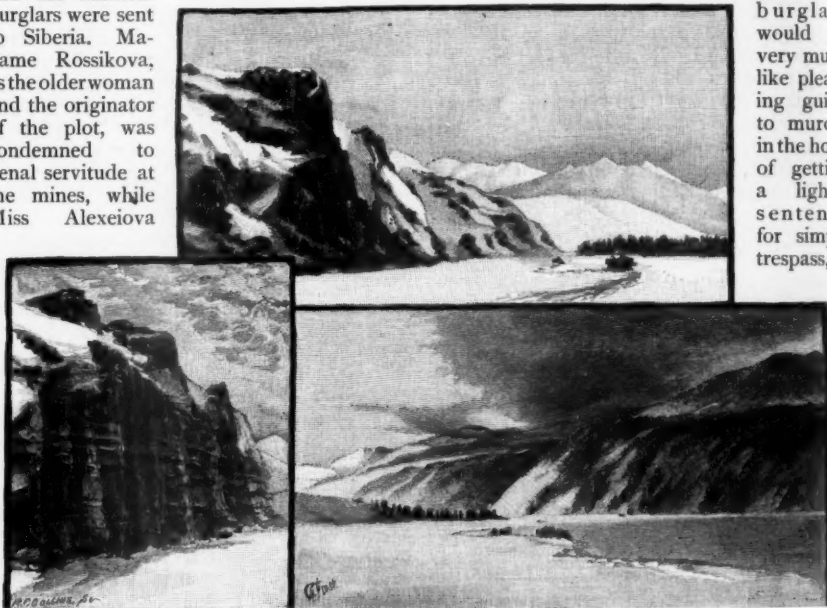
¹ This natural history of a Russian "project" is not imaginary nor conjectural. A plan for the transportation of exiles in wagons between Tomsk and Irkutsk has been gyrating in circles in the Sargasso Sea of Russian bureaucracy for almost thirty years. The projected reform of the exile system has been the rounds of the various circumlocution offices at least half a dozen times since 1871, and has four times reached the "commission" stage and been reported to the Council of the Empire. (The commissions were under the presidency respectively of Sollohub, Frisch, Zubof, and Grote. See "Eastern Review," No. 17, July 22, St. Petersburg, 1882.) Mr. Kokótséf, assistant chief of the Russian prison department, announced, in a speech that he made to the International Prison Congress at Stock-

holm in 1878, that his Government recognized the evils of the exile system and was about to abolish it. (See "Report of the International Prison Congress of Stockholm," by E. C. Wines, United States Commissioner, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1879.) That was thirteen years ago, and my latest Russian newspapers contain the information that the "project" for the reform of the exile system has been found "unsatisfactory" by the Council of the Empire, and has been sent back through the Ministry of the Interior to the chief of the prison department for "modification." In other words, this "project" in the course of thirteen years has progressed four stages backward on the return gyration.

entered upon lines of action, and devised and executed plots that, in view of the inevitable consequences, might well have daunted the bravest man. The tunnel under the Kherson Government Treasury was successfully driven without detection, entrance to the vault was obtained by removing one of the heavy stone slabs in the floor, and the young women carried away and concealed a million and a half of rubles in available cash. Before they could remove the stolen money to a place of perfect safety, however, and make good their own escape, they were arrested, together with their confederate, the runaway convict, and thrown into prison. The confederate turned state's evidence and showed the police where to find the stolen money, and the amateur burglars were sent to Siberia. Madame Rossikova, as the older woman and the originator of the plot, was condemned to penal servitude at the mines, while Miss Alexeiova

at Krasnoyarsk, almost every variety of political offender from the shy and timid school-girl of sixteen to the hardened and embittered terrorist; but I had never before happened to make the acquaintance of a political treasury robber, and, when Mr. Shamarin proposed to take me to call upon Madame Dubrova, I looked forward to the experience with a good deal of curiosity. She had been described to me by Colonel Novikov, in Chita, as nothing more than a common burglar who had assumed the mask of a political offender with the hope of getting a lighter sentence; but as Colonel Novikov was both ignorant and prejudiced, and as, moreover, pretending to be a political with a view to getting a lighter

sentence for burglary would be very much like pleading guilty to murder in the hope of getting a lighter sentence for simple trespass, I



MOUNTAINS AND PALISADES OF THE YENISEI.

was sentenced merely to forced colonization with deprivation of certain civil rights. After her marriage in Siberia to the missionary Dubroff, she was permitted to reside, under police supervision, in Krasnoyarsk.

I had seen in Siberia, long before my arrival

did not place much confidence in his statements.¹

Shamarin, Peterson, and I went to see Madame Dubrova the next night after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk, and found her living in one half of a very plainly furnished house in a re-

¹ Colonel Novikov sat as one of the judges in the court-martial that tried Madame Rossikova and Miss Alexeiova, but he was either incapable of understanding the characters of such women or he was trying to deceive me when he described them to me as "nothing but common burglars and thieves." Madame Rossikova was represented to me by all the political exiles who knew her as a woman of high moral standards and self-sacrificing life. She was one of the young women who took part in the quixotic but generous movement

known as "going to the people," and lived for seven or eight months like a common peasant woman in a peasant village merely in order to see how that class of the people could best be reached and helped. As a revolutionary propagandist she was very successful, particularly among the Stundists or Russian Baptists. She opposed terrorism for a long time, but finally became a terrorist herself under the influence of letters from her exiled friends in Siberia describing their sufferings.



SCENERY OF THE UPPER YRNISEL.

spectable but not fashionable part of the town about half a mile from our hotel. She was a lady perhaps thirty years of age, with dark hair, large dark eyes, regular features, clear complexion, and a frank, pleasant manner. Ten years earlier she must have been a very attractive if not a beautiful young girl; but imprisonment, exile, disappointment, and suffering had left unmistakable traces in her face. She greeted us cordially, expressed particular pleasure at meeting a traveler from the United States, regretted that her husband was absent from home, and began at once to question me about the political situation in Russia and to make inquiries concerning certain of her exiled friends whom I had met in other parts of Eastern Siberia. A general conversation followed, in the course of which I had an opportunity to form a hasty but fairly satisfactory judgment with regard to her character. It was in almost all respects a favorable judgment. No one that was not hopelessly blinded by political hatred and prejudice could fail to see that this was a type of woman as far removed from "common burglars and thieves" as Charlotte Corday was removed from common murderers. You might possibly describe her as misguided, fanatical, lacking in sound judgment, or lawless; but you could class her with common criminals only by ignoring all the characteristics that distinguish a man like John Brown, for example, from a common brigand. The law may deal primarily with actions, and pay little attention to motives,

but in estimating character from the historical point of view motives must be taken fully into account. Madame Dubrova was arrested the first time—before she was eighteen years of age—for going with Madame Rossikova into a peasant village on an errand that was as purely and generously philanthropic as that of the educated young women from New England who went South during the reconstruction era to teach in negro schools. From that time forward she was regarded as a political suspect, and was harried and harassed by the authorities, and exasperated by unjust treatment of herself and her friends until, under the dominating influence of Madame Rossikova—a character of the true John Brown type—she became a terrorist. Like many other young Russians of ardent nature and imperfect acquaintance with the history of man's social and political experiments, she acted sometimes upon erroneous conceptions of duty or mistaken ideas of moral justification; but for this the Russian Government itself is again responsible. Upon the pretense of guarding the moral character of its young people and shielding them from the contagion of "seditious" ideas, it deprives them of the knowledge that is necessary to guide them in dealing with the problems of life, sets them an example of lawlessness by punishing them for social activity that is perfectly innocent and legal, and then, having exasperated them into crime by injustice and cruelty, holds them up

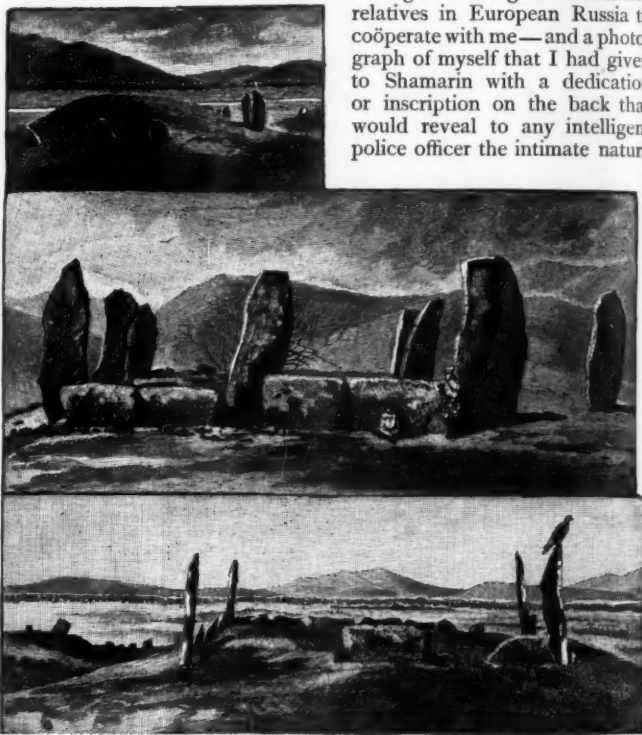
to the world as monsters of depravity. I have been accused by Russian officials of idealizing the characters of the political exiles; but when the history of the latter half of the nineteenth century shall have been written, it will be found, I think, that my portraits of the Russian revolutionists, imperfect and sketchy as they must necessarily be, are much more like the originals than are the caricatures of human beings left on record by the prosecuting attorneys of the Crown in their political speeches and indictments.

On the second day after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk we narrowly escaped getting into what might have been serious trouble as the result of an unexpected perquisition in the house of the acquaintance with whom Shamarin and Peterson were staying. This acquaintance, it seemed, was under suspicion, and late in the evening, during the absence of the two young men from their quarters, the police suddenly appeared with orders to make a house-search. The search was duly made, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found except the two locked trunks of Shamarin and Peterson. In reply to a question as to what was in them the proprietor of the house said that he did not know, that they were the property of two of his acquaintances who had stopped for a few days with him on their way from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. Upon being asked where these acquaintances were, he replied that he did not know, that they usually went out after dinner and returned between eleven and twelve o'clock. After a brief consultation the police officers decided that as they had no orders to search the personal baggage of the house-owner's guests they would not force the locks of the trunks, but would merely cord and seal them so that the contents could not be tampered with, and leave them until morning.

When Shamarin and Peterson returned to

their quarters about midnight they found their trunks corded and sealed so that they could not be opened. In one of them were many letters from political exiles and convicts in Eastern Siberia to friends and relatives in European Russia—letters describing my investigations and the nature of the material that I was collecting and asking the friends and relatives in European Russia to coöperate with me—and a photograph of myself that I had given to Shamarin with a dedication or inscription on the back that would reveal to any intelligent police officer the intimate nature

of my relations with political convicts. What was to be done? To break a police seal under such circumstances would be a penal offense and would probably lead to imprisonment and an investigation. To leave the letters and photograph in the trunk would be to insure their discovery and confiscation on the following morning, and that might create a very embarrassing situation for me, as well as for the authors of the letters and their friends. The two young men finally concluded to make an attempt to get the trunk open without removing the cords or breaking the seals, and as the letters and photograph were near the bottom, and as the lid could not be raised even if the trunk were unlocked, they decided to take out a part of the bottom and afterward replace it. By working all the rest of the night they succeeded in getting out one of the bottom boards, obtained the dangerous



A PREHISTORIC BURIAL-PLACE.

letters and the photograph, put the board back without disturbing any of the seals, and when the police came in the morning stood by with unruffled serenity and saw the trunk searched. Of course nothing more dangerous than a hair-brush, and nothing more incriminating than a hotel bill, could be found.

There was another little episode at Krasnoyarsk which gave us some uneasiness, and that was the offensive behavior of two unknown men towards us one night in a bookstore. The readers of *THE CENTURY* will perhaps remember the mysterious pistol-shot that was fired through the partition of our room late one night in Chita. That incident first suggested to me the possibility of becoming accidentally involved in some sort of affray or mystery that would give the police a plausible excuse for taking us temporarily into custody and making an examination of our baggage. I knew that, on account of the nature of the papers and documents that I had in my possession, such a search would be absolutely fatal, and I resolved to be extremely careful not to fall into any snare of that kind should it be set for me. I even refrained, on one occasion, from going to the aid of a woman who was being cruelly and brutally beaten late at night in the other half of a house where I was calling upon a political convict. I felt sure that her screams would soon bring the police, and I not only did not dare to be found by them in that place, but I did not dare to be connected with an affair that would lead to a police investigation. But it was very hard to hear that woman's screams and not to go to her relief.

The Krasnoyarsk incident to which I refer was as follows:

Frost and I early one evening went into the principal bookstore of Krasnoyarsk to buy some provincial maps, writing-materials, notebooks, and other things of that kind which we happened to need. We were followed into the store by two men in plain citizen's dress whom I had never seen before, and to whom at first I paid little attention. In a few moments, however, I discovered that one of them had attached himself to me and the other to Mr. Frost, and that they were mimicking or caricaturing, in a very offensive way, everything that we did. They were not intoxicated, they did not address any of their remarks to us; in fact they did not make any original remarks at all. They simply mimicked us. If I asked to see a map of the province of Yeniseisk, the man by my side also asked to see a map of the province of Yeniseisk, and did so with an elaborate imitation of my manner. If I went to another part of the store and expressed a desire for writing-paper, he went to the same part of the store and also expressed a desire for writing-paper. The in-

tention to be offensive was so unmistakable, and the manifestation of it so extraordinary and deliberate, that I at once suspected some sort of police trap. No two sane and sober private citizens would follow perfect strangers into a bookstore and behave towards them in this studied and evidently prearranged manner without some definite object. I could imagine no other object than the provocation of a fight, and as I could not afford to engage in a fight just at that time, there was nothing left for me to do but to transact my business as speedily as possible and to get out of the store. The men followed us to the sidewalk, but did not speak to us, and we lost sight of them in the darkness. When I asked the proprietor of the store the next day if he knew the men he replied that he did not. In view of the mass of documents, letters, and politically incendiary material of all sorts that we had concealed about our persons and in our baggage, and in view of the tremendous interests that we had at stake generally, such episodes as these, whatever their significance may have been, were very disquieting. Long before I reached the frontier of European Russia, I became so nervous, and so suspicious of everything unusual, that I could hardly sleep nights.

Wednesday, January 20, having spent as much time in Krasnoyarsk as we thought we could spend there profitably, and having recovered from the fatigue of the journey from Irkutsk, we set out for the town of Minusinsk, which is situated on the northern slopes of the Altai, near the Mongolian frontier, in what is half seriously and half jocosely called "The Siberian Italy." The distance from Krasnoyarsk to Minusinsk is about two hundred miles, and the road between the two places in winter runs on the ice up the great river Yenisei. It is not a regular post-route, but the well-to-do and enterprising peasants who live along the river are accustomed to carry travelers from village to village at the established government post-rate, and there is no more delay than on the great Siberian road itself. The weather, when we left Krasnoyarsk, was cold and stormy, and the snow was drifting so badly on the ice that beyond the second station it became necessary to harness the three horses tandem and to send a fourth horse ahead with a light sledge to break a track. As the road was perfectly level, and the motion of the pavoska steady, Frost and I buried ourselves in the depths of our sheepskin bag as night came on and went to sleep, leaving our drivers to their own devices. All that I remember of the night's travel is waking up and getting out of the pavoska at intervals of three or four hours and going into some peasant's house to wait for the harnessing of fresh horses. Thursday we traveled slowly all

day up the river through deep soft snow in which the pavoska sank to its outriggers and the horses to their knees. The banks of the river became higher as we went southward, and finally assumed a wild mountainous character, with splendid ramparts of cliffs and stratified palisades here and there. Upon these cliffs Mr. Savenkof, the accomplished director of the Normal School in Krasnoyarsk, found the remarkable inscriptions and pictographs of which he has so large a collection. There are many evidences to show that the basin of the Yenisei was the home of a great and prosperous nation. On Friday, after leaving the seventh station from Krasnoyarsk, we abandoned the river for

a time and rode through a shallow, grassy, and almost snowless valley which was literally a great cemetery. In every direction it was dotted with innumerable gravestones, inclosing burial-mounds like that shown in the illustration on page 656. It is not an exaggeration, I think, to say that there were thousands of them, and throughout the whole day they were the most prominent features of every landscape.

Before daylight, Saturday morning, January 23, we reached our proximate destination, the town of Minusinsk, and found shelter in a two-story log house that for many years was the home of the distinguished political exile, Prince Alexander Kropotkin.

George Kennan.

THE WOOD-NYMPH'S MIRROR.

(ADIRONDACKS.)

I.

THE wood-nymph's mirror lies afar
Where yellow birch and balsam are;
Where pines and hemlocks lift their spires
Against the morn's and even's fires,
And where, as if the stone to break,
Rock-clinging roots of tamarack take
Strange reptile shapes whose coils are wound
The gray and lichened boulders round.

Across the face of that fair glass
No shallop e'er has sought to pass;
Only the white throat of the deer
Divides its surface dark and clear,
Or breasts of wild fowl that from high
Blue pathways of autumnal sky
Slant earthward their slow-wearying wings
To try the coolness of its springs.

But fairest things reflected are
In the nymph's mirror. Many a star
Beholds therein its beauty. Oft
The moon, unveiled, or wrapped in soft
Sky-tissues, paves a silver way
Or doubles her half-hidden ray,
While snowy cloud fleets, to and fro,
High o'er its dusky oval go.

II.

The frame that round this mirror runs
Was wrought by springtime's gentle suns
And tender rains, and these have made
A setting as of greenest jade.
In winter it may often be
A miracle in ivory.
In spring the wild wood-blossoms set
Rare gems, as in a coronet,

Around its rim; and summer comes,
And still the bee its burden hums,
Straying in jeweled paths to shake
The flower-bells for their sweetness' sake.

But of the seasons 't is confessed
That autumn's frame is loveliest;
For then the maple's green is lost
In crimson carnage of the frost;
The year's heaped gold is hung in reach
On twigs of silver-birch and beech;
The shrubs—gray-green, and gold, and red—
Rival the splendors overhead,
While all between these treasures bright
Is dusk with shadowy malachite.

III.

This glass, 't is said, hath power to tell
Of depths that in the bosom dwell
Unknown and unsuspected. He
Who feels its magic subtlety—
Who wins a single glance from her
Whose presence sets the veins astir—
Is straight transformed. No longer held
By chains the world delights to weld,
He is enfranchised; not to wear
Again the links her captives bear;
No more for greed of earthly gain
To give his all of brawn and brain;
No more to bear his quivering heart
Unto the Shylock of the mart:
But evermore to be as one
Whose thoughts to radiant summits run,
Piercing a way through which their light
Gilds all his toil, illumines his night,
And makes his humblest action seem
Full of strange beauty as their gleam.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

I.



BEING born a poet is one thing,—a man owes this to nature,—but the making of a poet is another and an altogether different thing—a thing he must do for himself. It is this and the manner of it that entitle

him to distinction, not the faculty with which he is endowed at his birth.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born a poet in the year 1836, and some time before he had reached the age of nineteen he gave the first proofs of his birthright in a slender little book, called "The Bells" (1855). To begin with this volume, and to read in the order of their publication those that have followed it, is to become acquainted with the manner of a poet's making and to see both the promise and its fulfilment.

The real nature of his gift he seems to have begun to understand early in his career, for in his second volume containing the single poem "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth" (1858), the work, while in some respects immature, becomes individual and independent, the simple octosyllabic verse without stanza forms giving entire freedom to his fancy. As a poem, it is the merest bit of fanciful Oriental legend, told with a winning grace of expression and melody; but, slight as it is, there are to be found in it the same felicitous tropes and charming effects of verbal coloring which have come to be recognized as characteristic features of his work; and in it, too, his happy choice and use of words begins to be noticeable:

A thousand lanterns, tulip-shaped,
Of amber made, and colored glass,
Were hung like fruit among the trees;
And on the garden-walks and grass
Their red and purple shadows lay,
As if the slave-boys, here and there,
Had spilt a jar of brilliant wine!
The stagnant moonlight filled the air;
The roses spread their crimson tents;
And all the night was sick with scents
Of marjoram and eglantine.

But it is in his third volume that one must look to find the tokens by which his work is known to-day. The pieces in "The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other Poems" (1859) show a much wider range of the imagination, a finer

discrimination in their treatment, a surer touch in their finish, and a more nicely balanced symmetry. Here any survey of Mr. Aldrich's poetical productions properly begins; and, with the exception of two brief passages in "The Course of True Love" which were afterward modified and included in the "Blue and Gold" edition of his poems, this is where he himself seems to consider that his career began.

The door of the human heart opened at once to receive "Babie Bell," and, for the voice that sang it, it has stood open ever since. But there are others among these poems and ballads just as attractive as this. Here are "After the Rain," "Palabras Cariñosas," "The Unforgiven," and "The Legend of Elsinore," now become familiar as "The Lady of Castlenore," and here also is that clever piece of orientalism, "When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan." These and a few more appear in both editions of his collected poems (1863-1865), and later in "Cloth of Gold." It is interesting to compare the different readings of the same lyric in these three volumes, to see the changes that were made to bring the work closer to the author's ideal, and to note how in every instance his judgment was fortunate, and always gave a new grace to a line or a brighter luster to a figure. Let us take one which has been least altered and see it in its original state:

The rain has ceased and in my room
The sunshine pours an orange flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye;

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

The only change that has been made in this is the substitution of "airy" for "orange" in the second line. This adds to the effectiveness of the line, giving a more natural feeling to it and enhancing the beauty of the picture by a better distribution of the colors.

Of the eighteen pieces in a diminutive book entitled "Pampinea, and other Poems" (1861), Mr. Aldrich has been willing to preserve but twelve. From this dozen, which includes the idyllic "Pampinea" and "Piscataqua River,"

let us select "Hesperides," which seems prophetic of what was to come after. It records the expression of a hope which has since been realized, and it defines an ideal in art to which the poet has now attained:

If thy soul, Herrick, dwelt with me,
This is what my songs would be:
Hints of our sea-breezes, blent
With odors from the Orient;
Indian vessels deep with spice;
Star-showers from the Norland ice;
Wine-red jewels that seem to hold
Fire, but only burn with cold;
Antique goblets, strangely wrought,
Filled with the wine of happy thought;
Bridal measures, dim regrets,
Laburnum buds and violets;
Hopeful as the break of day;
Clear as crystal; new as May;
Musical as brooks that run
O'er yellow shallows in the sun;
Soft as the satin fringe that shades
The eyelids of thy fragrant maids.
Brief as thy lyrics, Herrick, are,
And polished as the bosom of a star!

There could not be a happier characterization of a great number of his own songs than this. The final couplet names their two most striking features—brevity and finish; a brevity not gained at the expense of roundness or completeness, and a finish not carried to the extent of over-decoration.

The first collected edition of Mr. Aldrich's poems appeared in 1863, and was followed by a second in 1865, enlarged by the addition of new work of a more mature character. "Judith" and "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" were sufficient to prove that his predilection for writing short lyrics was not due to limitation of power, but was rather the result of a keenly critical sense of the nature of his subjects. They showed that he was able to paint upon a larger canvas, to deal with a greater variety of colors, and also to maintain the same degree of excellence in all the details of his larger pictures that was to be found in his miniatures. But what concerns us most in this collection is the sonnets. Of these there are eight examples carefully wrought, delicate in conception, and expressed with singular melody and grace. None shows this more plainly than the one called "Accomplices," one of the best poems inspired by the war:

The soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower:
The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower!—
The Southern nightingale that, hour by
hour,
In its melodious summer madness raves.

Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
With what sweet voices, nature seeks to screen
The awful crime of this distracted land—
Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her
green
Mantle of velvet where the murdered lie,
As if to hide the horror from God's eye.

In 1874 appeared "Cloth of Gold, and Other Poems," composed entirely of pieces selected from the collected edition published nine years before, and including all that the author wished to retain. It contains the best of what he had written up to this time, improved in form and phrase—a word here, a line there, a whole passage elsewhere. The changes made in the opening stanza of the lyric entitled "Amon-tillado" are interesting, as showing something of Mr. Aldrich's success in resetting his fancies. As first written it ran thus:

Rafters black with smoke,
White with sand the floor is,
Twenty whiskered Dons
Calling to Dolores—
Tawny flower of Spain,
Empress of the larder,
Keeper of the wines
In this old posada.

To obviate the imperfect rhymes "larder" and "posada" the author chose to lay the scene in the Nevada mining district, where the

Twenty whiskered Dons
were replaced by
Fellows from the mines,
and the
Empress of the larder
became
Transplanted in Nevada.

This was an improvement so far as the rhymes were concerned. But in the final setting the scene is in Spain again, and the strained sixth line is supplanted by the happy simile,

Wild rose of Grenada.

The last stanza of this merry song is so fortunate in its figure, that one wonders why the author, in the "Household Edition" of his poems, has not kept "Amon-tillado" merely for the sake of this:

What! the flagon's dry?
Hark, old Time's confession—
Both hands crossed at XII,
Owning his transgression!
Pray, old monk! for all
Generous souls and merry,
May they have their fill
Of Amontillado Sherry!

The two most conspicuous pieces in the book are "Judith" and the medieval legend of "Friar Jerome," the first written in blank verse and betraying the author's preference for the Tennysonian model, without showing any direct imitation of the Laureate's manner, the second written in octosyllabic measure, and recalling something of the method employed in "The Course of True Love," although far in advance of that poem in conception and imaginativeness. This passage from "Judith" gives a fair idea of the character of Mr. Aldrich's blank verse at the time:

When she had gained her chamber she threw off
The livery of sorrow for her lord,
The cruel sackcloth that begirt her limbs,
And, from those ashen colors issuing forth,
Seemed like a golden butterfly new-slipt
From its dull chrysalis. Then after bath,
She braided in the darkness of her hair
A thread of opals; on her rounded breast
Spilt precious ointment; and put on the robes
Whose rustling made her pause, half-garmented,
To dream a moment of her bridal morn.

Equally charming and illustrative of the grace of the second poem is this description of the illuminated folio which was "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book":

To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went;
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text was blent
Seraphic faces: Angels crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering — roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book.

"Flower and Thorn" (1877) makes an admirable companion for "Cloth of Gold," being like it in character. But in pieces like "Spring in New England," "Miantowona," and in the "Quatrains," the poet's path leads him in a new direction, while in the group of lyrics embracing "Destiny," "Identity," and "An Untimely Thought," it trends towards the weird and ghostly. "Spring in New England" is written in irregular measures, and is a tribute to the men who were lost in the war. Simple, dignified, noble, and sincere, there are passages in it that

rank with the best Mr. Aldrich has done. Of those buried in nameless graves he sings:

Ah, but the life they gave
Is not shut in the grave:
The valorous spirits freed
Life in the vital deed!
Marble shall crumble to dust,
Plinth of bronze and of stone,
Carved escutcheon and crest —
Silently, one by one,
The sculptured lilies fall;
Softly the tooth of rust
Gnaws through the brazen shield;
Broken, and covered with stains,
The crossed stone swords must yield;
Mined by the frost and the drouth,
Smitten by north and south,
Smitten by east and west,
Down comes column and all!
But the great deed remains.

"Miantowona" is an Indian legend created out of the author's fancy, and woven delicately into song. The main incident of the legend was conceived by Mr. Aldrich nearly twenty years before the poem was written, and is to be found in a story entitled "Out of His Head."

Of the Quatrains there are a score. These tiny poems are wrought with great finish and precision of epithet. One is a dainty fancy; another, a whole poem condensed into four lines; here, a mood, gay or grave; and there, a happy conceit whose only merit is the beauty with which it is expressed.

GRACE AND STRENGTH.

Manoah's son, in his blind rage malign,
Tumbling the temple down upon his foes,
Did no such feat as yonder delicate vine
That day by day untired holds up a rose.

THE PARCÆ.

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped;
One unwinds life; one ever weaves the shroud;
One waits to cut the thread.

The lyrics in which the element of weirdness is prominent are too familiar to require quotation. Striking as they all are, none is more so than this airy and graceful "Nocturne," which lends a fragrance to the whole book:

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
 She reaches out her hand
 And helps him in at the window —
 I see it where I stand.

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
 And kisses him many a time —
 Ah, me! it was he who won her
 Because he dared to climb.

"The Guerdon" and "Tita's Tears" are excellent examples of skill in the use of the rhymed pentameter couplet, to which Mr. Aldrich gives the polish of Pope without Pope's hardness and artificiality. But in this volume, as in "Cloth of Gold," it is the sonnets that are the most noticeable feature. They show why it is that he shares with Longfellow the honor of having written the finest sonnets in American literature. One of these, in honor of the poet's craft, might be applied to his own work:

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
 Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man
 says.

Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
 Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
 Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all
 their days;

But most beware of those who come to praise.
 O wondersmith, O worker in sublime
 And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
 Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or
 blame,

Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:
 Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
 Dissolve, and vanish — take thyself no shame.
 They fail, and they alone, who have not
 striven.

The sonnet to "Sleep" seems faultless in conception and expression, and of the many poems written upon the same theme it is one of the most exquisite:

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
 And in a dream as in a fairy bark
 Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
 To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
 To that sweet-bitter world we know by day;
 We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
 So high in heaven no human eye may mark
 The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
 Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
 The resting heart shall not take up again
 The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
 For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
 No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
 How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

"Mercedes, and Later Lyrics" (1884) contains his first venture in the field of dramatic literature. "Mercedes" is a prose drama condensed in form, written in the most direct man-

ner, and depending for its success upon the story alone. It is thoroughly dramatic in feeling and treatment, and inspires the hope that he may some time make a more extended effort in the same line of composition. Among the lyrics is to be found another of those weird imaginings, called "Apparitions":

At noon of night, and at the night's pale end,
 Such things have chanced to me
 As one, by day, would scarcely tell a friend
 For fear of mockery.

Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!
 I know not, faith, not I.
 Is it more strange the dead should walk again
 Than that the quick should die?

But the gem of all is the song entitled "Precisience," which is lovely in its simplicity, its tenderness, and its melodious rhythm:

The new moon hung in the sky,
 The sun was low in the west,
 And my betrothed and I
 In the churchyard paused to rest —
 Happy maiden and lover,
 Dreaming the old dream over:
 The light winds wandered by,
 And robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet
 Was the grave of a little child,
 With a crumbling stone at the feet,
 And the ivy running wild —
 Tangled ivy and clover,
 Folding it over and over:
 Close to my sweetheart's feet
 Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,
 She shrank and clung to me,
 And her eyes were filled with tears
 For a sorrow I did not see:
 Lightly the winds were blowing,
 Softly her tears were flowing —
 Tears for the unknown years
 And a sorrow that was to be!

"Wyndham Towers" (1890), a long poem in blank verse, is the most ambitious of the poet's productions. A comparison between this and "Garnaut Hall" (Poems: 1865), a discarded poem from which the main incident of "Wyndham Towers" is taken, exhibits the growth of Mr. Aldrich's powers, his increased facility in the writing of blank verse, and his admirable handling of a subject of varied requirements. To tell a story in blank verse is a difficult task. To accomplish it successfully a poet needs to understand the art of the story-teller almost as well as his own. The dramatic movement must be everywhere carefully adjusted to what may be termed the poetic balance: the narrative must be kept clearly

in view and yet not be made too prominent, serving much the same purpose as the fabric upon which is wrought a piece of embroidery—the background and the detail of the pattern each lending its beauty to the other, and so producing a harmonious effect in the whole design. Plot, incident, character, each must be treated with due regard to its importance: while the music of the rhythm must conform to the mood, the thought, and the sentiment. These requirements Mr. Aldrich has met in a way that entitles him to the highest praise, the result being the most artistically finished piece of blank verse that has been written in this country. The entire poem of fourteen hundred lines is built up with the same care that is to be observed in the author's couplets. The imagery is new, and rich in color; the descriptions of nature are apt and beautiful; the characterizations are strong and vivid; and the details of the work are wrought out with a rare sense of proportion and scale.

The following extracts will illustrate these features:

Lean as a shadow cast by a church spire,
Eyes deep in sockets, noseless, high cheek-boned,
Like nothing in the circle of this earth
But a death's-head that from a mural slab
Within the chancel leers through sermon-time,
Making a mock of poor humanity.

Hard by from a chalk cliff
A torrent leaps: not lovelier Sappho was
Giving herself all silvery to the sea
From that Leucadian rock.

A laugh . . .
Like the merle's note when its ecstatic heart
Is packed with summer-time.

Her beauty broke on him like some rare flower
That was not yesterday. Ev'n so the Spring
Uncasps the girdle of its loveliness
Abruptly, in the North here; long the drifts
Linger in hollows, long on bough and brier
No slight leaf ventures, lest the frost's keen tooth
Nip it, and then all suddenly the earth
Is naught but scent and bloom.

The one lyric—a variation of one of the songs in the 1859 volume—merits a place with the daintiest and most graceful of its Elizabethan cousins:

It was with doubt and trembling
I whispered in her ear.
Go, take her answer, bird-on-bough,
That all the world may hear—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
Upon the wayside tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
How dear she is to me—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

Sing it, sing it, tawny throat,
And through the summer long
The wind among the clover-tops,
And brooks, for all their silvery stops,
Shall envy you the song—
Sweetheart, sigh no more!

As "Wyndham Towers" is the most important of Mr. Aldrich's long pieces, so "The Sisters' Tragedy, and Other Poems" (1891) is the most important volume of his miscellaneous verse. The character of the work in this latest collection is marked by strong personal and dramatic qualities. In kind it resembles that of former collections—the themes ranging from the lightest and gayest to the most serious and thoughtful; but it is far beyond what preceded it. Coming now from the poet in his prime it brings a new promise, as if his finest and most enduring work were yet to be done.

A deeper philosophy and a more intellectual spirit pervade this volume. The author's moods, hitherto emotional and objective, are now often reflective and personal. In "The Shipman's Tale" and the noble sonnet, "I vex me not with brooding on the years," his themes deal with questions of the gravest character and of the most serious concern; while in "The Sisters' Tragedy," "Pauline Pavlovna," "The Last Cæsar," and "Thalia," the dramatic feeling adds to their potency, just as the personal element adds to the strength and force in the "Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips" and the lines upon "Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth." But this deepening and widening of the stream of thought and imagination have in nowise affected its transparency; and there are still left the sunny shallows where all is joy, glow, and music, as, for instance, in these lines entitled "Memory":

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon of May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine scents and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

In the group of verses called "Bagatelle" one can see how the material of *vers-de-société* may be molded into something that is distinctly different. The piece that comes nearest to being society-verse is "At a Reading," but it is uplifted by its poetic pinions: it is simply a lower flight. Mr. Aldrich may be able to write society-verse, but he has never proved his ability to do so. His lyrics have wings rather than feet; they fly, but neither dance nor run.

The most musical lyric in the book, and, in-

deed, the most musical lyric Mr. Aldrich has written, is the "Echo Song." "At the Funeral of a Minor Poet" is a strong protest against the present school of Realism; the tribute to "Tennyson" is admirable in its loftiness and dignity; and these lines from "In Westminster Abbey" are fine:

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and
queens

Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not
there!

But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Oh, ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

II.

WHAT most impresses one in reading Mr. Aldrich's poems is their strong individuality of manner and treatment. There are times, now and then, when one is conscious of something reminiscent of Keats in its sensuousness, or of Herrick in its airiness or spontaneity; but it is Landor to whose delicately chiseled and cameo-like verses these polished lyrics bear the closest resemblance. Yet the work of Mr. Aldrich is unlike that of any one of them; it is distinctly his own and shows him to be his own master. His fondness for and use of apt words which have a definite poetic value reminds one of Théophile Gautier, but the finish given to his verse by this fastidiousness is Greek rather than modern. In his attitude towards nature he is not an interpreter, but a lover who is influenced by her external beauties. Without botanizing or analyzing he wins from her forms and moods those graces which are her most pleasing attributes: the tint and perfume of the rose, the voice of the wind, the fantastic fret-work of the frost—these are enough to satisfy him. All of his songs have a rare musical quality, and some of them, like the "Nocturne" which we have quoted, almost sing themselves. His words and meters

are always happily wedded, and there is a sufficient variety of each, from the light and tripping measures of "Corydon" to the rich melodiousness of "The Piazza of St. Mark's at Midnight."

One finds in Mr. Aldrich's work an occasional inaccuracy in his rhymes. The instances are very few, and for this reason they are the more noticeable. In "Pursuit and Possession," one of his most graceful sonnets, "haunt me" and "want thee" are almost enough to spoil the effect of the whole composition; while in "The Lady of Castlenore" a more exasperating combination is that of "morn" and "gone"; but it is in the recently written "Guilielmus Rex" that the false rhymes are most prominent, occurring as they do in four lines out of sixteen. These are purely matters of technique, and in the work of a poet less skilful in the choice and handling of words would not call for any special notice; but with Mr. Aldrich's creed in mind, "Let art be all in all," one feels such blemishes. The notion that there are three kinds of rhymes—those for the eye, those for the ear, and those for both the eye and ear—is not well founded. Rhyme is of a mathematical nature; it is a poetic equation which must be satisfied by fixed musical values. In a long poem an occasional deviation or approximate substitute may be excused; so, too, in a short poem where the terminal word of the line is the one word that can convey the poet's idea. But in the poems to which these examples belong, one cannot help believing that Mr. Aldrich could find other terms of expression equally happy that should carry with them his thought, and, at the same time, be absolute in their rhyme. But these are slight defects. He has always gaged his power with accuracy; doing well whatever he endeavored to do, and not attempting anything beyond his capabilities. Hence to review his work is to find much to praise and little to condemn. His claim to the honor and distinction of being a poet is based upon a long and loyal service to the lyric muse. His gift was genuine and precious, and by patient and painstaking study he has greatly enhanced its worth.

The art and beauty of Mr. Aldrich's verse are great enough to make it last. These are imperishable qualities and, being imperishable, shall keep his name in remembrance as one of the rarest lyric poets of the nineteenth century.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



PAINTED BY WILLIAM L. DODGE.



ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.
(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849 THROUGH MEXICO.



California with its mines of gold, and how soonest to get there was the ruling excitement of the hour, in the fall of 1848. The "gold fever" was at its height. Many desired to go gold-hunting that could not for want of money, and many that had the wherewithal could not abandon families, homes, and business with any degree of self-approval. So in many instances the matter was compromised, and he who could spare the cash (and sometimes he that could not) entered into agreement with the impecunious but enterprising adventurer who desired to go, to furnish him the means, the proceeds to be shared between them on his return. Had the gold-hunters kept faith with their bankers and shared all they obtained, it would have been another case of fisherman and gate-keeper. The fisherman, it will be remembered, was denied admittance to the castle with a splendid fish, of which he knew the lord of the castle was fond, until he agreed to give half he received to the obstinate gate-keeper. Once admitted, he refused to dispose of it to the master except for one hundred lashes. He was compelled to explain, and received one-half lightly laid on, while the gate-keeper received the other half laid on with vigor. Could the pioneer have given to his stay-at-home partner one-half of the hardships, dangers, diseases, shipwrecks, extreme hunger, and dire distresses he endured he would doubtless have been willing to share the gold also.

But these arrangements enabled thousands of energetic and fearless men to start on the pilgrimage for gold in many ways. One of these, which I am about to narrate, was the formation of a company of two hundred adventurous spirits fitted out in New-York. The plan was to go by sea to Vera Cruz, Mexico, thence overland to the Pacific coast at San Blas or Mazatlan, and in the absence of ves-

sels at these ports to continue the journey of two thousand miles by land through Mexico, Lower and Upper California to the mines. A part of the company embarked from San Blas, a part from Mazatlan, and a part made the entire journey overland from Vera Cruz.

This company, mostly composed of picked young men, was organized under the comprehensive title of the "Manhattan-California Overland Association," and numbered about two hundred members. We were full of a sanguine spirit of adventure and eager to dig our fortunes from the mines in the shortest possible time. We were fitted out with very wide-brimmed soft hats, boots of rubber or leather reaching above the knee, woolen and rubber blankets, red flannel shirts, a liberal supply of tin pans for washing out the gold, shovels, picks, spades, crowbars, camp-kettles, frying-pans, tin plates, tin cups, daguerreotypes, locks of hair, Spanish books, a few patent gold-washers, musical instruments, etc., the most of which assortment was early scattered along the Mexican trails or in the chaparral, or perhaps sold to the natives for a few small coins. To these were added rifles, carbines, shot-guns, revolvers, and bowie-knives, to which we clung closely all the way. We chartered the bark *Mara*, Captain Parks, in ballast, of some two hundred tons, fitted her hold with a flooring and two tiers of double bunks all around her sides, placed a cook-stove amidship in the hold with the pipe projecting from the open hatchway, provisioned her at our own expense with vari-



"OH, SUSANNAH, DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME."

ous sea-stores of the common sort, beans and pork, salt beef, hams, mackerel, sea-bread, coffee, and a supply of water, and were ready for the voyage.

We provided no cook, as we were all earnest on the score of economy and self-denial, and our outlay thus far for the voyage to Vera Cruz was but twenty dollars each. We presented a remarkable appearance as we boarded the bark

of the most emphatic oaths, which he freely bestowed upon us.

Among our number, gathered on the vessel's deck at the wharf, was one young man of striking physique, very tall, wearing a broad sombrero and boots reaching to his hips and already fitted with spurs for the Mexican mustang he expected to ride, and with buckskin gauntlets reaching to his elbows, and two



THE CATHEDRAL AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ.

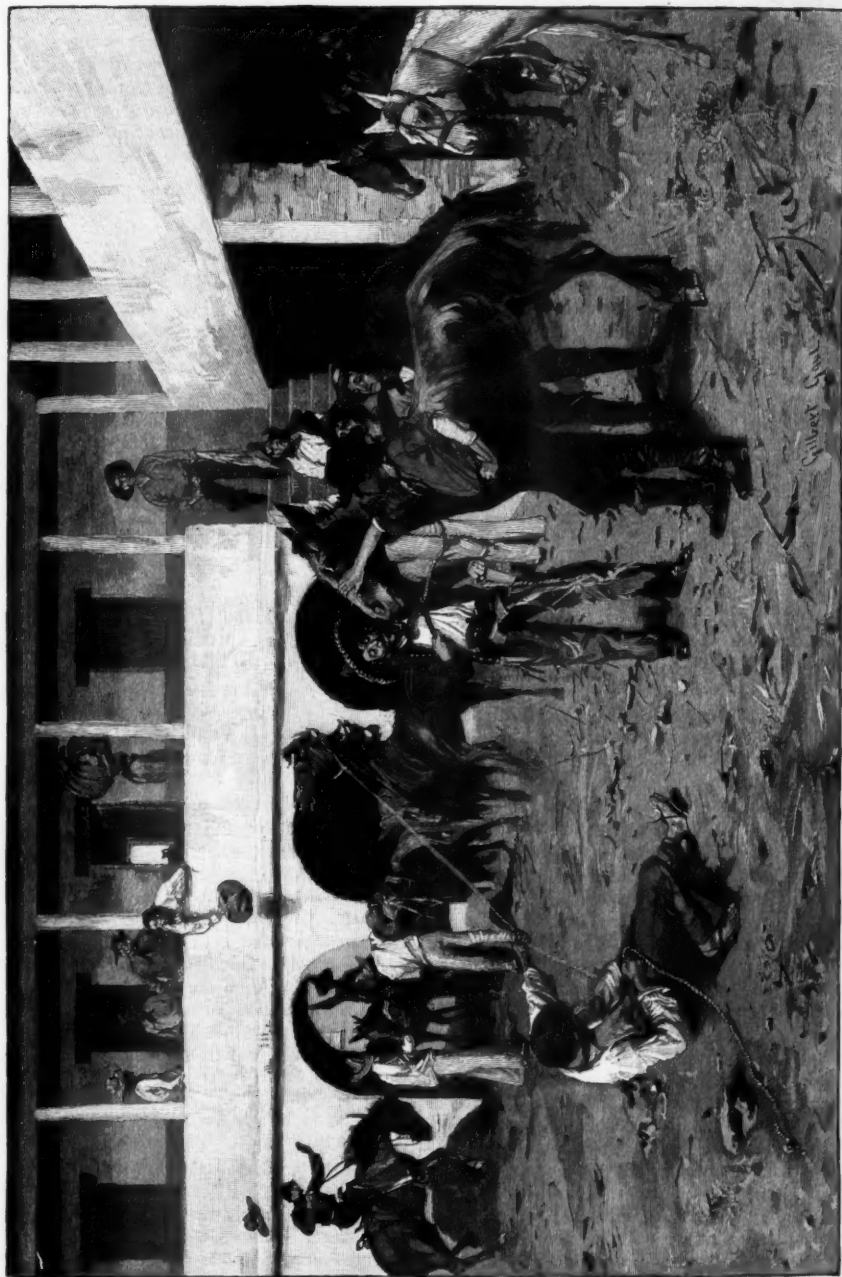
at the foot of Burling Slip on the last day of January, 1849, every man in full California costume, his armament in his belt—boots and buckskin gauntleted gloves, a roll of blankets strapped *à la militaire* on his shoulders, a carbine or rifle slung upon his back, and frying-pans, coffee-pots, camp-kettles, and assorted tinware in his hands. The bark had a poop-deck on her quarter in which were a few small rooms for which lots were drawn, and I was fortunate in drawing one, which freed me from the confinement of the packed and darkened bunks of the vessel's hold, with its foul atmosphere of bilge-water and heated humanity.

Captain Parks enlisted but a small crew, depending on volunteers, but he was wisely provided with his own cook and caboose. His cook had a remarkable personality: a light copper-colored negro over six feet in height, exceedingly slim, gaunt and gray, wrinkled and crippled, with but one eye, three fingers on one hand and none on the other, and with a vocabulary in English which consisted entirely

of the most emphatic oaths, which he freely bestowed upon us. He was very conspicuous as he mounted the vessel's shrouds, crept through the "lubber-hole" and posed in the main-top, and then clambered down again to the deck. "All aboard!" was cried, "and all ashore that's going," was the usual paradoxical warning. Many friends were on the wharf to say good-by and wish us pleasant things; kisses were being exchanged, while a jovial group on the quarter-deck was vociferously singing:

Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm bound for Califony with my tin pan on my knee,

when a pretty, fair-haired girl, her rosy cheeks wet with tears, put up her lips that our booted hero might impart his farewell kiss. His heart was tender if his boots were large, and, just as we were casting loose from the wharf, he sprang upon the deck, threw his baggage ashore, and followed it with agility, renouncing for love all his golden visions of California.



THE COURTYARD OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

Down the bay we sped, with the tug-boat alongside and the chorus of "Susannah" ringing over the waters, to which was added the refrain :

But the happy time is over ;
I've only grief and pain,
For I shall never, never see
Susannah dear again,

which was concluded with three ringing cheers and a hurrah for California as the tug left us on the broad Atlantic. A gale speedily sprang up, and all night long our lightly ballasted bark rolled hither and thither upon the heaving seas, and many penitential landsmen, under the influence of their first seasickness, wished they had never left their homes, and were freely urged by the more jolly ones to wade ashore.

By the next morning's light was revealed a dejected and motley group of seasick humanity taking its first sea lessons on old Neptune's dominions. And now came a culmination of our miseries. We had pork, beans, coffee, and hardtack, but where was the cook ? How were two hundred men with stomachs now in a state of entire vacuum to be fed with hot coffee and cooked rations ? In times of emergency the Yankee always calls a public meeting, and so a mass meeting was convened ; and, after speeches had been made, it was decided to accept the proposal of two of our number, who for a valuable consideration volunteered to cook for the two hundred till we should reach Vera Cruz. Thenceforth, after a period of fasting, we had one lunch a day, when the sea was not too rough, till our voyage was ended, on the 24th day of February.

The writer must leave it to the imagination of the reader to divine what the 200, confined on that small vessel for twenty-four days, did in the way of mischief. Once only on the voyage did the boisterous spirits on board require discipline. This the good, but sorely tried, Captain Parks administered by ordering the bark "laid to." This was effective, as every one was in haste to reach California before the gold should all be "dug out," and dreaded delay.

We arrived off the coast of Mexico just as the evening sun was descending amid the golden clouds over the mountain peaks, flanked by dark and somber masses, the snow-crowned Orizaba, or star mountain, set high in the blue heavens, flashing as with a coronal of diamonds. Two snow-white birds of flowing plumage came off from the yet distant land, and with an easy and graceful movement of their wings circled around our mastheads, and then flew straight landward again. They were the mariners' pilot-birds of the tropics come to guide us ashore. It was Sunday morning

when we dropped anchor near St. Juan de Ulloa, with its quaint ancient tower, and the city of Vera Cruz just before us.

The uniformed customs officials speedily boarded us from a small boat, and while the clanging of some scores of musical Spanish bells from the cathedral towers filled the air, the officers were entertained by an encounter between two of our pugnacious gold-hunters, who struck vigorously from the shoulder. We received a speedy permission to land, as the officials did not appear to enjoy our companionship. Sunday was passed in looking at the sights in the old Spanish city, battered and bombarded as it had been two years before by the artillery of General Scott. Walls and buildings constructed of coral rocks were shattered as he had left them, fragments of bombs and solid shot lay about the streets where his cannon had fired them, and along the beach were numerous dilapidated wrecks of surf-boats where he had abandoned them. Numerous army wagons, caissons, and artillery carriages were scattered about, and thousands of Yankee-made pack-saddles were offered us for our journey. These and much other paraphernalia, the production of army contractors, had only served the purpose intended—that of enriching the contractors. The only pack-saddle found useful was the Mexican one, consisting of two great pillows of leather connected and hung astride the mule, and weighing without the "cargo" some eighty pounds, on top of which or suspended from it would be a load of some two hundred pounds.

As Vera Cruz is in a section of sand, cactus, and lizards, surrounded by a large tract of chaparral, messengers were sent to the nearest ranches and haciendas to announce that an arrival of "Los Yankees" was in want of horses, mules, and "burros." We were constrained to remain for the night in the yellow-fever-producing city among its so-called "greasers" (as our soldiers had termed them). This we passed in a caravansary, the first floor of which was packed with two hundred head of pack-mules and "burros." We spread our blankets on the boards of the second floor, disturbing large colonies of fleas who held preemption rights, and who resisted our encroachment by furious onslaughts on every part of our bodies. There were openings in the wall of our room but no windows, and from below, the whole night through, there was one continual braying and uproar from the two hundred hungry mules. Nothing could parallel this first night in Mexico but a page of Dante's "Inferno."

As our war with Mexico had just closed, and the ignorant masses yet held us in the same enmity with which they had regarded

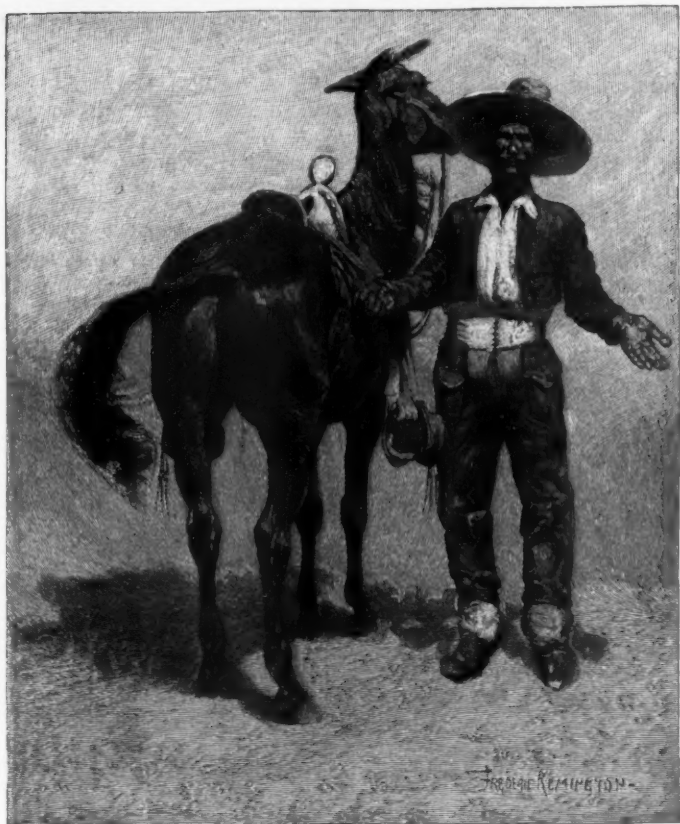
their conquerors, matters did not look favorable for a peaceful passage over the whole extent of Mexico, especially as we expected to follow the route taken by Scott's army, and to pass over battle-fields where, as we learned, bleached skeletons lay still unburied. The government, in fact, the whole country, was yet in a state of demoralization, and guerrillas and robbers infested almost every mile of the way. Besides this, merchants of intelligence in Vera Cruz warned us that we were almost sure to be robbed and murdered, that if we should escape this fate we could not find provisions on our journey for men or beasts, and that we would most surely break down our animals, and be glad to resort to horse or mule meat to sustain life. Impressed by these tales (which found fulfilment to some extent even as to mule meat, with rattlesnakes added), about fifty of the most pronounced and boastful among our company took a return passage on the vessel for New York.

On Monday Mexican horse-traders presented themselves, in comparison with whom the sharpest Yankee horse-jockey sunk into utter insignificance. They drove in before them, with a "whoop la" and a Comanche yell, caravans of horses and mules that included not only the halt and the maimed, the lame and the blind, but also some of the most vicious and worthless brutes that were ever collected together—galled and chafed, sore-backed, buckers, jumpers, and balky. Yet with wonderful skill the owners of these gothic animals covered up and disguised their defects and their vicious tricks, so that in most cases the deception and trickery were not discovered till the vendors were well on their way to their ranches again. From twenty-five to forty dollars, or *pesos*, each was paid by anxious buyers for animals which the owners would have been glad to sell for one-quarter the money. We found that these mustangs could with equal facility throw the rider over their heads, or kick him off to the rear, or shoot him upward, or lie down abruptly, or take out a liberal piece of his flesh, and yet under the manipulation of the ranch owner they had been as docile and gentle as could be desired.

However, our passports having been viséd and each man mounted, and some several times dismounted, by Monday night we reached as best we could a general rendezvous or camping-place at Santa Fé, a group of huts some ten miles from Vera Cruz, and passed our first night on our blankets with the ground for a bed and the heavens for a shelter tent. On the vessel we had organized into four divisions, each with a captain at its head, known as the New Jersey, Island City, Enterprise, and Pacific. The originator of the en-

terprise, who had professed to be a veteran Mexican traveler and who was to act as generalissimo of the whole, had failed to report on board the *Mara*, so a mass meeting was convened at Santa Fé, and with very brief speech-making the writer was chosen to take command of the expedition. On calling the roll it was found that one member had been left in Vera Cruz, having been thrown skyward from his horse and somewhat injured. Wishing to abandon none, I called for a volunteer and started back to the city (ten miles through deep sand lined with a growth of chaparral) to escort our comrade out to camp. The volunteer was a Mr. Pierce, who had been a member of a company of cavalry at home and had brought with him his long cavalry sword, which he secured in a dangling position from the horn of his saddle. His steed was not used to such an appendage, and soon the rider was rolling in the sand in one direction and the horse in another. As the way was beset with guerrillas, I gave my horse a free rein and spur; and with a ready revolver in one hand rode into the city and safely brought my comrade out to the camp.

At this first camp we divided into "messes," bought and distributed a Mexican beef, and cooked our first meals. We made our first start for a day's march on the morning of the 28th day of February. The first camp-fires, the cooking, the saddling-up, the loading of baggage and equipments on the vicious, kicking, biting mustangs and donkeys, and the final mount and start were altogether beyond description. Besides the rider, they had to carry two blankets, his mining tools, coffee-pot, camp-kettle, and frying-pan laid on or hanging from his saddle, and his bag of tin cups, spoons, and tin plates, and his gun, rifle, or carbine slung on his back, and a variety of other articles supposed to be essential. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza joined to Falstaff's regiment would not have presented half so motley a group. The rattle of tinware and the orders and the shouting in an unknown tongue excited the wild and half-broken mustangs to madness. I soon had to organize a rear-guard under Captain Pierce to pick up stragglers, help reload broken cargoes, and lift stubborn and refractory mules to their feet. It was also necessary constantly to halt the column, knowing well that a man who should be left out of sight in the rear would be speedily gobbled up by the watchful robbers trailing after us. Along the day's route, as all the way across the whole of Mexico, we found wooden crosses, indicating that a murder had been committed there. This first day's ride of ten miles brought us to a stream known as Murderer's Den. Here, before starting from camp in the morning, a detail



A MEXICAN HORSE-TRADER.

of organization was made, and by adopting a rigid military discipline, and discarding worthless incumbrances in the way of mining tools, gold-washers, etc., I was able to train my troop so that when the trail was not very rough or mountainous over twenty Mexican leagues a day was made between camps. As we left the low-lying, malarious sea-coast, our road and climate both improved, and on the first Saturday we camped for rest over Sunday in the suburbs of the beautiful city of Jalapa, a city of fruits and flowers, of which the Mexican proverb says: "See Jalapa and die."

Before starting again on Monday morning many exchanges for better animals took place, and a better outfit generally was provided, and a more cheerful spirit prevailed. Here our horses and riding mules were shod, a necessary preliminary to crossing the mountain ranges. If the mule was not too refractory, this was managed by tying one of his hind legs to his tail, well up from the ground, but if he was intractable he was left but two feet to stand

upon, the opposite forefoot being tied close under the body.

On the plaza of Jalapa the hostile feeling against the Yankees had its first outbreak. A great crowd gathered about the red-shirted horsemen as we rode into the plaza on Sunday, and a rush was made by the mob to dismount us and drive us from our saddles. But a vigorous charge promptly made against the mob with threatening revolvers drove them back and gave safe escape to the hard-pressed horsemen. Through the villages of the country parts we were received by the *señoras* and *señoritas* with kindness, but by the males with frowns and threats, and with the significant gesture of a finger drawn across the throat. In no place were we safe from attack except in groups which commanded safety and respect. To them in their ignorance we were still Yankees and *soldados*. One night, a little way beyond Jalapa, our entrance into one of their walled towns caused great excitement; a general alarm was rung on the cathedral bells,



A SAMPLE STEED.

messengers rode out in haste to alarm the surrounding haciendas, and natives flocked into the town, two or three mounted on the back of each mule, armed with *escopettes*. But we remained close inside the strong gates of our hacienda, and, the excitement subsiding, we were allowed to leave without an attack early the next day. Camp was aroused usually at three o'clock in the morning; fires were kindled, pots of coffee were boiled, and, when possible, eggs (*wavos*) also. Then came a march in military order of about twenty miles, when halt was ordered for dinner, provided water and corn were to be had for the horses. Supplies of whatever could be purchased were foraged for along the route, bananas and sweet potatoes being the staple; occasionally pork could be had, and in the larger places very poor beef, cut into long strips and sold always by the yard. This tough beef was eaten by the Mexicans cut first in small pieces and then stewed in a quantity of red peppers resembling stewed tomatoes (called *carne de Chili*). If our halt was made at a hacienda, the universal national dish of "tortillas" and "frijoles" was to be obtained, served with coffee, at three cents a meal. But our hungry and robust riders could dispose of many meals at a sitting, and

when camping and with a sufficient supply of yards of meat to satisfy their hungry stomachs, the quantity they fed themselves from their frying-pans was not only an astonishment but almost a horror to the natives, who crowded our camp to see the show. Upon one occasion, after a hard day's ride of over forty miles along a route where supplies were not to be had, we camped by a clear stream, where but a few native huts of poles and branches sheltered the population. Two priests, with a large, mule-drawn carriage, were just in advance of us, and in receiving the monthly tithes for the church had carried away all the wealth of the place, and there was but one answer, to our calls for food, "*Nada, Señor, nada. No hai tortillas. No hai frijoles.*" Lieutenant Gray, a stray soldier, who had been left adrift in Mexico, volunteered to bring me some supper from among the villagers. In utter fatigue, I threw myself upon the ground in one of the huts, and was soon in a deep slumber. At about eleven o'clock Gray returned and awakened me. The hut was crowded full of men and women gazing at me with great interest, but they were careful to keep at a safe distance from me. Gray explained his stratagem thus: He had told them the *capitan* was a great warrior, and had

eaten the prisoners he took in battle; that I was very hungry and would also eat corn and hay, but liked eggs and onions better. He brought eggs, onions, and salt, leaving outside a supply of corn and hay for me to eat, an operation which the ignorant but curious natives had come to witness. So far as the boiled eggs and onions were concerned, being my first meal of the day, I was glad to be able to gratify them.

In camping for the night, sentries were stationed, and pickets were posted, and the animals were secured with lariats inside the picket line, but sometimes, when guerrillas abounded, in the center of the camp. Once only did these *ladrones* make an open demon-

and in platoons at double quick charged towards the guerrillas. Evidently a fight with the hated Yankees in red shirts was not what they desired, for as we came within short range, their leader gave the word "*Vamos*," and away they galloped down the ravine helter-skelter, and we saw them no more. We certainly were not a handsome crowd at this time.

At National Bridge we saw the wreckage and the unburied bones of that battle-field, and looked with wonder upon the fortified height that guarded the entrance of the almost perpendicular heights up which Colonel Harney's dismounted dragoons worked their way with the help of bushes and props, and to which they



A WAYSIDE CROSS.

stration. We were in a section of country covered with low bushes, in which jack-rabbits, wild turkeys, and other game were present. No towns were near, and, feeling secure, a large part of the company was scattered in pursuit of the game, hoping to secure enough to fill our camp-kettles on our next halt, for we had been some days on short rations. The Mexican women were always friendly, and presently some were met on the trail, calling out to us: "*Ladrones! ladrones!*" and pointing forward on our path. At this our stragglers were called in. The robbers were a large band of well-mounted and well-armed men, and had filed across our road in the bed of an *arroyo* or dry stream. To fight as a troop of cavalry with camp equipage and cooking utensils dangling from our saddles, or to wait a charge from them, would have been sure defeat. So I dismounted a part of my troop,

clung in the face of a sweeping fire from the Mexican batteries on its summit, which they captured with a rush, turning their own guns upon the artillerists as they ran down the opposite side of the hill. We feared having to force our way over this bridge, but were not molested.

Upon the heights of Cerro Gordo we camped for our noonday meal. Upon its central battle-field, where Santa Anna made his most stubborn fight, we kindled our camp-fires, and, dipping water from its sunken pools covered with slimy green vegetation, we drank our coffee under the shade of the same trees where the desperately wounded lay to die, glad of the luxury of that stagnant pool to quench their thirst. It was the best those heights afforded amid that deathly struggle. All around us lay scattered uncoffined bones, and ghastly skulls looked down upon us where in mockery they

had been secured among the branches of the trees, and everywhere earth and trees and broken armament gave silent witness of the awful struggles of our little army. All the way up the heights for miles the pine trees from the roadside yet obstructed the national road as they had been felled to hinder the onward march of our soldiers, while from point to point the Mexican troops and batteries were rallied for another stand. We left the historic spot with a triumphant three times three and with

very sides; they seemed almost to cling to us for safety. It was Saturday afternoon, and we found welcome shelter in the hacienda Buena Vista near the mountain summit, a spot made historic afterward as a place of refuge for the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian.

We found the whole mountain-summit infested with guerrillas. We were on the highway of travel and not far from the City of Mexico, and in this section these lawless bands were accustomed to make the boldest and most suc-



SHOEING A MULE.

uncovered heads in honor both of our dead and our living heroes.

We were soon well up the Rio Frio mountains, and were received near the summit by a terrible war of the elements in the pine forest—thunder, lightning, rain, hail, snow, intense cold, and a howling hurricane. We were drenched through and through, and shook as with an ague, and our poor animals, used to the warm plains below, chilled with cold and in terror from fright, trembled in every limb and crouched helplessly upon the ground, dazed by the lightning and shocked by the thunder which seemed to discharge at our

cessful raids either upon mounted travelers or upon the *diligencia*, which was periodically and helplessly plundered, often with the addition of wanton murder. I felt justified in taking possession of the hacienda; posted my own sentries, and picketed it for some distance outside, obliging its own proprietor and employees to come and go by my permission and only with the password. By Sunday morning, for the safety of my troop, I found it expedient to leave this stronghold (as I learned we were largely outnumbered) and make a hasty march to Mexico City, which we safely accomplished. Even under these circumstances it was a sub-

lime experience to ride down that mountain height—Mounts Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl both looking down upon us, the great valley and City of Mexico in full view below us, and a thunder shower with its dark nimbus clouds and forked lightning full in the sunshine under us. On the way down the mountain we saw three guerrillas hanging from a frame by the roadside by ropes passed under their arms.

We stopped for our lunch at noon, and were entertained by a company of Mexican rangers or lancers, handsomely uniformed and armed with a long spear with a red pennant and the indispensable lasso of raw-hide, and mounted on superior, hardy Mexican horses. They had captured, and, without the form of judge or jury, had riddled with bullets and afterward hanged the three robbers we had passed on the wayside. With their gay trappings of silver-ornamented riding outfit, their swarthy faces, black hair, fierce mustaches, and fiery eyes, the lancers were well calculated to affright the souls of fearful adversaries. Their favorite method of attack was to throw the lasso over their victim, then with their well-trained horses to jerk him from the saddle, drag him to death over the ground, or in mercy lance him. By their invitation I stood at a considerable distance from them to test their skill with the lasso. By the utmost agility I was utterly unable to escape its folds.

Across the valley of Mexico, picturesque with parallel rows of the century plant, which furnishes the national drink of *pulque*, we entered through open gates the ancient city of Montezuma, not long before conquered and evacuated by the small army of the United States. We found quarters in a comfortable hacienda, while the numerous *fondas* of the city furnished refreshment and pulque. Pulque is the lager beer of Mexico. It is everywhere transported on the backs of mules in skins of hogs stripped from them in some mysterious way by which legs and all are utilized for a great bottle.

On the following day the antipathy to Americans was shown on the public plaza near the great cathedral, during the passage of a religious procession of the Host preceded by the ringing of a bell. Every one within hearing indoors or on the street reverently knelt where he was, removed his hat, and made the sign of the cross. This was not regarded by the gold-hunters, who stood erect, curiously gazing at the scene. At once they were set upon by those nearest them, dragged to their knees, and their hats knocked off their heads. A mob quickly gathered. The men resisted with desperation, and had it not been for the



"LADRONE."

prompt interference of others, lives would undoubtedly have been lost and our travels would have ended inside prison walls. This made our longer stay in the city both uncomfortable and hazardous, and once again we mounted our now rested steeds for the trip to the Pacific.

Dissatisfied with my purpose to halt on Sundays for rest and to recruit the horses, some thirty of the company now detached themselves from my command. They were in haste to reach California before the gold was all "dug out," and considered such halting a waste of time. So they bade us good-by and started at a rapid gait in advance.

On this part of the journey we had an illustration of justice in an alcalde's court. Two of our men, who differed about the ownership of a mule, agreed to arbitrate before the alcalde of the village where they chanced to be. One claimant slipped a \$2.50 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and a speedy decision was rendered in his favor. After leaving the town a short distance the other claimant rode back, put a \$5 gold piece in the alcalde's hand, and speedily came back with a decision written out in his favor and reversing the other.

After a long day's march we reached Celaya, a walled town of some six thousand inhabitants. The people were decidedly hostile, and the alcalde sent me a summons to appear before him, and commanded that I should make no attempt to leave the town before sunrise, and that I should at once send one-half my number to another town, some ten miles beyond, a town of about the same size as Celaya,

adding that he would also send a messenger with us to insure our safety, as otherwise we were sure to be attacked. I replied that I would not do so, that we asked no protection, but if attacked would take care of ourselves. He then gave an order to the proprietor of the hacienda to hold us prisoners inside the fortress (for a hacienda is also a fortress) until sunrise the next morning. At three o'clock I called up and mounted my men, and then awakened the keeper, and with a revolver placed at his head persuaded him to unlock the barricade, and we rode triumphantly out. The alcalde's plan was to divide the troop, and with the aid of the other town, where were some troops, to get satisfaction for incidents of the war.

Our journeying led us, on Saturday night, to a small walled town not far from the large city of Guadalajara. It had abundant orange as well as banana groves, and a clear stream swept along part of the town. Three hundred miles, in part of rough mountainous travel, had been made during the week; and men and horses were alike worn and weary and glad of so enticing a place of rest. While sipping a cup of coffee in the fonda on Sunday morning I heard the report of a gun in our quarters and a messenger entered hurriedly to say that young W—— (from New Jersey) had shot himself dead. Our quarters were at once crowded by the excited natives, who desired to administer summary punishment on us for what they considered a murder. We held them off till nightfall. As best we could we extemporized a coffin from some rude boards, prepared his body for burial, and I read over him the burial service, and waiting till the town was silent, in midnight darkness, we silently stole out of the town and buried him in a secluded spot, placing at the head of his grave a rude wooden cross to preserve it from desecration.

We then made our escape in the early morning, and with sadness entered the great city of Guadalajara. We arrived at about eleven o'clock in the morning. A regiment of soldiers were there on the way to chastise some rebellious Indians. The presence of the soldiers joined to the entrance of my company of one hundred and fifty red-shirted, travel-worn, armed troopers brought the excitement at once to a demonstration. We had just reached a hacienda when the cry of "Revolution!—revolution!" was raised. Soldiers discharged their muskets in the streets, women screamed, men hurriedly closed their places of business for fear of robbery and joined in the excitement. We shut and barricaded our fortress doors, fearing that this was to be the end of our California journey, while we were yet more than an hundred miles from the seashore. With the popu-

lation opposed to them, every one of that brave group of young men stood up to the issue; their faces paled a little, but weapons were coolly got ready for a fray out of which none expected to come alive. How the attack upon us was ever held in check I never learned, but a little after midnight we succeeded in getting away unmolested.

The remainder of our journey brought us to the commercial town of Tepic, whose trade was with the seaport of San Blas, and we found no further obstruction or enmity, as the intercourse and interests of commerce had made the people friendly to the American people. We arrived at San Blas in excellent health and condition, having lost but one of our number. In port we providentially found the brig *Cayuga*, Captain Savage, of some two hundred tons, belonging to the firm of Pacific traders, Howland & Aspinwall. Captain Savage, an Austrian, had sailed her down the coast in ballast, on the chance that some party of gold-hunters might cross Mexico and require a vessel to transport them to San Francisco. A contract was soon entered into similar to the one with Captain Parks, of the *Mara*. The hold of the *Cayuga* was floored, and double bunks were again provided with about three feet of space from floor to deck. In the absence of water-casks, red-wood or dug-out canoes filled with supplies of water were stowed below the floor. As before, we furnished our own sea-stores. They consisted of old whalers' sea-bread, condemned after one voyage of three years to the Arctic seas, well-filled with vermin, which, however, were rendered innocuous by being baked over in a well-heated oven; a supply of well-



A MEXICAN RANGER.

salted Mexican jerked beef as sold by the yard, sun-dried till it would have answered as well for harness-leather as for food, with coffee and sugar for luxuries. These provisions were placed in sacks and stowed under the flooring, where they were always accessible through an open hatch. Upon the outer deck, just back of the foremast, was laid a temporary flooring of brick without covering or protection from the weather or the sun, and this constituted our cooks' galley, each mess having its own cook. We paid Captain Savage \$80 each as

this small brig we had about one hundred and fifty men including our gold-diggers, besides the crew, the horse, and a dozen goats. We had no tables, but ate our hardtack and jerked beef and drank our tin mugs of coffee whenever and whenever we found it convenient.

On the eighty-fourth day from New York, anchor was weighed and we set sail for San Francisco. By this time all hardships were accepted as a matter of course, and each man made himself especially jolly over every new danger or deprivation that was encountered.



A MEXICAN DUEL.

passage money, while the sea-stores cost us \$30 each. About 120 of our company took part in this arrangement, thus paying the sum of \$9600 for the storage part of the brig and \$3600 more for our supplies and rations. As water was an important factor for so large a number at sea, in addition to the supply in canoes in the hold, a very large canoe was secured on the brig's deck and filled with water, but for economy of stowage a deck of rough boards covered it. In addition to our party Captain Savage had taken on board a full complement of cabin passengers in the little rooms on the after part of the brig. As these few aristocrats of the voyage had paid fabulous prices the captain had contracted to supply them with fresh provisions, and for this purpose a number of goats were taken on board, which were duly served on the cabin table. Added to these Captain Savage, as a perquisite, had embarked a Mexican saddle-horse on deck, so that on

But the old whalers' bread had to be well soaked before it could be eaten, and the writer as well as others lost teeth in the effort to masticate it. On account of the saltiness and toughness of the jerked beef, it was found necessary to attach it to ropes and tow it in the sea for forty-eight hours before any attempt could be made either to cook it or eat it without cooking. Sea-bathing may accomplish much good, but it never yet made tender Mexican jerked beef. Our supply certainly never tempted the most hungry shark in our course. The roll of the sea and the tacking of our ship so far emptied our canoes of water that all hands, except the horse and the goats, were put on short allowance. Our captain, who was an experienced navigator of those latitudes, and anxious to be rid of us as soon as possible, decided to take an indirect southwest course to fall in with the trade wind, and so sailing in a semi-circle to come into the Bay of San Fran-

cisco from the northwest. So we were promptly put on an allowance of something over a pint of water a day each, with which to make our coffee, dampen our whalers' bread, and gratify our thirst. Water of a red color and impregnated with the peculiar odor and taste of the canoes was served daily in this proportion to each mess. But there was no grumbling. Did we not already see the enticing glitter of the yellow gold in the mines of California?

The time of the journey of the main company was :

	Days.
From New York by bark <i>Mara</i> to Vera Cruz...	24
From Vera Cruz to embarkation on brig <i>Cayuga</i> ...	60
Voyage on the Pacific to San Francisco.....	30
Total.....	114

The thirty seceders who left us at Mexico City arrived at San Blas two weeks after our



A FULQUE CARRIER.

On one occasion, however, the water after having been served to a mess was pilfered from the bottles. It was suggested by Doctor Brinkerhoff (afterward the physician and surgeon of Walker's Nicaragua Expedition), that the mess should endure another day of thirst while he should place a prescription in their water-bottles. This was done with success, and the ensuing day, although it was very calm, several men (not members of the association) were terribly afflicted with an awful seasickness. The remedy proved effective, and great respect was paid thereafter to bottles of canoe water.

After thirty days on the *Cayuga*, we entered the Golden Gate on the 14th day of May, 1849, and I claim that we were the first organized body to reach that port both by sea and land, although at that date a hundred sail of vessels were at anchor in the harbor.

party, most of them too late to be included in the benefits of the *Cayuga* charter. Both men and horses had broken down on the seven-days-a-week system. They straggled into San Blas, and continued their journey by land to Mazatlan, 200 miles north. A few of those who arrived first secured places on our brig, while some of the main body, not having sufficient funds, joined those who journeyed overland to Mazatlan. Here they chartered a small coasting schooner, provisioning her mostly with rice and water. After thirty days' coasting, with the alternation of land and sea breezes, their rice being almost entirely exhausted, they found themselves but 200 miles farther north on a journey of some 2000 miles. One of them, who was a Sabbath observer, sickened and died, and was buried on the shore. The small party then divided, a few continuing along the

coast on foot, while the rest remained on the vessel and, after untold suffering from want of food and water, six months afterward arrived at San Diego, where the schooner was condemned as unseaworthy, and the company scattered, making their way to San Francisco as best they could, poor in pocket and broken in health and ambition. Those who landed pressed onward on foot, mostly through a barren and desert country, devoid of food, water or game, with their faces resolutely set towards the magnet of the gold mines. When game was to be had, even were it hawk or buzzard, it was killed and greedily eaten, kind, quality, and cookery not being considered. Toads, lizards and crows were alike welcome, and any sunwarmed and stagnant pool of

water was considered most refreshing. The horrors of the siege of Paris were paralleled by the shifts to which the party were reduced, and in one section of country venomous rattlesnakes were killed and, after being skinned and prepared, were cut in sections for food and boiled. In this way they subsisted and survived, and, with a determination sustained only by the hope of the fortunes that awaited them in the gold mines, they pressed forward through the blazing heat. For months they endured this, with no beds but their ragged blankets. The writer met the first one to arrive in San Francisco in the month of November, ten months after the departure of the buoyant party on the deck of the *Mara*.

HACKENSACK, N. J.

A. C. Ferris.

ELDER MARSTON'S REVIVAL.



HORSES were tied to the small oak trees that fringed three sides of the playground. Young men stood around in groups and canvassed neighborhood affairs, not boisterously, but in modulated tones; for

this was not a spelling-school. They had gathered to hear Elder Marston preach.

A party of youngsters at the door moved aside respectfully, giving way to Maxa Haven, the schoolmistress. She greeted them pleasantly and passed within, taking her place in the narrow seat, and waiting reverently; for what was school-room by day was sanctuary by night, and nothing common or trivial should profane it.

The house was rapidly filling. Men upon the left hand, women on the right, crowded the benches. They indulged a whispered comment on the presence of Charley Cook, a farmer, noted for his wild delight in all things sacrilegious. He had long been a terror to the weaker preachers, and his "gang" had caused the premature suspension of many a service. He stood in the neighborhood as an enemy incarnate of religion; yet he was honest in his dealing with men, given to industry and good rules of farming, and proud of his prosperity even when reminded that from of old his fellows had flourished "like a green bay tree."

Cook had often expressed a desire to meet Elder Marston, and all the love of order in the community trembled now that the "revivalist" stood face to face with this force of evil. For the preacher was himself a notable character. He had for years conducted revivals in the larger school-houses and rural churches,

and had drawn to his meetings great numbers of people who seldom went to service elsewhere. He was middle-aged, smooth-faced, vigorous; with a knowledge of the Bible that impressed his hearers, and with a fund of incident, analogy, anathema, a faculty for painting the graces and the horrors, the blessings and the cursings of his gospel, which stood him well instead of doctrine.

Elder Marston led in singing, and brought with him from the fields of other successes a score of songs whose swift motion and easy melody quite won his audience. He was his own chorister, and would even pause in the midst of a measure to correct this part or that, dropping deftly from air to bass, or rising with the clearer tenor till his finer ear was satisfied. These interruptions were not resented by the homely throng that filled the house, and each acquired melody was a fresher bond of union between them and him.

He had been warned of the presence of Cook, the disturber, and seemed to gather from the threatened opposition a strength to make his work the more effective. He announced his text, then, turning from the Bible, stepped forward and began without further preparation one of the swiftly moving songs which seemed to form his chief equipment. Beating time with palm to palm, turning this way and that as he directed the twining of graceful music around the standards of old, familiar lines, Elder Marston laid down his gage of battle to all foes whomsoever. Ending this song, he instantly started another in which his followers quickly joined, urged them to swifter time, lighting the fires of latent enthusiasm and fanning them with his own vigor and interest.



DRAWN BY ALFRED KAPPES.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"I GIVE UP!"

Then, turning quickly to the desk, he took up the text and passed with the same swiftness into the sermon. It was prophecy, and the thunders of Sinai were invoked; the dream of Daniel, the vision of John, were drawn upon to strengthen and embellish his discourse. At the close of an impassioned period he stopped, stepped forward, and again began singing:

Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Then he stopped the strident measure as abruptly as he had begun it, and returned to the sermon as though there had been no interruption.

Maxa Haven, the schoolmistress, watched him with much interest. Surely he had a strange power over these people. How he swayed them, how he led them whithersoever he would, inspiring them with shouts of victory, or hushing them into silence with a word. She wondered if he was sincere, then cast out the thought, and bent her eyes to the ground in humbleness of spirit. Was he not preaching the Word? But the doubt came back at the close of the sermon. It came back at midnight when she sought her rest, and it stood by her bedside when she waked in the morning. Was he sincere? It troubled her without apparent reason when she took up her school-work again in the morning, and she was glad of a diversion furnished by Amos, one of the larger boys who swept the room each morning.

"See what I found on the floor," he said, displaying some bits of shining metal. "Awful lot of trash on this floor of a morning."

They looked like silver, and had been dropped molten upon the boards, and lay there, hardened in fantastic shapes like ice crystals. She put them in her desk to await some chance claimant among the pupils—for the rights of little ones must be conserved—and welcomed the labors that filled the day. But lessons were strangely puzzling. The pupils, spurred by the magic of her discipline, fairly outran expectation.

"I must carry home some books at night and prepare the lessons in advance," she said.

Maxa went to meeting again that evening and saw not only the benches but the aisles crowded with listeners. She saw that same tense figure sitting alone in the shadow behind the desk, watching the people with wide, unwinking eyes. She thought of a panther, not resting, but crouching; of a fate only waiting to hurl itself in bolts of destruction on unguarded heads. She thought he might be angel or demon, praying in silence for the deliverance of souls or spreading a snare for feet unwary. She was glad to be aroused when Elder

Marston almost sprang to his feet and began a revival hymn:

I am standing upon the green shore,
All weary and faint with delay,
Still fearing the billows that roar,
Still dreading the mist-covered way.
And oh! that my Saviour would come
And carry me safe o'er the lea,
To rest in that beautiful home
My Father provided for me.
Oh, fear not, dread not, the dark flowing wave—
The Saviour is near you, and mighty to save.

The rhythmic cadences were caught up by the crowd as the rising and falling waves of the song swept over them, and faces reflected the lighting fires of the heart. Maxa joined in the singing, and hoped with that to stifle doubt. She was strangely comforted by the uncouth music, strangely touched by some power exerted by this man. She followed him through the passages of another song and listened with interest to the sermon. She was conscious that an influence reached from that rude pulpit to hearts all over the house, past faces as yet stolid with indifference, and wondered what the result would be when conviction seized the multitude, and the stress of waters should break all bounds.

In the midst of her wondering the sound of bells broke on the ear. A team was galloping towards the school-house, and through the windows she could see Charley Cook standing up in his sleigh and lashing his horses, while a half-dozen young men, well-muffled in buffalo robes, sat in the body of the vehicle and sang with all vigor a bacchanalian song. Here was the expected attempt to break up the meeting. The issue would soon be joined.

The jingling bells were still a moment as the party drove up to the door, and one after another filed into the house. The sermon was suspended till the confusion should pass, and as the roysterers crowded about near the stove Elder Marston began another song, leading with a vigor which told of strength for the conflict. The trespassers joined in the chorus for a moment, and then took up again the rollicking measures with which they had announced their arrival. The sacred music flagged. Young men who had been assisting dropped the lines to watch the outcome. Cook led with a gusto that was reassuring, fitting some local incident to the leading line, and throwing all possible emphasis into the refrain.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Said Marston to his men.

But both numbers and leaders were against "the gang." The minister suffered his hymn

to stop, and as the revelers paused on completing their measure, he started quickly a battle-hymn both famous and familiar :

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows
of steel ;
As you deal with my contemners so with you my
grace shall deal.
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent
with his heel —
Since God is marching on !

Music and chorus were the same as that chosen by the disturbers. The preacher impressed the power of his selection with a force they had never seen. The tune of the sinners was wielded by the saints, and so boldly did the resonant members sing that when the last line was reached the strong

Truth goes marching on

was heard above all disturbance. Another stanza sung through with equal vigor, and Charley Cook's adherents had subsided. A third, and they joined in the music to a man.

Then the sermon was quickly taken up with even more force, and through the silence wrung from uproar the minister painted the beauties of a life redeemed. No vials of wrath, no thunderings of anger — only the sorrow of pure souls, and the infinite loss a rebel must suffer, were portrayed. This rural genius warned and terrified and pleaded by turns, but never lashed out a rage. Heads were bowed; eyes were streaming; men who had passed unmoved through a score of revivals bent forward on the rude desks of the school-room and gave way to tears.

Instinctively the gang had separated, and its stranded members were in hiding. Elder Marston had won. He dropped the sermon and rose in song. The effect was magical. Almost at the first note a shout proclaimed some soul in a tumult of joy. The rude song was a pæan. It unlocked the gates that had stood against warning and pleading alike. In the midst of it a strong man knelt in prayer, beating with his hands and crying aloud for mercy. Another followed him, and as the cadences of the song continued, rising in strength with each passing moment, another and another sank down and called out in earnest supplication. The preacher rose into visible power as the fire he had invoked swept over his subjects. Standing out strong before them he shouted :

"Come in! Come in! It's winter with sin; here is warm sunshine. The roads are rough out there; here the paths are smooth. Burdens are crushing you, killing you, there; come in and be saved."

Each word could be heard through the uproar of the lifted voices. Above the united, impassioned, fervid clamor of those who

prayed, through the loud, clanging beat of the song, each short sentence pierced a pause like arrows in the joints of harness.

Maxa grew dizzy. The room seemed swinging, whirling, rising, falling, as the flames of enthusiasm tossed high or bent low in their weird contortions. The house was like a great bell; that man who evoked and directed its pealing was a giant armed with a hammer, striking here, there, above, below — wherever he would, and beating out a note of warning, a chord of love, a strain of sorrow. She felt herself clutch her reason with an almost palpable grasp and struggle, half stifled for breath. She put out her hand to touch some solid thing, to find some object that her calmer consciousness had known, some line by which she might find her way back again to paths her feet had trod. But the chaos seemed to have found no center, and Maxa felt the last wall of conscious motive going, when a sharp cry near her broke the spell and startled the girl to normal life again.

She turned and saw Charley Cook standing in a circle of space that had been purchased for him by denser crowding. The man was in an agony. He was gasping. One hand was pressed fiercely across his eyes, pulling his face sidewise, as though the physical struggle with himself was a relief. The other hand was outstretched, wide open, palm downward, groping. The whole figure was tense and rigid, and in the silence which followed his first outcry the man's deep suspirations could be heard. Through the knotted, swollen throat came harsh, grating sounds. The demons were indeed rending him before they were cast out.

"I give up!" he cried in a loud voice quite void of inflection. "I give up! Don't keep me out! Let me come in!"

With one hand still pressed upon his face, and one stretched out and feeling as he went, the tortured man crept forward, while those who had filled the space before him pressed back to right and left and gave him passage.

Elder Marston had not moved a step. He stood in triumph as the crushed rebel came, thus humbled, to claim the promise of forgiveness. His head was bent forward, his deep eyes glanced out brightly, his smooth face was fairly luminous in the fierce joy of victory.

But what made Maxa start? She thought she saw on that face and in those eyes a very demon gloating above the writhings he had inflicted. She closed her eyes. Why should she be so haunted?

There was little more. A score of tender hearts were filled to overflowing with gratitude that this strong sinner had laid down his arms. His groping hand had touched the preacher's palm, and he was struggling in untried prayer

there by the desk. Above him stood Elder Marston, calming and hushing the tumult in the house, softening the grief of this one, tempering the shouts of that, and even checking the audible prayer.

Then light as a lullaby, gently as a mother, he led the way into the sanctuary of song:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

Every voice was attuned to tenderness, and when the lines were done Elder Marston raised his hands and pronounced a benediction, dismissing the audience for the night.

Maxa joined her brother at the door, and they walked home together without a word. That Charley Cook had been "converted" was fact stupendous enough to silence conversation. Not one doubt of his sincerity was entertained. It was marvelous, but it was true. She sat with her parents some moments before the wide fireplace, and then left them for the night. But she went no more to meeting. She allowed her school-work to furnish excuse, but gladly greeted the reports that Charley Cook had thrown all his forceful nature into the work he had once opposed. She knew that with his surrender the ice-gorge of opposition had broken, and that scores of honest men and women had united in forming a society that prayerfully hoped for established services in a house of their own.

One evening the girl dismissed her school as usual, and gathered up the books she meant to take home for review, strapped them in a bundle, and then forgot them, leaving the little parcel so necessary for to-morrow's success exposed on her desk. When tea was done, and the home-work of the evening laid aside, she remembered her books. She must have them, for the good results of past days had depended, she was sure, on these nightly reviews of the lessons.

Her father's age excused him in her thought; she could not go now, for service was by this time in progress at the school-house; her brother and the farm help were among the worshipers. Something of the comical was suggested in the situation, and the lighter vein brought back her olden force and independence.

"I'll get them myself when meeting is over," she said, and devoted the hours till that should be to songs and pleasantries. She watched the bright lights from the four broadside windows of the school-house when the time for closing came. She saw them, one by one, darkened as the heavy board shutters were put up outside. She listened till the last group of neighbors had passed to their homes, and then put on a warm coat and hood, slipped her feet into rubbers, took a box of matches, and passed un-

noticed from the house. The books could be secured, she could be at home in half an hour, and the problems could soon be solved.

The night was dark, but she hurried along the frozen road not nearly so badly frightened as she had expected. Were not all these indistinct figures familiar from childhood? But when the dark building outlined itself against the forest and sky her heart gave a great throb at the thought of entering the lonely place.

Then reason stilled the rising terror. Of course there was nothing in the house; she knew that right well. The room would be warm and the floor would be littered with the usual wreck of which Amos complained. She would need no light, as she could easily find her way. And then, if anything should occur, did she not have the matches? She stepped upon the door-stone and stamped her feet to loosen the particles of ice and snow.

As she did so her ear caught the sound of two light footfalls within the house. It startled her for a moment until her courage could be rallied, and with the rebuke, "How foolish!" she inserted her key and opened the door. She threw it wide and gazed into the black depths of the room. Not an object could be distinguished save the fire which glowed through the crevices in the stove.

Something in that sight restored her sense of familiar things, and she stepped boldly into the room. But the blaze was not smoldering, as it should have been. The sides of the stove were red-hot, and as she took another step she wondered why it had been left burning so brightly. The door swung shut behind her just as she found her passage barred by a long bench drawn right across the open space in the center of the room. She nearly stumbled over it as she advanced towards her desk.

Lest she should encounter other obstacles she drew a match from the box and struck it against the rough back of the offending bench. She had taken the wrong end, and, as it failed to light, she turned it in her fingers, thinking how steady her nerves were, and what a very odd thing she was doing.

She struck again, and the flame lighted up the gloom about her. The tip had scarcely ignited when the air was shivered with a crashing blow on a window. Shattered glass jingled as it fell to the floor, and heavy strokes were rained on the strong shutters. She was conscious through the rush of fears that these blows had fallen on the glass first and then on the wood. The assault was from within the house.

In her fright she dropped the box and the lighted match as well. It fell, as though guided there, straight upon the rest, and instantly the

hundred of minute torches were ablaze. Not her own corner of the room, but the whole wide school-house was alight now, and by the kindling flame Maxa saw a man walk from the window to the desk, saw him turn up the lighted wick in the lamp, and saw him assume an attitude that horrified her with its familiar pose.

"Elder Marston!"

It was all the girl could say. In the crouching figure, in the pallid face, in the shining eyes, she saw not a power for good, but a spirit from perdition, whose flitting figure had haunted her ever since that night at meeting.

Benumbed by the sight, yet fascinated, her eyes swept around the room. Here was a strange kettle; there was a curious mold; on the hearth lay an iron-handled ladle. And as if to set speculation quite at rest, on the very bench which had barred her progress was laid a row of bright new coins.

How she stood there, how she could face a being so demoniac, she never knew; but she turned from these utensils of an outlawed craft with something of strength against the man before her.

"Yes, Elder Marston," he said.

Maxa had compelled him to speak. He was trapped; escape was hopeless; denial was useless. For an instant his courage had deserted him, and he tried to beat down the shutters. Now he was himself again, and he met the steady gaze of an honest woman with the composure of a veteran, an adept in sin.

"Do you know what I have been doing?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Maxa, with rising spirit. It occurred to her that this was her school-room, and the sense of proprietorship helped her mightily. He was conscious of her growing power, but the old feeling which conflict always provoked came over him.

"What will you do, Miss Haven?"

"I will send you to prison," she replied, hot with a strange emotion. It was not anger; it was not fear. It was deeper than these. This man a counterfeiter, and in this room where two hours before he had bathed a score of souls in prayer! This man!

"Let me say a word. First I will put out that fire of yours. The matches are burned up now, and in a moment that dry floor will blaze."

"Stay where you are," said Maxa, fiercely. "I will attend to the fire."

She stepped to the corner and lifted the pail of water. She took the tin cup and poured upon the flame until it was quite extinguished. As she did so Elder Marston saw that her nerves were like steel. He wondered how long

it would be before the recoil would come and loosen the singular force that armed her.

"I am a counterfeiter," he said calmly. "I have been for years. I don't believe it is wrong. My dollars are as good as the Government's, and you know they are needed. No one has enough of them. If you contend it is wicked, I still assert I have a balance to my credit, for I am doing good every day. These people are really converted. Charley Cook has been on the borderland of heaven for two weeks. This community is better, and always will be better, for my coming; and if I had not come twenty men and women whom you know would have been lost forever. You tell what you have seen to-night, and twice that number will rush to ruin headlong, and all the Bibles on earth and all the angels above can't save them. You will not help them, and you will not kill me; you will harm them without helping anybody. If I am wrong, let Him judge who is wiser than you. Now will you tell?"

She could make no response. Was that a human being who stood there and debated a problem so awful?

"Are you thinking of the law?" he continued. "Think rather of the eternity of these people. Safe to-day, wrecked to-morrow. You know the law is really lighter than that. If you sin against the latter in keeping silence, how much more will you sin against the Spirit by exposing me and cursing my people? One thing more. If you are silent I promise—and I keep my word—never to coin another dollar. Now will you keep still?"

While he spoke the girl pondered rather than listened. As he closed, she turned about, opened the door, and sprang into the night. She fled down the road, through the farm-yard gate, and up to the house.

"Father," she cried, as she burst into the wide sitting-room, "Elder Marston is a counterfeiter. I went to the school-house for a book after the people had left to-night and found him making money."

The dim light in the room grew dimmer; she thought the words "making money, making money" were repeating themselves over and over again. She tried to walk to the settee, but could not lift her feet along the rapidly rising floor. The settee became frightened at her staring eyes, and ran far away, almost out of sight, down a long, icy road. Her feet were very cold, but her face was burning in the flames of ignited matches. A crash like millions of goblets broken with blows drowned the words "making money, making money, making money," and then came silence.

Help was summoned, and the fainting girl was carried to her bed. One of the boys saddled a horse and galloped for a physician.

David, the hired man, took down the shot-gun and ran to the school-house. When nearly there he heard the door close with a bang, and although he could see no fleeing figure he fired, and then called out:

"Halt, thou, or I'll shoot again!"

"Why, shoot again, certainly," responded a voice that David had heard in song, in prayer, in preaching service every night for a month.

He ran as he never had run before. He hallooed for help, shouting the names of the nearest neighbors, and shouting again.

Lamps were lighted in the school-house, and there the farmers gathered while David told them what the girl had seen. One of the earliest arrivals was Charley Cook. The recent converts looked to this reformed son of Belial for their cue. They were dumfounded at Marston's brazen infamy. To their simpler natures such evident blasphemy loosened the very grasp of God. Scoffers whispered in their ears that the preacher had done this very work for years, and revealed in sin every summer. "He was too good any way; these perfect men are always scaly."

But through the promptings of temptation a strong voice pitched in earnest supplication drew all to view the figure of Charley Cook, and his simple devotion stemmed the rising tide of infidelity. He was kneeling on the littered floor near the center of the room where he had stood or knelt every night since his conversion, and where he had tried to atone for sins committed.

He bent down there now, his rough wool hat beside him, his hard hands clasping the sacred book from which the light was drawn that had dispelled his darkness, and lifted up his voice in prayer.

"Lord," he said, without a trace of formal intonation, "can't a traitor carry good news? Can't a lost man light a beacon-fire? Can't a hungry man bring bread? Can't a sick man heal? Help us to ask if this message is good, if this beacon-fire leads up out of trouble; if this bread satisfies, if this medicine cures us. And if they do, help us to take 'em, no matter how they come. Amen!"

And then he rose and went out and led the chase with such tireless vigor that by another nightfall the culprit was overtaken and landed in jail.

No event in twenty years had so engrossed attention as did this trapping of the counterfeiter, this unmasking of Elder Marston. In the weeks following his arrest the school-house where his latest work had been performed became a place to visit. Men came for miles, and told of other services where crowds had flocked to hear him preach, where doubtless he had been as infamous as here. But they found nothing in the place or its surroundings that could

criminate the man. The closest search failed to reveal the hiding-places of tools. In that brief while granted him between the flight of Maxa and the arrival of David every vestige of his work had been obliterated. His craft had not deserted him even in the rush of moments that followed detection.

This phase of the case won comment; and while sincere men who had believed Elder Marston were grieved beyond expression at the awful revelation, they pinned their faith to Maxa's testimony, and were glad to know her sense of justice was strong enough to beat down all her barriers of timidity. She would tell exactly all she knew. And now that his preliminary hearing was at hand, crowds of countrymen flocked to the city for what was to them a veritable judgment.

In the city such curiosity had been aroused that Commissioner Bayne concluded to hold the inquiry in quarters more commodious than the little office where his customary business was transacted. The "old hall" was near at hand, once used for the sittings of the Federal court, now seldom occupied above the first floor, whose crowding occupants monopolized the little room; and never in the forty years since its erection had the ancient walls inclosed so dense a throng.

The newspapers had exploited Elder Marston's record with a brilliancy of description that won attention. It was understood that the prisoner would appear as his own attorney. His shrewdness, his logic, his eloquence, were said to be phenomenal.

The hall would not contain the crowd that came to witness the proceedings. Men pushed inside the bar, and took up positions about the desks and tables. They were packed about the deep windows through whose small, untidy panes the light had come so long. Officials of all grades took seats of honor near the bench.

A hush of habit fell upon the audience as the gray-haired commissioner took his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. A murmur of comment followed as a slender, dark-faced man entered the room, searching swiftly with his deep-set eyes till they rested on Maxa Haven. Was it anger or appeal she read in them? A swaying, crushing movement of the crowd told how deep was the interest. In the shuffling noise of many feet a breaking timber somewhere in the room roused a few to apprehension, which was stilled in a moment by the rage to hear. There was a sense of offending in the incident.

The formal arraignment was listened to in a hush that drove the great crowd forward half a man's breadth, that bent the body and turned the ear to catch the faintest sound.

"Not guilty," said Elder Marston, calmly; and it was his first utterance since arrest.

"Ah! he will fight."

The audience breathed again; it swayed back with loosened tension; feet were shifted to an easier position. An attorney rose to state the case — when the commissioner, looking past him with dilated eyes, saw the center of the room slowly sinking. Before he could open his lips in warning they saw their danger. A straining timber crashed, the first shot in a broadside of ruin.

"The floor is falling," yelled a hundred voices in a breath — voices that rose from articulate rills to yells and shrieks, then sank to smothered groans as the whole mass sank swiftly down.

Dastards and heroes had mingled on equal footing in the audience; they could be distinguished now. Strength was panic-stricken, and weakness was underfoot. But as the scores of persons uninjured sprang from the windows and the lower doors, the work of rescue began. Out into the sunshine as from the shadow of death strong men assisted their fellows to safety, till the last maimed body was stretched in the gracious light of a winter sky — out from the suffocating horror of the dust cloud to the thankful consciousness of life.

All but one.

When Elder Marston's ear first caught the sound of breaking wood he knew the avalanche was coming. Calmer than others, because he knew what they were there to learn, he darted one thought at what might be the end, then turned his eyes and studied Maxa Haven. He felt the floor quiver as the crowd drew back, he saw the windows rising as the center sank, and his last look as the hundreds swept downward was on the girl, was on the prosecuting witness, clinging there with both hands to the broad ledge of the window, clinging and crying for help.

He knew how much this ruin meant. Surely some lives would be lost; why not hers? He knew the tale locked in that honest heart and waiting for the telling by those honest lips; and he knew that with her silenced he could not be convicted. But one glance backward as he reached the air changed all his swift-formed plan. Through the rising cloud of dust he saw that she had gained a footing on the broken timbers which the floor had left, and

was standing pressed close against the wall and gazing at the crush below. She would be saved unharmed.

Conviction lay that way; but — could he not escape? Nothing was easier. In the mad confusion which had seized the town he had safe conduct through any streets he chose. He was already on the outer circles of the crowd, the spirit of flight stirring within him, when he heard a later cry, a sharp voice lifted and repeating over and over again:

"The walls are falling! Look out!"

There was Elder Marston's battlefield. Just silence now, and all the world could not bring home that charge. Just silence, and those trembling walls, that vaulting roof, would hush forever the lips that could accuse him. Doubtless she was screaming. Let her scream. So were scores of others. No one thought of looking up there. Only he knew.

Only he knew? Dared he keep silence? Would not his hands be red? All this in an instant. Then came the revulsion that erased the last vestige of that wicked thought, and Elder Marston turned back through the crowd, pushing and pressing nearer till he stood under the window where Maxa was clinging.

"Can't a hungry man bring bread?" Charley Cook had asked in his prayer. Aye; but he will feed at times. "Can't a sick man heal?" Yes; but there is contagion in life; the healer is better that he bettered his friend.

"Help me with this ladder," he cried. "There's a woman."

They were slow to obey him. They had drawn back from the walls. A loosened brick fell at his feet, but he did not mind the warning. If only he might save that girl! He was better than any three as they raised the ladder. He waited for none of them, but sprang up swiftly before it had touched the house. He stood on the broad ledge and tore the sash from its fastenings, threw it behind him blindly, and stooped down with hands and eyes and heart brimful of blessing.

He lifted her to safety; but in the effort which thrust the girl beyond the reach of danger the rescuer lost his balance and fell with the crumbling walls, under the heavy roof, into a tomb where he lay acquit, beyond the reach of human questioning.

Le Roy Armstrong.

VIGILANCE.

MORE than one king goes wandering in disguise,
And, with a realm at heart, a cake must turn.
But — art thou Alfred? Never let it burn:
Show, in a kitchen, thou hast royal eyes.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF ABILITY IN THE UNITED STATES.



SOME time ago there appeared in "The Nineteenth Century" an article entitled "The Distribution of Ability in England." The writer had taken a dictionary of contemporary biography and had classified all the Englishmen therein mentioned according to the occupation in which they had attained distinction, and then by the counties in which they were born. In this way he was able to show in what proportion the counties of England had produced men of distinction and in what department these men had gained eminence. This article suggested to me the idea of writing one of a similar character showing the distribution of ability in the United States by States, and also by race-extraction, which I felt sure would have an even greater interest than the classification made by the English writer, because it was possible here to cover the entire history of a rapidly growing country, and because American States are necessarily far more distinct and important social and political divisions than counties could possibly be. I therefore took Appleton's "Encyclopedia of American Biography" in six volumes, one of the largest and most recent works upon the subject, and classified the persons mentioned therein who were citizens of the United States according to occupation, birthplace, and race-extraction.

I began this work, which has proved much larger and more laborious than I anticipated, with a feeling of curiosity. But when I had obtained my results I found that they went much further than the satisfaction of a merely curious inquiry. I am satisfied, and I think any one who will examine the tables which follow will be equally satisfied, that the results obtained have a great deal of historical value. The number of names classified and tabulated reaches 14,243, not including the immigrant table, and a number so large includes virtually all the men and women who by their ability have raised themselves even slightly above the general level. The method of classification which I have adopted shows what communities have produced the men who have

governed the country and fought its battles, who have educated it and influenced its thought, who have produced its literature, art, and science, and who have made the inventions which in some instances have affected the history of the United States and of mankind.

The classification according to birthplace is as absolutely accurate as is possible in tallying such a large number of names. There are a few instances in which the birthplace was unknown, and these have of necessity been omitted. There are many cases in which the birthplace may be said to have been accidental, and where the person in question had no real connection either by parentage, ancestry, or subsequent career with the State in which he was born. I found it impossible to fix any rule in regard to these cases if I once departed from the actual place of birth as a test. I determined therefore to exercise no discretion in the matter, but to credit to each State every one who was born within its borders, no matter whether their parentage and subsequent career connected them with that State or not, and as I am satisfied that these cases in a large degree balance each other I do not think the accuracy of the general result is affected. To this general rule I have made but a single exception. Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, but it would have been such a manifest absurdity to credit him to Massachusetts that I have given him to Maryland, to which State he of course really belonged.

While it was possible to be absolutely accurate in regard to the place of birth, and practically so in regard to the occupation or profession, it was not possible to be more than approximately correct on the question of race-extraction. In the first place it was necessary to make the race classification according to the paternal line alone, which is of course partial and, if the French saying that "*les races se feminisent*" be true, is also a misleading arrangement. At the same time, as will be readily seen, it is the only method possible, and moreover the errors arising in this way in large measure balance one another. Taking, therefore, the paternal line as the one to fix race origin, it is less difficult than might be supposed to determine what the race

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origin is. In a large number of cases, especially where the extraction is not English, the race stock is given in the dictionary. In a still larger number of instances the name and the place of birth furnish unmistakable evidence as to race. That error should be avoided in this classification is not to be expected, but I am perfectly satisfied that the race distribution is in the main correct. Such errors as exist tend, I think, here as elsewhere in these statistics to balance one another, and the net result is, I believe, so substantially accurate as to have very real value, and to throw a great deal of light on what we owe in the way of ability to each of the various races who settled the United States.

The classification which I have described thus far shows only the quantity, and has no bearing upon the quality of ability. The arrangement of the dictionary, however, furnished me with methods of estimating and distributing ability by quality as well as quantity. A small portrait inserted in the text is given of each person who attained more than ordinary distinction, and my examination satisfies me that these portraits have been in the main so judiciously distributed as to enable us to use them as a test of quality and as constituting a class. To the persons having a small portrait I have given a single star, and in the following tables there will be found a classification of these names under that head. A further but much less valuable classification of the same sort I have given of those to whom were awarded full-page steel engravings. This, I say, is less valuable from the fact that these large portraits do not appear to have been distributed simply on the ground of ability and eminence. For example, an arrangement which gives a place to William Gilmore Simms and shuts out Hawthorne, Poe, and Lowell in the field of literature is manifestly of little weight. In the same way a classification which of necessity includes Tyler, Pierce, and Fillmore, and which omits Jay, Taney, and Chase because they did not happen to be Presidents, is quite misleading as an index of the quality of ability represented. At the same time there is something to be learned from the distribution of these large portraits, especially as their race classification is perfectly accurate, and I have therefore given the persons who have them a double star and have made a table in which they are classified by State and race.

I have also classified by race and occupation all persons of foreign birth who have gained distinction in this country. I have treated as immigrants all persons who came to the United States after the adoption of the Constitution. It was, of course, necessary to draw the line dividing the immigrant from the original settler

at some definite point, and for this purpose I took 1789 as the most convenient date. This table, to which I have appended one covering all negroes mentioned in the dictionary, is, of course, accurate, and will, I think, be found to have an especial value as showing the countries to which we are indebted for ability among our immigrants, and also in what directions that ability has been displayed.

The total number of names classified, apart from the table last described, is, as I have said, 14,243, and these are divided among the States as follows:

TABLE A.

TOTALS BY STATES.

Massachusetts	2,686
New York	2,605
Pennsylvania	1,827
Connecticut	1,196
Virginia	1,038
Maryland	512
New Hampshire	510
New Jersey	474
Maine	414
South Carolina	398
Ohio	364
Vermont	359
Kentucky	320
North Carolina	300
Rhode Island	291
Georgia	202
Tennessee	136
Delaware	115
Indiana	113
District of Columbia	75
Louisiana	68
Illinois	59
Michigan	44
Missouri	39
Alabama	34
Mississippi	26
Florida	12
Wisconsin	12
California	5
Iowa	5
Arkansas	3
Texas	1
<hr/>	
	14,243

TOTALS BY GROUPS.¹

New England States	5456
Massachusetts	2686
Connecticut	1196
New Hampshire	510
Maine	414
Vermont	359
Rhode Island	291
<hr/>	
	5456
Middle States	5021
New York	2605
Pennsylvania	1827

¹ I have here, and throughout this article, included in the Middle States New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, giving Maryland to the Southern group, to which it properly belongs by settlement, history, population, and, in the main, occupations. For the same reason I have given Kentucky to the Southern, and Missouri to the Western group.

New Jersey	474
Delaware	115
	5021
Southern States	3125
Virginia	1038
Maryland	512
South Carolina	398
Kentucky	320
North Carolina	300
Georgia	202
Tennessee	136
District of Columbia	75
Louisiana	68
Alabama	34
Mississippi	26
Florida	12
Arkansas	3
Texas	1
	3125
Western States	641
Ohio	364
Indiana	113
Illinois	59
Michigan	44
Missouri	39
Wisconsin	12
California	5
Iowa	5
	641

The foregoing table needs no comment, but the next, which distributes the totals according to race, requires, perhaps, a few words of explanation. The term Scotch-Irish is well understood in this country, and I have therefore used it, but it is so far from accurate as an ethnic description that it is almost a misnomer. The English phrase of "Ulstermen" is unfortunately no better. The people called Scotch-Irish in the United States are descendants of the Scotch and English who settled in the north of Ireland, and who made themselves famous by their defense of Londonderry. In some instances there was an infusion of Irish blood, but for the most part these people were of pure Scotch (both lowland and highland) and English stock and were ardent Protestants. Their heaviest emigration to America began about 1729 and continued with fluctuating numbers until 1774. They have played a great part in the United States, as will be seen by the detailed tables presently to be given.

The Huguenots cover of course the Protestant French who came here during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, either direct from France, or by way of England and Holland, where they had first taken refuge. They are quite distinct from those classified simply as French, who are descended as a rule from the original settlers of Louisiana, Missouri, and Illinois, from soldiers who came with Rochambeau, or from refugees who fled here from San Domingo in 1792.

The Welsh enumeration is undoubtedly im-

perfect. I have included all described as of Welsh origin, and all others where the Welsh extraction was obvious, but there are certainly many Welshmen whom it was impossible to distinguish either by name or place of birth, and who are therefore counted among the English.

The Irish may seem surprisingly few, but as there was virtually no Irish immigration during the colonial period, and indeed none of consequence until the present century was well advanced, no other result could have been looked for.

All the other race divisions are, I feel satisfied, substantially accurate, except, perhaps, for a slight margin of error in each case in favor of the English. It is possible that the Scotch-Irish have benefited at the expense of the Scotch pure and simple, owing to identity of name, but the two classes include virtually all persons of Scotch descent given in the dictionary. The division of the total number by races is as follows:

TABLE B.

TOTALS BY RACE.

English	10,376
Scotch-Irish	1439
German	659
Huguenot	589
Scotch	436
Dutch	336
Welsh	159
Irish	109
French	85
Scandinavian	31
Spanish	7
Italian	7
Swiss	5
Greek	3
Russian	1
Polish	1

14,243

The next two tables, C and D, give the State and race divisions, with the distribution in each case according to professions or occupations, showing in what directions the ability of the States and races has been manifested. A few words only are needed to explain the classification. "Statesmen" includes not only persons who have held public office, but all who as reformers, agitators, or in any other capacity have distinguished themselves in public affairs. "Clergy" covers not only ordained ministers and missionaries, but all who have been conspicuous in any religious movement, and many of those included under this head, it may be added, have attained distinction in other fields, chiefly as writers. "Literature" covers all who have distinguished themselves as writers and includes journalists. "Musicians" includes singers, players, and composers. All the other titles are, I think, self-explanatory.

TABLE C.

	Statesmen.	Soldiers.	Clergy.	Lawyers.	Physicians.	Literature.	Art.	Science.	Educators.	Navy.	Business.	Philanthropy.	Pioneers and Explorers.	Inventors.	Engineers.	Architects.	Musicians.	Actors.	Totals.
Massachusetts.....	255	246	493	235	167	538	89	131	136	52	118	61	33	43	22	13	33	21	2,686
New York.....	259	331	366	304	130	388	147	122	110	78	140	51	21	40	54	15	35	34	2,605
Pennsylvania.....	202	236	306	178	133	227	67	92	52	63	112	34	21	13	35	7	10	22	1,887
Connecticut.....	147	102	270	127	67	184	33	37	75	23	49	10	16	18	12	8	10	1	1,106
Virginia.....	271	234	121	120	46	83	4	12	20	43	10	10	39	2	4	1	1	1	1,028
Maryland.....	110	64	84	39	40	54	13	14	8	48	16	4	5	3	5	1	1	4	512
New Hampshire.....	97	47	65	55	29	93	15	15	34	17	14	9	3	11	3	3	3	1	510
New Jersey.....	79	48	98	61	34	35	10	12	22	22	19	8	5	9	9	2	1	1	474
Maine.....	55	53	49	39	19	83	16	21	28	18	14	4	2	5	4	1	1	1	414
South Carolina.....	106	69	46	51	26	40	7	14	9	16	8	1	2	1	2	1	2	2	398
Ohio.....	63	83	32	18	19	59	20	11	21	11	8	3	1	7	5	1	2	1	364
Vermont.....	52	36	86	44	22	50	14	25	5	11	3	3	1	1	1	2	3	1	359
Kentucky.....	70	71	30	49	19	33	4	11	4	9	4	3	7	3	3	3	1	1	320
North Carolina.....	108	59	39	41	12	18	2	2	2	8	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	300
Rhode Island.....	68	25	31	24	17	42	8	8	7	22	16	8	3	2	3	1	1	1	291
Georgia.....	52	30	17	37	18	17	1	5	7	8	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	202
Tennessee.....	47	32	15	18	4	8	1	3	2	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	136
Delaware.....	31	12	15	12	11	12	2	6	3	9	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	115
Indiana.....	23	36	4	6	7	19	5	3	4	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	113
District of Columbia.....	5	22	1	1	5	13	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	75
Louisiana.....	10	7	3	3	3	14	1	6	1	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	68
Illinois.....	12	13	2	3	3	7	2	8	3	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	59
Michigan.....	5	8	3	4	4	5	1	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	4	1	1	1	44
Missouri.....	8	6	6	4	2	5	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	39
Alabama.....	8	4	4	5	5	5	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	34
Mississippi.....	3	6	3	2	1	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	26
Florida.....	2	5	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Wisconsin.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
California.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
Iowa.....	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
Arkansas.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3
Texas.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
	2150	1892	2164	1500	859	2051	462	564	586	482	559	221	183	169	174	43	82	102	14,243

TABLE D.

	Statesmen.	Soldiers.	Clergy.	Lawyers.	Physicians.	Literature.	Art.	Science.	Educators.	Navy.	Business.	Philanthropy.	Pioneers and Explorers.	Inventors.	Engineers.	Architects.	Musicians.	Actors.	Totals.
English.....	1542	1260	1520	1100	632	1631	335	441	442	350	402	167	120	136	123	37	63	75	10,376
Scotch-Irish.....	265	273	221	162	86	131	21	32	64	54	41	14	29	15	14	2	2	13	1439
German.....	67	84	163	45	41	80	40	37	18	16	27	8	7	4	12	2	5	3	659
Huguenot.....	84	93	65	57	37	85	24	22	31	23	35	10	4	5	2	1	4	3	589
Scotch.....	79	77	59	47	31	47	18	7	16	11	14	6	7	10	2	2	2	4	436
Dutch.....	26	45	75	49	13	22	6	9	11	20	7	1	3	3	6	1	1	1	336
Welsh.....	36	25	10	30	7	18	3	6	1	4	4	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	159
Irish.....	9	18	28	12	2	17	7	3	3	4	3	4	3	2	2	1	1	1	109
French.....	7	14	7	4	6	15	3	7	3	1	4	3	5	1	1	1	1	1	85
Scandinavian.....	3	1	5	1	3	1	1	1	1	6	3	1	3	2	1	1	1	1	31
Spanish.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Italian.....	1	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Swiss.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5
Greek.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	3
Russian.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Polish.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
	2150	1892	2164	1500	859	2051	462	564	586	482	559	221	183	169	174	43	82	102	14,243

TABLE E.

SINGLE STARS — BY STATES.

New York.....	245
Massachusetts.....	213
Pennsylvania.....	113
Connecticut.....	112
Virginia.....	94
New Jersey.....	56
Maryland.....	50
New Hampshire.....	35
Maine.....	34
South Carolina.....	34
Ohio.....	32
Kentucky.....	29
Georgia.....	25

Vermont.....	24
North Carolina.....	20
Rhode Island.....	20
Delaware.....	15
Tennessee.....	11
District of Columbia.....	9
Illinois.....	6
Indiana.....	6
Louisiana.....	6
Michigan.....	6
Missouri.....	1
Florida.....	1
California.....	1
Alabama.....	1
Wisconsin.....	1
Total.....	1200

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BY GROUPS.

Massachusetts.....	213
Maine.....	34
New Hampshire.....	35
Vermont.....	24
Rhode Island.....	20
Connecticut.....	112
Six New England States.....	438

New York.....	245
New Jersey.....	56
Pennsylvania.....	113
Delaware.....	15

Four Middle States.....429

Maryland.....	50
Virginia.....	94
South Carolina.....	34
Kentucky.....	29
Georgia.....	25
North Carolina.....	20
Tennessee.....	11
District of Columbia.....	9
Louisiana.....	6
Florida.....	1
Alabama.....	1

Ten Southern States and Dis. of Columbia.280

Ohio.....	32
Illinois.....	6
Indiana.....	6
Michigan.....	6
Missouri.....	1
California.....	1
Wisconsin.....	1

Seven Western States.....53

TABLE F.

SINGLE STARS — BY RACES.

English.....	856
Scotch-Irish.....	129
Huguenot.....	57
Scotch.....	45
Dutch.....	39
German.....	37
Welsh.....	15
Irish.....	13
French.....	6
Scandinavian.....	1
Spanish.....	1
Swiss.....	1
Total.....	1200

TABLE G.

DOUBLE STARS — BY STATES.

Virginia.....	12
Massachusetts.....	11
New York.....	7
Pennsylvania.....	5
Ohio.....	5

New Hampshire.....	4
North Carolina.....	4
South Carolina.....	2
Connecticut.....	2
Vermont.....	1
New Jersey.....	1
Maine.....	1
Rhode Island.....	1
Tennessee.....	1
Kentucky.....	1
Total.....	58

BY GROUPS.

New England.....	20
Middle States.....	13
Southern States.....	18
Western States.....	7
Total.....	58

BY PROFESSION AND RACE EXTRACTION.

Virginia..Welsh...1	Statesman, 1 Soldier,..	
English...6	Statesmen, 2 Soldiers,..	
	1 Lawyer,	
Scotch...1	Soldier.....	12
Mass.....English..5	Statesmen, 4 Writers,..	
	1 Inventor, 1 Philanthro-	
	pist.....	11

New York English..2	Statesmen, 1 Writer,..	
Dutch...1	Statesman,	
Scotch...1	Statesman, 1 Writer,..	
Irish...1	Soldier.....	7

Penn.....English..1	Soldier, 1 Naval Officer,	
Sc. Irish..1	Inventor, 1 Statesman,	
Scotch...1	Soldier.....	5

Ohio.....English..3	Statesmen, 2 Soldiers..	5
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N. H....English..3	Statesmen,	
Sc. Irish..1	Statesman.....	4

N. C.....English..1	Statesman,	
Sc. Irish..3	Statesmen.....	4

S. C'....English..1	Writer,	
Sc. Irish..1	Statesman.....	2

Conn.....English..1	Lawyer, 1 Writer.....	2
Vermont..Sc. Irish..1	Statesman.....	1
N. J.....English..1	Statesman.....	1
Maine....English..1	Writer.....	1
R. I.....English..1	Soldier.....	1
Tenn.....Spanish..1	Naval Officer.....	1
Kentucky..English..1	Statesman.....	1
Total.....		58

TOTALS BY RACE EXTRACTION.

English.....	41
Scotch-Irish.....	8
Scotch.....	4
Welsh.....	4
Dutch.....	2
Spanish.....	1
Irish.....	1

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TABLE H.
Immigrants.

	English.	German.	Irish.	Scotch.	Scotch-Irish.	French.	British Provinces.	Scandinavian.	Welsh.	Belgian.	Swiss.	Dutch.	Poles.	Hungarian.	Italian.	Greek.	Russian.	Spanish.	Portuguese.	Totals.	Negroes.
Statesmen	8	11	13	7	1	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	47	14
Soldiers	7	15	19	4	11	7	5	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	80	1
Clergy	51	72	85	23	30	43	13	7	4	13	4	7	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	337	25
Lawyers	7	3	6	8	7	2	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	37	3
Physicians	15	21	2	10	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	60	7
Literature	64	30	22	34	12	5	10	3	7	1	1	1	1	6	4	2	1	1	1	201	7
Art.	43	22	12	19	1	3	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	112	1
Science	22	16	6	10	1	4	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	75	1
Educators	12	10	7	12	5	7	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	62	5
Navy	2	1	4	1	3	1	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	14	1
Business	16	7	8	13	10	1	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	61	1
Philanthropy	9	1	4	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	19	2
Pioneers and Explorers	2	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	9	1
Inventors	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	1
Engineers	2	9	1	7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	23	1
Architects	7	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	11	1
Musicians	19	20	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	46	2
Actors	56	3	7	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	72	1
	345	245	200	151	88	63	60	18	16	15	15	14	13	11	10	3	2	1	1	1271	62

TABLE I.
IMMIGRANTS—SINGLE STARS.

French	Clergy	2
	Actor	1
	Statesman	1
		—4
Irish	Clergy	6
	Literature	1
	Business	1
	Lawyer	1
	Soldier	1
	Navy	1
		—11
German	Clergy	2
	Science	1
	Literature	1
	Lawyer	1
	Statesman	1
	Artist	1
	Engineer	1
	Musicians	2
	Soldiers	4
		—14
English	Clergy	3
	Actors	3
	Literature	2
	Soldiers	2
	Artist	1
	Musician	1
	Philanthropist	1
	Business	1
	Lawyer	1
		—15
Scotch	Literature	2
	Business	2
	Educator	1
	Clergy	1
	Science	1
		—7
Swiss	Science	4
	Clergy	2
		—6
Scotch-Irish	Literature	2
	Clergy	1
	Business	1
	Actor	1
	Soldier	1
	Artist	1
	Navy	1
		—8

W. I. and Prov.	Clergy	1
	Science	1
	Engineer	1
		—3
Scandinavian	Engineer	1
Belgian	Clergy	1
Poles	Soldier	1
		—71

It is not my intention to analyze the foregoing tables in detail. Indeed, it is not necessary to do so even if space permitted, for the figures tell their own story plainly enough. There are, however, a few general results to which it may be well to call attention. I will take the last table, that relating to immigrants, first. It will be noted that the Irish, who in the general tables contribute a very small number of names, stand third in this table of immigrants. It will be observed too that the Irish have contributed more largely to the soldiers than any others, the Germans and Scotch-Irish coming next, and the English and Scotch being remarkably small in this field. It is also very interesting to note in this connection, especially with regard to some statements that used to be made about the persons of foreign birth in the armies of the United States, that of the men who gained distinction as soldiers, in fighting the battles of the country, 1892 were native-born, and only 80 were immigrants, while in the navy the disproportion was quite as glaring, 482 being native-born, and only 14 being contributed by immigrants. The largest amount of ability in the immigration table is shown by the English, and if we add to them the Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and Welsh, as well as those from the British provinces, we find that the immigration from Great Britain has contributed three-fourths of the ability furnished from outside sources. Germany comes next to England in the total amount of immigrants who have attained distinction, but the largest num-

ber in proportion to its immigration is undoubtedly given by France, which furnishes 63 names to the table. Immigration has contributed most largely to the clergy, to literature, and to art, the proportion in the latter case being astonishingly high, 112 immigrants to 147 native-born. On the other hand, the immigrants have contributed as little to the statesmanship of the country as they have done to its army and navy.

By the table showing the distribution according to States (Table C) it will be seen, as might be expected, that the oldest communities with the largest white population have been most prolific in ability of all kinds. At the same time this rule is by no means absolute in its application. In Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut the percentage of ability in proportion to the total white population is higher than in the two other leading States, New York and Pennsylvania. In proportion to its population, Connecticut leads every other State in the total amount of ability. In the matter of groups, not only the absolute amount of ability but the percentage in proportion to population is higher in the New England and Middle States than in those of the South and West, outside Maryland and Virginia.

Even more interesting than the percentages shown by the totals is the distribution by occupation. There are eighteen departments enumerated in which distinction has been achieved. New York leads in eight: soldiers, lawyers, artists, navy, business, engineers, architects, and actors. Massachusetts leads in eight also: clergy, physicians, literature, science, educators, philanthropy, inventors, and musicians; while Virginia leads in the remaining two: statesmen and pioneers.

This table also shows that the production of ability has been remarkably concentrated, and has been confined, on the whole, to comparatively few States. A few comparisons will prove this. Two States, Massachusetts and New York, have furnished more than a third of the ability of the entire country. Three, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, have supplied almost exactly one-half, and five, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Virginia, have produced two-thirds of the total amount. In the arrangement by groups, we find that the New England group and that formed of the four Middle States must each be credited with more than a third of all the ability produced. The six New England and the four Middle States furnish together almost exactly three-quarters of the ability of the country. If Virginia be omitted, it also appears that Massachusetts alone has furnished a little more and New York alone a trifle less ability than all the Southern and Western

States together—that is, than twenty States and the District of Columbia. In the Western States the wide difference which exists is owing, of course, in large measure to their very recent settlement, for which proper allowance must be made in drawing any deductions from the figures given in the tables.

Among the new States settled and admitted to the Union since the adoption of the Constitution, some interesting results may also be obtained. I do not include Maine in this division, because Maine, although a new State, is one of the oldest settlements. Excluding Maine, then, we find that Ohio has a long lead over all the other new States, including Kentucky, which was settled about the same time, and Louisiana, which was settled many years before. This striking fact in regard to Ohio can be due only to the character of the original settlement.

If we turn now from the distribution by totals and examine that by professions, we find that while the Southern and Southwestern States, including Virginia and Maryland, are comparatively strong in statesmen, soldiers, and pioneers, and in a less degree in lawyers, they are weak in all other classes. The ability of the South, less in amount than that of the New England and Middle States, was confined to three or four departments. In other words, there was in the South but little variety of intellectual activity. In the Middle States and New England ability sought every channel for expression, and was displayed in various ways. All the States in not very widely varying proportions produced statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, pioneers, and clergymen, and the seaboard States naval officers. But almost all the literature, art, science, business, philanthropy, and music; almost all the physicians, educators, inventors, engineers, architects, and actors were produced by the Middle and New England States. This is a most significant fact. It shows a wide difference between the two civilizations, that of the New England and Middle States on the one side and that of the Southern States on the other; for the surest tests of civilization in any community are the amount of ability produced and the variety of directions in which that ability has been displayed. The thirteen original States were with one or two variations settled, and they were all controlled, by men of the same race-stocks and of like traditions. The cause of the wide difference in amount and variety of ability shown by these tables is a fresh proof, if proof were needed, of the pernicious results of slavery upon even the finest races. There never was a more complete or a worse delusion than the one once so sedulously cultivated, that in this age of the world aristocracy in the best and truest sense

and a high civilization could be compatible with slavery. No finer people ever existed than those who settled and built up our Southern States, but when slavery became, in the course of the world's progress, and in a free country, nothing less than a hideous anomaly, it warped the community in which it flourished, limited the range of intellectual activity, dwarfed ability, and retarded terribly the advance of civilization. It is wonderful that the people who labored beneath the burden of a slave system achieved as much as they did, and the mass of ability which they produced under such adverse conditions is a striking proof of the strength of the race. The effects of slavery are painfully apparent in these tables, and only time will enable the people who suffered by the evil system to recover from them.

If we narrow the examination of the tables to special professions we can get in that direction also many interesting results. It is possible to point out only a few of them here. In literature Massachusetts has a long lead over any other State, and together with New York and Pennsylvania has furnished more than half of all the writers produced in the United States. New York, as might be expected from her large population, is ahead in soldiers and, what was less to be anticipated, in naval officers also. Of the total of 1892 soldiers New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and Pennsylvania furnished the country with 1047. Ohio, however, in proportion to the total amount of ability, shows among the larger States one of the highest percentages in soldiers, and is far ahead of all those nearest it in total numbers. Virginia leads slightly in statesmen, and with Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut supplies more than half of all produced. New York is far ahead in art, which has come almost wholly from that State and from New England and Pennsylvania. Massachusetts has a similar lead in music, of which New England rather unexpectedly furnishes nearly two-thirds. Invention has come chiefly from Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut, and educators are most numerous in the same group. New York leads in business, Massachusetts in philanthropy, while Virginia is ahead in pioneers and explorers, with Massachusetts a close second.

If we turn now from the table of States to that of races we find that in statesmen and soldiers the Scotch-Irish, Scotch, Huguenots, and Dutch all have a slightly higher percentage in proportion to their totals than the English, while in other directions these four race divisions fall behind the leading race. Other per-

centages of this kind can readily be made from the tables, but the most interesting question in this direction arises in regard to the proportion of ability to the total numbers of each race. Unluckily only a rough estimate can be made, for there is absolutely no means of knowing exactly the total amount of immigration in any case. I believe that in proportion to their numbers the Huguenots have produced more and the Germans fewer men of ability than any other races in the United States. I think there can be no doubt as to the Germans, for their immigration was larger than any other in the colonial period except that of the English and possibly of the Scotch-Irish. Their comparatively small numbers in total amounts are emphasized by their further decline in the table of single stars. The explanation is, I think, obvious. The Germans settled chiefly in two or three States, and by retaining their language for at least a century kept themselves more or less separated from the rest of the community. In other words, they did not quickly become Americans. The result was less ability produced and less influence exerted upon the country in proportion to their numbers than that of a much less numerous people like the Huguenots who at once merged themselves in the body of the people and became thoroughgoing Americans. Indeed, if we add the French and the French Huguenots together we find that the people of French blood exceed absolutely, in the ability produced, all the other races represented except the English and Scotch-Irish, and show a percentage in proportion to their total original immigration much higher than that of any other race. The Dutch suffered slightly, I have no doubt, in the same way and from the same causes as the Germans, while the other immigrants, from Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, did not suffer at all and had no barriers of language to overcome.

The race table shows the enormous predominance of the English in the upbuilding of the United States, and if we add to the English the people who came from other parts of Great Britain and Ireland that predominance becomes overwhelming. The same table shows also what I think is the most important result of the whole inquiry, that the people who have succeeded in the United States and have produced the ability of the country are those who became most quickly and most thoroughly Americans. This is a moral of wide application, and carries a lesson which should never be forgotten, and which, whenever we meet it, should be laid to heart.

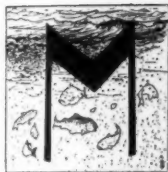
Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE SQUIRREL INN.—V.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

XXIII.

HAMMERSTEIN.



MISS CALTHEA ROSE was up and about very early the next morning. She had work to do in which there must be no delay or loss of opportunity. It was plain enough that her scheme for driving

away Ida Mayberry had failed, and, having carefully noted the extraordinary length of time which Mrs. Cristie and Mr. Lodloe spent together under the stars the previous evening, she was convinced that it would not be easy to make that lady dissatisfied with the Squirrel Inn. She therefore determined to turn aside from her plans of exile, to let the child's nurse stay where she pleased, to give no further thought to Lanigan Beam, and to devote all her energies to capturing Mr. Tippetgray. She believed that she had been upon the point of doing this before the arrival of intruders on the scene, and she did not doubt that she could reach that point again.

Miss Calthea was very restless that morning; she was much more anxious to begin work than was anybody else on the place. She walked about the ground, went into the garden, passed the summer-house on her way there and back again, and even wandered down to the barnyard, where the milking had just begun. If any one had been roaming about like herself, she could not have failed to observe such person. But there was no one about until a little before breakfast-time, when Mr. Petter showed himself.

This gentleman greeted Calthea coolly. He had had a very animated conversation with his wife on the evening before, and had been made acquainted with the unwarrantable enmity exhibited by this village shopkeeper towards Mrs. Cristie's blooded assistant. He was beginning to dislike Calthea, and he remembered that the Rockmores never liked her, and he wished very much that she would cease to spend so much of her time at his house. After breakfast Calthea was more fortunate. She saw the Greek scholar walking upon the lawn with a piece of writing-paper in his hand. In less than five minutes, by the merest accident in the world, Mr. Tippetgray was walking

across the lawn with Miss Rose, and he had put his piece of paper into his pocket.

She wanted to ask him something. She would detain him only a few minutes. The questions she put to him had been suggested to her by something she had read that morning—a most meager and unsatisfactory passage. She held in her hand the volume which, although she did not tell him so, had taken her a half-hour to select in Mr. Petter's book-room. Shortly they were seated together, and he was answering her questions, which, as she knew, related to the most interesting experiences of his life. As he spoke his eyes glistened and her soul warmed. He did not wish that this should be so. He wanted to bring this interview to an end. He was nervously anxious to go back on the lawn that he might see Miss Mayberry when she came out of doors; that he might show her the lines of "Pickwick" which he had put into Greek, and which she was to turn back into English.

But he could not cut short the interview. Miss Calthea was not an ancient mariner; she had never even seen the sea, and she had no glittering eye, but she held him with a listening ear, and never was wedding guest, or any other man, held more securely.

Minutes, quarter-hours, half-hours passed, and still he talked and she listened. She guided his speech as a watchful sailor guides his ship, and whichever way she turned it the wind always filled his sails. For the first ten minutes he had been ill at ease, but after that he had begun to feel that he had never so much enjoyed talking. In time he forgot everything but what he had to say, and it was rapture to be able to say it, and to feel that never before had he said it so well.

His back was towards the inn, but through some trees Miss Calthea could see that Mr. Petter's spring wagon, drawn by the two grays, Stolzenfels and Falkenberg, was at the door, and soon she perceived that Mr. Lodloe was in the driver's place, and that Mrs. Cristie, with Ida Mayberry holding the baby, was on the back seat. The place next to Lodloe was vacant, and they seemed to be waiting for some one. Then Lanigan Beam came up. There was a good deal of conversation, in which he seemed to be giving information, and presently he sprang up beside the driver, and they were off.

The party were going for a long drive, Miss Calthea thought, because Mrs. Petter had come out and had put a covered basket into the back of the wagon.

Mr. Tippetgray was so absorbed in the interest of what he was saying that he did not hear the roll of the departing wheels, and Miss Calthea allowed him to talk on for nearly a quarter of an hour, until she thought she had exhausted the branch of the subject on which he was engaged, and was sure the spring wagon was out of sight and hearing. Then she declared that she had not believed that any part of the world could be as interesting as that region which Mr. Tippetgray had been describing to her, and that she was sorry she could not sit there all the morning and listen to him; but duty was duty, and it was necessary for her to return to Lethbury.

This announcement did not seem in the least to decrease the good spirits of the Greek scholar, but his chin and his spirits fell when, on reaching the house, he heard from Mrs. Petter that his fellow guests had gone off for a long drive.

"They expected to take you, Mr. Tippetgray," said his hostess, "but Lanigan Beam said he had seen you and Miss Rose walking across the fields to Lethbury, and so they asked him to go. I hope they'll be back to dinner, but there's no knowing, and so I put in a basket of sandwiches and things to keep them from starving before they get home."

Miss Calthea was quite surprised.

"We were sitting over yonder the whole time," she said, "very much occupied with talking, it is true, but near enough to hear if we had been called. I fancy that Lanigan had reasons of his own for saying we had gone to Lethbury."

Poor Mr. Tippetgray was downcast. How much time must elapse before he would have an opportunity to deliver the piece of paper he had in his pocket! How long would he be obliged to lounge around by himself waiting for Ida Mayberry to return!

"Well," said Calthea, "I must go home, and as I ought to have been there long ago, I am going to ask Mr. Petter to lend me a horse and buggy. It's the greatest pity, Mr. Tippetgray, that you have lost your drive with your friends, but as you can't have that, suppose you take one with me. I don't mind acknowledging to you that I am a little afraid of Mr. Petter's horses, but with you driving I should feel quite safe."

If Mr. Tippetgray could have immediately thought of any good reason why he should have stayed at home that morning he would probably have given it, but none came into his mind. After all, he might as well be driving to Lethbury as staying there doing nothing, and

there could be no doubt that Miss Calthea was very agreeable that morning. Consequently he accepted the invitation.

Calthea Rose went herself to the barn to speak to Mr. Petter about the horse, and especially requested that he would lend her old Zahringen, whom she knew to be the most steady of beasts; but Zahringen had gone to be shod, and there was no horse at her service except Hammerstein, and no vehicle but a village cart. Hammerstein was a better horse than Zahringen, and would take Calthea home more rapidly, which entirely suited Mr. Petter.

It may be here remarked that the barn and stables were not of Mr. Petter's building, but in order that they might not be entirely exempt from the influence of his architectural fancies, he had given his horses the names of certain castles on the Rhine.

Calthea was not altogether satisfied with the substitution of the big black horse for the fat brown one, but she could make no reasonable objection, and the vehicle was soon at the door.

Mr. Tippetgray was very fond of driving, and his spirits had risen again. But he was a good deal surprised when Miss Calthea declined to take the seat beside him, preferring to occupy the rear seat, with her back to the horse. By turning a little to one side, she said she could talk just as well, and it was more comfortable in such a small vehicle as a village cart to have a whole seat to one's self.

As soon as they were in the road that ran through the woods she proved that she could twist herself around so as to talk to her companion, and look him in the face, quite as easily as if she had been sitting beside him. They chatted together, and looked each other in the face, and the Greek scholar enjoyed driving very much until they had gone a mile or more on the main road and had come upon an overturned wagon lying by the roadside. At this Hammerstein and the conversation suddenly stopped. The big black horse was very much opposed to overturned vehicles. He knew that in some way they were connected with disaster, and he would not willingly go near one. He stood head up, ears forward, and slightly snorting. Mr. Tippetgray was annoyed by this nonsense.

"Go on!" he cried. "Get up!" Then the driver took the whip from the socket and gave the horse a good crack.

"Get up!" he cried.

Hammerstein obeyed, but got up in a manner which Mr. Tippetgray did not intend. He arose upon his hind legs, and pawed the air, appearing to the two persons behind him like a tall, black, unsteady steeple.

When a horse harnessed to a village cart sees fit to rear, the hind part of the vehicle is brought

very near to the ground, so that a person sitting on the back seat can step out without trouble. Miss Calthea perceived this, and stepped out. On general principles she had known that it was safer to alight from the hind seat of a village cart than from the front seat.

"Don't pull at him that way," she cried from the opposite side of the road; "he will go over backwards on top of you. Let him alone, and perhaps he will stop rearing."



MISS CALTHEA STEPS OUT.

Hammerstein now stood on all his feet again, and Miss Calthea earnestly advised Mr. Tippetgray to turn him around and drive back.

"I am not far from home now," she said, "and can easily walk there. I really think I do not care to get in again. But I am sure he will go home to his stable without giving you any trouble."

But Mr. Tippetgray's spirit was up, and he would not be conquered by a horse, especially in the presence of a lady.

"I shall make him pass it," he cried; and he brought down his whip on Hammerstein's back with such force that the startled animal gave a great bound forward, and then, finding himself so near the dreaded wreck, he gave a wilder bound, and passed it. Then, being equipped with blinders, which did not allow him to see behind him, he did not know but the frightful wagon, its wheels uppermost, was wildly pursuing him, and, fearing that this might be so, he galloped onward with all his speed.

The Greek scholar pulled at the reins and

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shouted in such a way that Hammerstein was convinced that he was being urged to use all efforts to get away from the oncoming monster. He did not turn into the Lethbury road when he came to it, but kept straight on. At such a moment the straighter the road the better. Going down a long hill, Mr. Tippetgray, still pulling and shouting, and now hatless, perceived, some distance ahead of him, a boy standing by the roadside. It was easy enough for the prac-

tised eye of a country boy to take in the state of affairs, and his instincts prompted him to skip across the road and open a gate which led into a field recently plowed.

Mr. Tippetgray caught at the boy's idea, and, exercising all his strength, he turned Hammerstein into the open gateway. When he had made a dozen plunges into the deep furrows and through the soft yielding loam, the horse concluded that he had had enough of that sort of exercise, and stopped. Mr. Tippetgray, whose senses had been nearly bounced out of him, sprang from the cart, and, slipping on the uneven surface of the ground, tumbled into a deep furrow, from which, however, he instantly arose without injury, except to his clothes. Hurrying to the head of the horse, he found the boy already there, holding the now quiet animal. The Greek scholar looked at him admiringly.

"My young friend," said he, "that was a noble thought worthy of a philosopher."

The boy grinned.

"They generally stop when they get into a plowed field," he said. "What skeered him?"

Mr. Tippengray briefly related the facts of the case, and the horse was led into the road. It was soon ascertained that no material harm had been done to harness or vehicle.

"Young man," said Mr. Tippengray, "what will you take for your hat?"

The boy removed his head-covering and looked at it. It was of coarse straw, very wide, very much out of shape, without a band, and with a hole in the crown surrounded by a tuft of broken straw.

"Well," said he, "it ain't worth much now, but it 'll take a quarter to buy a new one."

"Here is a quarter for your hat," said the Greek scholar, "and another for your perspi-

top of the hill, which he had not noticed when passing it in mad career, and, naturally turning to the right, without thinking very much about it, he had taken this road instead of the one by which he had come. Our scholar, however, did not yet comprehend that he was on the wrong road, and kept on.

Soon his way led through the woods, with great outstretching trees, with wide-open spaces, interspersed here and there with masses of undergrowth. Mr. Tippengray greatly enjoyed the shaded road, the smell of the pines, and the flowers scattered along the edges of the wood; but in a few minutes he would doubtless have discovered that he had gone astray, and, notwithstanding the pleasantness of his surroundings, he would have turned



"WHAT SKEERED HIM?"

curacy. I suppose I shall find my hat on the road, but I cannot wait for that. The sun is too hot."

The Greek scholar now started homeward, leading Hammerstein. He liked walking, and had no intention whatever of again getting into that cart. If, when they reached the overturned wagon, the animal should again upheave himself, or in any way misbehave, Mr. Tippengray intended to let go of him, and allow him to pursue his homeward way in such manner and at such speed as might best please him.

The two walked a long distance without reaching the object of Hammerstein's fright, and Mr. Tippengray began to think that the road was a good deal narrower and moreshaded than he had supposed it to be. The fact was, that a road diverged from the right, near the

back, had he not suddenly heard voices not far away. He stopped and listened.

The voices came from behind a clump of evergreens close by the roadside, and, to his utter amazement, Mr. Tippengray heard the voice of Lanigan Beam saying to some one that true love must speak out, and could not be silenced; that for days he had been looking for an opportunity, and now that it had come she must hear him, and know that his heart was hers only, and could never belong to anybody else. Then the voice of Ida Mayberry, very clear and distinct, replied that he must not talk to her in that way; that her line of life and his were entirely different. And she was doubtless going to say more, when her companion interrupted, and vowed with all possible earnestness

that whatever line of life she chose should be his line; that he would gladly give up every plan and purpose, follow her in whatever direction she chose to lead, and do whatever she wished he should do.

Mr. Tippengray was very uneasy. The subject matter of the conversation he was over-hearing disturbed him in a manner which he did not understand, and he felt, moreover, that it was not proper for him to listen to another word. He did not know what to do; if he moved forward they would hear the wheels, and know that he had been near, and if he attempted to back out of the vicinity there was no knowing what hubbub he and Hammerstein might create. While standing undecided, he heard Lanigan speak thus:

"And as for Greek and that sort of thing, you shall have all you want. I'll hire old Tippetgray by the year; he shall be the family pedagogue, and we'll tap him for any kind of learning we may happen to want."

Instantly all thought of retreat fled from the mind of the scholar; his eyes glittered, and he was on the point of doing something, when there came from a little distance the voice of Mrs. Cristie loudly calling for Ida. There was shuffling of feet, and in a few moments Mr. Tippetgray perceived the nurse-maid rapidly walking away between the trees while Lanigan leisurely followed.

With head erect and nostrils dilated, as if he had been excited by the perception of something upside down, Mr. Tippetgray again laid hold of the bridle of Hammerstein, and went on. In a few minutes he emerged upon an open space, through which flowed a little brook, and where sat Mrs. Cristie, Lodloe, Ida Mayberry with the baby in her lap, and Lanigan Beam. All of these persons, excepting the infant, were eating sandwiches.

At the sight of the little man and the tall horse, the former spattered with mud, smeared with the earth of the plowed field, and crowned with a misshapen hat with the expansive hole in the top, the sandwich-eaters stopped eating, gazed open-eyed, and then burst out laughing. Mr. Tippetgray did not laugh; his eyes still glittered.

It was half an hour before the tale was told, order restored, and Mr. Tippetgray had washed his face and hands in the brook, and taken refreshment. Then he found himself alone with Mrs. Cristie.

"Truly you have had a hard time," said she, kindly.

"Madam," answered the Greek scholar, "you are entirely correct. This has been an unfortunate day for me. I have been cunningly entrapped, and heartlessly deserted; I have been nearly frightened out of my wits, have had my soul nearly burned out of my

body, and have been foully besmirched with dirt and mud. But, worse than all, I have heard myself made the subject of contempt and contumely."

"How is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Cristie. "I do not understand."

"I will quickly make it plain to you," said the indignant scholar, and he related the conversation he had overheard.

"What a shameful way to speak of you, Mr.



MR. TIPPENGRAY STOPPED AND LISTENED.

Tippetgray!" cried Mrs. Cristie. "I did not suppose that Mr. Beam would dare to say such things to one whom he knew to be your friend. I have no doubt that if I had not called Ida at that moment you would have heard her resent that disrespectful speech."

"I hope so; with all my heart, I hope so," replied the Greek scholar.

He said this with so much feeling that his companion looked at him a few moments without speaking.

"Mr. Tippetgray," she said presently, "it is time for us to go home. How would you like to take Ida Mayberry back in your cart?"

The brightness in the eyes of the Greek scholar changed from the glitter of indignation to gleams of joy.

"Madam," said he, "I should like it of all things. It would remove from the anticipated pleasures of this day the enormous Alpha privative which has so far overshadowed them."

The young widow did not exactly comprehend this answer, but it was enough to know that he was glad to accept the opportunity she offered him. No sooner had he spoken than Mr. Tippetgray remembered the hazards to which he was exposing himself by again taking the reins of Hammerstein; but not for an instant did he think of drawing back. His desire to take Ida Mayberry away from that fellow, and have her by himself, overpowered fear and all other feelings.

Mrs. Cristie's arrangement for the return

pleased everybody except Lanigan Beam. The nurse-maid was perfectly willing to go in the village cart, and was not at all afraid of horses, and Walter Lodloe had no objection to sit on the back seat of the wagon with his lady-love, and help take care of the baby. Lanigan made few remarks about the situation; he saw that he had made a mistake, and was being punished for it, and without remonstrance he took the front seat and the reins of the grays.

XXIV.

TRANSLATIONS.

LANIGAN BEAM had no more fear of Mr. Tippengray as a rival than he would have had of Mr. Petter, but the apportionment of companions for the return trip nettled him a good deal, and, as a consequence of this, the pair of grays traveled homeward at a smarter pace, and Hammerstein and the village cart were soon left far behind.

The road was not the one by which Mr. Tippengray had arrived on the scene, but led through the woods to the main road, which it joined at a point not far from the sign of the Squirrel Inn. Hammerstein traveled very quietly and steadily of his own accord, slackening his gait at the rough places, thus giving Mr. Tippengray every opportunity for an uninterrupted converse with his fellow scholar; and he lost no time in submitting to her his Greek version of the lines from "Pickwick."

"I am very glad you have it with you," said Ida, "for I put my Greek dictionary in my pocket this morning, when I first came down, hoping to have a chance to do some translating. And what better chance could I have than this?"

Drawing out her dictionary and a little blank-book she immediately began her labors. Mr. Tippengray did not altogether like this. He felt an intense and somewhat novel desire to converse with the young woman on no matter what subject, and he would have preferred that she should postpone the translation. But he would not interrupt the engrossing occupation into which she now plunged with ardor. Rapidly turning backward and forward the leaves of the little dictionary, and tapping her front teeth with her pencil as she puzzled over the correlation of Greek and English words and expressions, she silently pursued her work.

Although he did not talk to her, it was very pleasant for Mr. Tippengray to sit and look upon this fair young scholar. At her request he made the tall steed walk, in order that her pencil might not be too much joggled, slyly thinking, the while, that thus the interview would be prolonged. The air was warm and balmy. Everything was still about them. They

met no one, and every minute Mr. Tippengray became more and more convinced that, next to talking to her, there could be no greater joy in life than basking in the immediate atmosphere of this girl.

At last she shut up her dictionary.

"Now, then," she exclaimed, "I have translated it, and I assure you that it is a fair and square version, for I do not in the least remember the original paragraph."

"I have the original here," said Mr. Tippengray, pulling the second volume of "Pick-



THE TRANSLATION.

wick" from his pocket, "and we will compare it with your translation, if you will be so good as to read it. You do not know with what anxious enthusiasm I await the result."

"And I, too," said Ida, earnestly. "I do not think there could be a better test of the power of the Greek language to embalm and preserve for future generations the spirit of Dickens. Now I will read, and you can compare my work with the original as I go on."

The translation ran thus:

"For the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road holds high office above the masses," to him answered the Sire Weller with eyes affiliated; "for the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road acteth at will, undoubted, humanity otherwise prohibited. For the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road is able to look with affection on a woman of eighty far distant, though it is not publicly believed that in the midst of any it is his desire to wed. Among males which one discourseth similarly, Sammy?"

"I wrote Sammy," she explained, "because I remembered that is the way the name is used in English."

Mr. Tippengray raised his eyebrows very high, and his chin slowly began to approach the sailor knot of his cravat.

"Oh, dear," he said, "I am afraid that this would not express to future ages the spirit and

style of Dickens. The original passage runs thus," and he read:

"'Cos a coachman's a privileged individual," replied Mr. Weller, looking fixedly at his son. "'Cos a coachman may do without suspicion wot other men may not; 'cos a coachman may be on the very amicablest terms with eighty mile o' females and yet nobody thinks that he ever means to marry any vun among 'em. And wot other man can say the same, Sammy?"

"They are not much alike, are they?" said Miss Mayberry. "I think if Dickens could read my translation he would not in the least recognize it. The fact is, Mr. Tippengray, I do not believe that your method of Greek pickling will answer to preserve our fiction for the future. It may do for histories and scientific work, but when you come to dialect and vernacular, if you once get it into Greek you can never get it back again as it used to be."

"That will be a great pity," said Mr. Tippengray, "for fiction makes up such a large part of our literature. And it does seem that good English might be properly translated into good Greek."

"Oh, it is n't the translation," said Ida; "that is all easy enough: it 's the resurrection back into the original condition. Look at the prophet Enoch. He was translated, but if it were possible now to bring him back again, he would not be the same Enoch, you know."

"One might infer from that simile," said the Greek scholar, smiling, "that when a bit of English gets into Greek it goes to heaven, and would better stay there. Perhaps you are right in what you say about fiction. Anyway, it is very pleasant to talk with one who can appreciate this subject, and reason sensibly about it."

Mr. Tippengray shut up his book and put it back into his pocket, while his companion tore her translation from her note-book and scattered it in little bits along the road.

"I would not like it," she said, "if any one but you were to read that and know I did it."

Mr. Tippengray's eyes and Mr. Tippengray's heart turned towards her. Those words, "any one but you," touched him deeply. He had a feeling as if he were being translated into something better than his original self, and that this young woman was doing it. He wished to express this in some way, and to say a good many other things which came crowding upon his mind, but he expressed nothing and said none of these things. An exclamation from Ida caused him to look in front of him, and there was the spring wagon with the horses standing still.

Mrs. Cristie turned round and called to them:

"Mr. Beam says that there are some by-

roads just ahead of us, and as he was afraid you might turn into one and get lost, he thought it better to wait for you."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Mayberry; "there was no danger that we would turn into any by-ways. The road is plain enough."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mr. Tippengray to himself. "I think that just now I was on the point of turning into a by-way."

The wagon now moved slowly on, and the village cart followed. Mr. Tippengray would gladly have dropped a good deal behind, but he found this not practicable, because whenever he made Hammerstein walk Stolzenfels and Falkenberg also walked. It was plain enough that Lanigan Beam did not wish any longer to cut himself off from the society of the lady to whom he had made a proposal of marriage, and whenever he could find a pretext, which was not difficult for Lanigan, he called back to her to direct her attention to something, or to ask her opinion about something. Miss Mayberry did not respond with any readiness, but the persistence of the young man succeeded in making the conversation a general one, and the Greek scholar made no attempt to explain to the nurse-maid that he was in course of translation.

Dinner was very late at the Squirrel Inn that day, and Mrs. Petter gave her guests a scolding. But this did not in the least disturb the mind of Mr. Tippengray, who was well used to being scolded for coming late to his meals. But something else disturbed him, and for nearly an hour after dinner he wandered about the lawn and around the house. He wanted very much to see Miss Mayberry again, and to tell her the things he did not have a chance to tell her on the road, and he also very much wished to prevent that rascally Lanigan Beam from getting ahead of him, and continuing his broken-off interview with the lady.

XXV.

MR. TIPPENGRAY MOUNTS HIGH.

It seemed as if every one must be taking an afternoon nap, for the Greek scholar had the grounds to himself. When he began to be tired of walking, he seated himself where he had a good view of the house, and presently saw Ida Mayberry at her window, with the young Douglas in her arms. Almost at the same moment he saw Lanigan Beam approaching from the direction of the barns.

"If he turns his steps towards that window," thought the scholar, "I shall see to it that I am there before him."

But the young man did not walk towards the front of the house, but went in the direction of his room, where the ladder stood leaning



THE PROPOSAL.

against the open window. Mounting this, he disappeared within.

The eyes of Mr. Tippetgray flashed, and his face was lighted by a bright thought. In an instant he was on his feet and running lightly towards Lanigan's room. Cautiously and silently he approached the ladder; deftly and without making the least noise he moved the upper end of it from the side of the building; and then, putting it on his shoulder, gently walked away with it.

Around to the front of the house Mr. Tippetgray carried the ladder, and boldly placed it nearly upright under Miss Mayberry's window. In astonishment that young lady looked out, and asked him what in the world he was doing.

"I want to speak to you," said Mr. Tippetgray, "on a subject of great importance, and I cannot afford to lose this opportunity. May I come up?"

"Certainly," said Ida.

In a moment the Greek scholar was standing on one of the upper rounds of the ladder, with his head and shoulders well above the window-sill. Little Douglas was delighted to see him, and, taking hold of his outstretched forefinger, gave it a good wag.

"It was a capital notion," said Mr. Tippetgray, "for me to take this ladder. In the first place, it enables me to get up to you, and, secondly, it prevents Lanigan Beam from getting down from his room."

Miss Mayberry laughed, and the baby crowed in sympathy.

"Why should n't he get down, Mr. Tippetgray?" said she.

"If he did," was the answer, "he would be sure to interfere with me. He would come here, and I don't want him. I have something to say to you, Miss Mayberry, and I must be brief in saying it, for bystanders, no matter who they might be, would prevent my speaking plainly. I have become convinced, Miss Mayberry, that my life will be imperfect, and indeed worthless, if I cannot pass it in prosecuting my studies in your company, and with your assistance. You may think this strong language, but it is true."

"That would be very pleasant," said the nurse-maid, "but I do not see how you are going to manage it. My stay here will soon come to an end, for if Mrs. Cristie does not return to the city in a week or two, I must leave her. I am a teacher, you know, and before the end of the summer vacation I must go and make my arrangements for the next term, and then you can easily see for yourself that when I am engaged in a school I cannot do very much studying with you."

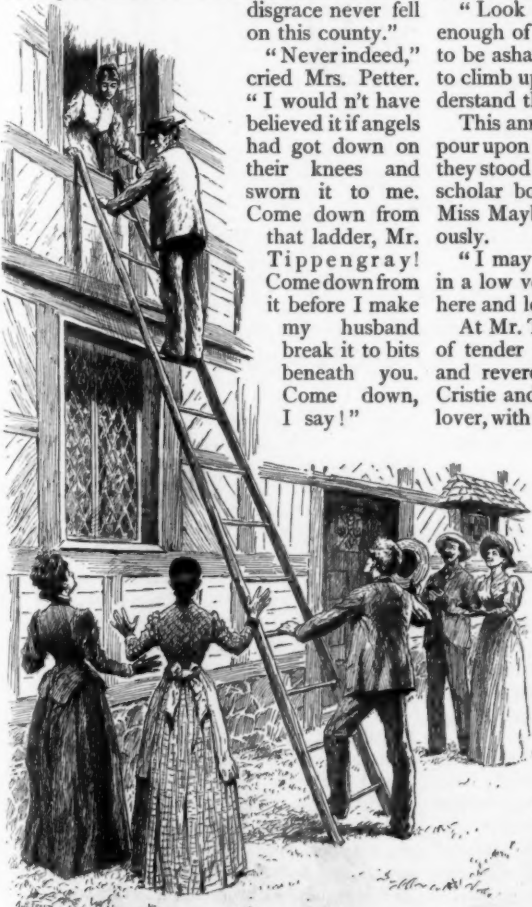
"Oh, my dear young lady," cried Mr. Tippetgray, "you do not catch my idea. I am not thinking of schools or positions, and I do not wish you to think of them. I wish you to know that you have translated me from a quiet scholar into an ardent lover, and that it would be of no use at all to try to get me back into my original condition. If I cannot be the man I want to be, I cannot be the man I was. I ask you for your hands, your heart, and your

intellect. I invite you to join me in pursuing the higher education until the end of our lives. Take me for your scholar, and be mine. I pray you, give me — ”

“Upon — my word !” was the ejaculation, loud and distinct, which came up from the foot of the ladder and stopped Mr. Tippetgray’s avowal. Miss Mayberry instantly thrust her head out of the window, and Mr. Tippetgray looked down. It was Calthea Rose who had spoken, and she stood under the window in company with Mr. and Mrs. Petter. A short distance away, and rapidly approaching, were Mrs. Cristie and Walter Lodloe.

“Here is gratitude!” cried Calthea in stinging tones. “I came all the way back from Lethbury to see if anything had happened to you and that horse, and this is what I find. The top of a ladder and a child’s nurse! Such a disgrace never fell on this county.”

“Never indeed,” cried Mrs. Petter. “I would n’t have believed it if angels had got down on their knees and sworn it to me. Come down from that ladder, Mr. Tippetgray! Come down from it before I make my husband break it to bits beneath you. Come down, I say!”



MR. PETTER TAKES OFF HIS HAT.

“Mr. Tippetgray,” said Mr. Petter, in solemn voice, “in the name of the laws of domesticity and the hearthstone, and in the honorable name of the Squirrel Inn, I command you to come down.”

There was but one thing for Mr. Tippetgray to do, and that was to come down, and so down he came.

“Disgraceful!” cried Miss Rose. “You ought to be ashamed to look anybody in the face.”

“Never would I have believed it,” exclaimed Mrs. Petter. “Never, never, if I had not seen it with my own eyes, and in broad daylight too!”

What Mr. Tippetgray would have said or done is not known, for at that instant Ida Mayberry leaned far out of the window and claimed the attention of the company.

“Look here,” she cried, “we have had enough of this. Mr. Tippetgray has nothing to be ashamed of, and he had a perfect right to climb up this ladder. I want you all to understand that we are engaged to be married.”

This announcement fell like a sudden down-pour upon the people beneath the window, and they stood silenced; but in an instant the Greek scholar bounded up the ladder, and, seizing Miss Mayberry by the hand, kissed it rapturously.

“I may have been a little abrupt,” she said, in a low voice, “but I was n’t going to stand here and let our affair be broken off like that.”

At Mr. Tippetgray’s spontaneous exhibition of tender affection, Mr. Petter involuntarily and reverently took off his hat, while Mrs. Cristie and Lodloe clapped their hands. The lover, with radiant face, now descended the ladder and received congratulations from everybody except Miss Calthea, who, with her nose pointed about forty-five degrees above the horizon, walked rapidly to the post where she had tied her horse.

Miss Mayberry now appeared, with the baby in her arms, and an expression of great satisfaction upon her face. Mrs. Cristie relieved her of the first, but the latter increased as the little company heartily shook hands with her.

“I had supposed it would be different with you, Mr. Tippetgray,” said Mrs. Petter, “but people ought to know their own minds, and I have no doubt that Calthea would have often made it very hot for you, especially if you did not turn over an entirely new leaf in regard to coming to your

meals. But there must be no more laddering; whether it is right or not, it does not look so. When Ida is n't tending to the child, and it's too wet to be out of doors, you can have the little parlor to yourselves. I'll have it dusted and aired."

"Excuse me," said Lodloe, coming forward, "but if you have no further use for that ladder, Mr. Tippengray, I will take it to Lanigan Beam, who is leaning out of his window, and shouting like mad. I presume he wants to come down, and as I have locked the door of my room he cannot descend in that way."

"Poor Lanigan!" ejaculated Mrs. Petter, "he does n't know what he's coming down to. But no matter what he undertakes he is always a day after the fair."

Mr. Petter drew the Greek scholar aside.

"My dear sir," he said expressively, "I have a special reason for congratulating you on your decision to unite your blood and culture with those of another. Had you been entrapped by the wiles of our Lethbury neighbor, a person for whom I have but slight regard, and who is looked upon with decided disapprobation by those as competent to judge as the Rockmores of Germantown, I am afraid, my dear sir, I should have been compelled to sever those pleasant relations which for so many months have held us together, and which I hope may continue for years."

"My good Petter," said Mr. Tippengray, "I have a pleasant house in town, which I hope to occupy with my wife this winter, and I should like it very much if you and Mrs. Petter would make us a visit there, and, if you wish, I'll have some of the Germantown Rockmores there to meet you."

The landlord of the Squirrel Inn stepped back in amazement.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you know the Rockmores?"

"The way of it is this," replied the Greek scholar; "you see, my mother was a Purley, and on the maternal side she belonged to the Kempton-Tucker family, and you know that the head of that family married for his second wife a Mrs. Callaway, who was own sister to John Brent Norris, whose daughter married a Rockmore. So you see we are connected."

"And you never told me!" solemnly exclaimed Mr. Petter.

"No," said his companion; "there are pleasures of revelation which are enhanced by a delay in realization, and, besides, I did not wish to place myself in a position which might, perchance, subordinate some of your other guests."

"I must admit that I am sorry," said Mr. Petter; "but your action in the matter proves your blood."

And now, Mrs. Christie having finished her

very earnest conversation with Ida, the newly betrothed pair walked together towards the bluff from which there was such a beautiful view of the valley below.

XXVI.

ANOTHER SQUIRREL IN THE TAP-ROOM.

"If I had known," said Lanigan Beam, as late that night he sat smoking with Walter Lodloe in the top room of the tower, "that that old rascal was capable of stealing my ladder in order to make love to my girl, I should have had a higher respect for him. Well, I'm done for, and now I shall lose no time in saying good-by to the Squirrel Inn and Lethbury."

"Why so?" asked his companion in surprise. "Was the hope of winning Miss Mayberry the only thing that kept you here?"

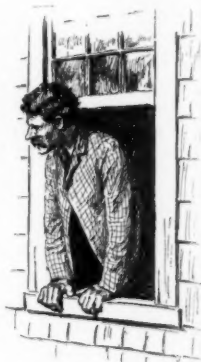
"Oh, no," said Lanigan, "it was the hope that Calthea might get old Tippengray. You will remember I told you that, but as she cannot now go off with him, there is nobody for her to go off with, and so I must be the one to travel."

Lodloe laughed. "Under the circumstances, then," he said, "you think you could n't stay in this neighborhood?"

"Not with Calthea unattached," replied Lanigan. "Oh, no! Quite impossible."

When Miss Rose had been convinced that all her plans had come to naught, earnestly and with much severity and singleness of purpose she considered the situation. It did not take her long to arrive at the conclusion that the proper thing for her to do was to marry Lanigan Beam, and to do it without loss of time. Having come to this decision, she immediately began to make arrangements to carry it into effect.

It was utterly vain and useless for Lanigan to attempt to get away from her. She came upon him with a sweet assurance which he supposed had vanished with her earlier years; she led him with ribbons which he thought had faded and fallen into shreds long, long ago; she clapped over his head a bag which he supposed had been worn out on old Tippengray; and she secured him with fetters which he imagined had long since been dropped, forgotten, and crumbled into dust. He did not go away,



LANIGAN BEAM WANTS HIS LADDER.

and it was not long before it was generally understood in the neighbourhood that, at last, he and Calthea Rose were to be married.

Shortly after this fact had been made public, Lanigan and Walter Lodloe, who had not seen each other for some days, were walking together on the Lethbury road.

"Yes," said the former, "it is a little odd, but then odd things are all the time happening. I don't know whether Calthea has taken me in by virtue of my first engagement to her, or on some of the others. Or it may be that it is merely a repeal of our last breaking off. Anyway, I found she had never dreamed of anything but marrying me, and though I thought I had a loose foot, I found I had n't, and there 's an end of it. Besides, I will say for Calthea that her feelings are different from what I supposed they were. She has mellowed up a good deal in the last year or two, and I shall try to make things as easy for her as I can.

"But one thing is certain; I shall stick to my resolution not to tell her that I have made money, and have reformed my old, loose ways of living and doing business. All that I am going to keep as a sort of saving fund that I can draw on when I feel like it, and let it alone when I don't feel like it. We are going to travel,—she is wild on that point,—and she expects to pay the piper. She can't do it, but I shall let her think she's doing it. She takes me for a rattling scapegrace, and I need n't put on the sober and respectable unless I choose to; and when I do choose it will be a big card in my hand. By George! sir, I know Calthea so well that I can twist her around my finger, and I am not sure, if I had got the other one, that I could have done that. It's much more likely that I should have been the twisted one."

"What is Miss Rose going to do about her business?" asked Lodloe.

"Oh, that 's to be wound up with a jerk," answered his companion. "I've settled all that. She wanted to hire somebody to take charge of the store while we're gone, and to sell out the things on her old plan; but that 's all tomfoolery. I have engaged a shopkeeper at Romney to come out and buy the whole stock at retail price, and I gave him the money to do it with. That 's good business, you know, because it 's the same as money coming back to me, and as for the old oddments and remnants and endments of faded braids and rotten calicoes, it 's a clear profit to be rid of them. If the Romney man sends them to be ground up at the paper-mill, he may pay himself for the cartage and his time. So the shop will be shut day after to-morrow, and you can see for yourself that my style of business is going to be of the stern, practical sort; and after all, I

don't see any better outlook for a fellow than to live a married life in which very little is expected of him, while he knows that he has on tap a good bank-account and a first-class moral character."

THE autumn was a very pleasant one, and as there was no reason for doing anything else the guests at the Squirrel Inn remained until late in the season. Therefore it was that Miss Calthea was enabled to marry and start off on her wedding tour before the engaged couples at the inn had returned to the city or had even fixed the dates for their weddings. Calthea was not a woman who would allow herself to be left behind in matters of this nature. From her general loftiness and serenity of manner, and the perfect ease and satisfaction with which she talked of her plans and prospects with her friends and acquaintances, no one could have imagined that she had ever departed from her original intention of becoming Mrs. Lanigan Beam.

In the midst of her happiness she could not help feeling a little sorry for Ida Mayberry, and this she did not hesitate to say to some persons with whom she was intimate, including Mrs. Petter. To be sure she had been informed as to the year of Mr. Tippengray's birth, which, if correct, would make him forty-six; but it was her private opinion that sixty would be a good deal nearer the mark. However, if the young child's nurse should become an early widow, and be thrown upon her own resources, she, for one, would not withhold a helping hand. But she earnestly insisted that not a word she said on this subject should ever be breathed into another ear.

When Ida Mayberry heard what Calthea had said about her and Mr. Tippengray's age, she was very angry, and declared she would not go to the old thing's wedding, which was to take place the next day in the Lethbury church. But after thinking over the matter she changed her mind, and concluded that at times like this we should all be pleasant and good-natured towards one another; so she sat down and wrote a letter to Miss Calthea, which she sent to the expectant bride that very afternoon. The mis-sive ran thus:

MY DEAR MISS ROSE: I have seen so little of Mr. Beam in the last few days that I have had no opportunity to express to him some thanks which are due him from Mr. Tippengray and myself. I am therefore obliged to ask you, my dear Miss Rose, to give to him a message from me, which, as it is one of gratitude, you will be pleased to deliver.

Not long ago when Mr. Beam took occasion to tell me that he loved me and asked me to marry him,—I remember now that it was on the very day that Mr. Petter's horse behaved so

badly and, unfortunately for you, tipped you out of the tail end of the little cart, and made it necessary for you to give up both it and Mr. Tippetgray to me,—he (Mr. Beam) was so good as to say that if I would agree to be his wife and still wished the instructive companionship of Mr. Tippetgray, he would take that gentleman into his family as a tutor. Now this, as you will readily acknowledge, my dear Miss Rose, was very good in Mr. Beam, and in return I wish you to say to him, both from Mr. Tippetgray and from me, that if there should ever be any position in our gift which he is capable of filling, all he has to do is to ask for it.

Most sincerely yours,
IDA MAYBERRY.

And the next day in church no face expressed a more delighted interest in the nuptial ceremonies than that of the pretty Miss Mayberry.

It was late in November, and the weather was getting decidedly cool. There was a fire in the tap-room of the Squirrel Inn, and also one in the little parlor, and by this, after supper, sat Mr. and Mrs. Petter.

The guests were all gone; Mr. and Mrs. Tippetgray, who had had a quiet wedding in New York, were on their way to Cambridge, England, where the bride would spend a portion of the honeymoon in the higher studies there open to women, while Mrs. Cristie and Mr. Lodloe were passing happy days in the metropolis preparing for their marriage early in the new year. The Beams were in Florida, where, so Lanigan wrote, they had an idea of buying an orange grove, and where, so Calthea wrote, she would not live if they gave her a whole county.

The familiar faces all being absent, and very few people dropping in from Lethbury or the surrounding neighborhood, the Squirrel Inn was lonely, and the hostess thereof did not hesitate to say so. As for the host, he had his books, his plans, and his hopes. He also had his regrets, which were useful in helping him to pass his time.

"What in the world," asked Mrs. Petter, regarding an object in her husband's hands, "made you take down that miserable, dilapidated little squirrel from the sign-post? You might as well have let him stay there all winter, and put up a new one in the spring."

"This has been a most memorable year," replied her husband, "and I wish to place this squirrel in his proper position on the calendar shelf of the tap-room before the storms and winds of winter have blown the fur from his body and every hair from his upturned tail. I have killed and prepared a fresh squirrel, and I will place him on the sign-post in a few days."

"If you would let that one stay until he was a skin skeleton he would have given people a better idea of the way this year has turned out, than he does now," said Mrs. Petter.

"How so?" he asked, looking at her in surprise.

"Don't we sit here stripped of every friendly voice?" she said. "Of course it's always more lonesome in the winter, but it's never been so bad as this, for we have n't even Calthea to fall back on. Things did n't turn out as I expected them to, and I suppose they never will, but it always was my opinion, and is yet, that nothing can go straight in such a crooked house. This very afternoon, as I was coming from the poultry-yard, and saw Lanigan's ladder still standing up against the window of his room, I could n't help thinking that if a burglar got into that room, he might suppose he was in the house; but he'd soon find himself greatly mistaken, and even if he went over the roof to Mr. Lodloe's room, all he could do would be to come down the tower stairs, and then he would find himself outside, just where he started from."

"That would suit me very well," remarked Mr. Petter.

"If this house had been built in a plain, straightforward way," his wife continued, "with a hall through the middle of it, and the rooms alike on both sides, then things might have happened in a straightforward way, and not all mixed up as they were here this summer. Nobody could tell who was going to marry who, and why they should do it, if they ever did."

Mr. Petter arose and, still holding the stuffed squirrel in his hand, stood with his back to the fire.

"It strikes me, Susan," said he, looking reflectively in front of him, "that our lives are very seldom built with a hall through the middle and the rooms alike on both sides. I don't think we'd like it if they were. They would be stupid and humdrum. The right sort of a life should have its ups and downs, its ins and outs, its different levels, its outside stairs and its inside stairs, its balconies, windows, and roofs of different periods and different styles. This is education. These things are the advantages that our lives get from the lives of others."

"Now, for myself, I like the place I live in to resemble my life and that of the people about me. And I am sure that nothing could be better suited to all that than the Squirrel Inn."

"All sorts of things come into our lives, and when a thing like Lanigan Beam comes into it, what could be better than to lodge it in a place where it can go no farther? and if something of a high order, something backed up by Matthew Vassar, but which is a little foreign, and not altogether of our kind, how well to be able to put that in a noble and elevated position where it can have every advantage and can go and come, without being naturalized or made a part of us. Think, too, how high ex-

cellence can be worthily lodged, with the comforts of the North and the beauties of the South, as in the case of Mrs. Christie's rooms, and how blooded service is not forced into a garret, but is quartered in a manner which shows that the blood is recognized and the service ignored."

"If I had known what she was when she came," remarked Mrs. Petter, "I should have put her on the top floor."

"Think, too," continued the landlord, "of noble sentiments, high aspirations, and deep learning, lodged of their own free will, for it appears that there was no necessity for it, so near as to answer every need of social domesticity, and yet in a manner so free and apart as to allow undisturbed and undisturbing reveries beneath the stars, and such other irregular manifestations of genius as are common to the gifted."

"Such as coming late to meals," interpolated the lady.

"Think, too," Mr. Petter went on to say, speaking in a more earnest voice—"think, too, of a life or a house in which there is no place for a Calthea Rose; in which she cannot exist, and which, I am happy to say, she has always opposed and condemned."

Mrs. Petter slightly yawned.

"All that sounds very well," she said, "and there may be truth in it, but, after all, here we are alone by ourselves, and, so far as I can see, no chance of being less lonely next season, for your rules keep out all common folks, and we can't count on the people who were here this year coming again."

Mr. Petter smiled. "There is no reason to suppose," he said, "that next season we shall not be favored with the company of the Rockmores of Germantown."

And with that he walked away to place in its proper position on the shelf in the tap-room the squirrel of the past season.

Frank R. Stockton.



THE END.

BUILDING.

WHEN but a little, imitative child
My plaything bits of this and that I piled
One over other, ever high and higher,
And called it building houses; but desire
To build less pleased me than by one last piece
To see down-topple the whole edifice.

Oh, the eager, Oh, the triumphant feeling,
When to the ground in ruin it went reeling!

In youth I built me towers and palaces
Such as life's prime and richest heart most please.
Yet little wherewithal had I to build;
Only the heavens and untried earth were filled
With visionary forms of beauty, lent
As for a model of my tenement.

Just at the cope the world o'erthrew it, saying,
Why art thou still with childish toys a-playing?

Youth's visions gone and boy's prophetic play,
On the firm earth a well-planned base I lay;
Stone upon stone my house shall rise and stand,
Not as the child's, to fall at touch of hand,
Nor yet the youth's, at scorn of elder eyes,
But like the world's, and worthy of its prize.

Then God's strong arm reached forth, my structure rending,
Me back to dreams and youth forever sending.

John Albee.

THE FAITH DOCTOR.¹

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

XXXII.

FACE TO FACE.



FACE TO FACE. IN the street, Phillida's perplexities began. She had undertaken to send for Millard, but there were no slow-footed district Mercuries to be had in the Mackerelville part of New York. It was now barely half-past six, and Millard would hardly have risen yet. In a battle against grim death and Miss Bowyer time seemed all important. She therefore took the Fourteenth street car and changed to an up-town line carrying her to the vicinity of the Graydon, debating all the way how quickest to get an explicit message to Millard without a personal interview, which would be painful to both, and which might be misconstrued. Alighting from the car in the neighborhood of the Graydon, whose mountainous dimensions deflected the March wind into sudden and disagreeable backsets and whirling eddies that threatened the perpendicularity of foot-passengers, she requested a florist, who was opening his shop and arranging a little exhibition of the hardier in-door plants on the sidewalk, to direct her to a district telegraph office. She was referred to one just around the corner. To this always open place she walked as rapidly as possible, to find a sleepy-looking young woman just settling herself at the desk, having at that moment relieved the man who had been on duty all night.

"Can you give me a messenger right away?" she demanded.

"In about fifteen or twenty minutes we'll have one in," said the girl. "We don't keep but two on duty at this hour, and they're both out, and there's one call ahead of you. Take a seat, won't you?"

But Phillida saw in her imagination Mrs. Martin badgered by Eleanor Bowyer, and heard again the grievous cry of the frightened and suffering Tommy. After all, she could only make the matter understood imperfectly by means of a message. Why should she stand on delicacy in a matter of life and death? She reflected that there was no animosity between her and Millard, and she recalled his figure as he reached

his hand to her that fatal evening, and she remembered the emotion in his voice when he said, "Part friends?" She resolved to go in person to the Graydon.

The entrance to the apartment building had lavished upon it a good deal of that joint-stock grandeur which goes for much and yet costs each individual householder but little. Despite her anxiety, Phillida was so far impressed by the elaborate bronze mantelpiece over the great hall fireplace, the carved wooden seats, and the frescoing and gilding of the walls, as to remember that she was dressed for a tenement in Avenue C, and not for a west-side apartment house. The gray shawl she had left behind; but she felt sure that the important-looking hall boys and, above all, the plump and prosperous-seeming clerk behind the counter, with an habitually neutral expression upon his countenance, must wonder why a woman had intruded into the sacred front entrance in so plain a hat and gown at seven o'clock in the morning. She felt in her pocket for her card-case, but of course that had been left in the pocket of a better dress, and she must write upon one of those little cards that the house furnishes; and all this while the clerk would be wondering who she was. But there was a native self-reliance about Phillida that shielded her from contempt. She asked for the card, took up a pen, and wrote:

"Miss Callender wishes to see Mr. Millard in great haste, on a matter of the utmost importance."

She was about to put this into an envelop, but she reflected that an open message was better. She handed the card to the clerk, who took it hesitatingly, and with a touch of "style" in his bearing, saying, "Mr. Millard will not be down for half an hour yet. He is not up. Will you wait?"

"He must be called," said Phillida. "It is a matter of life and death."

The clerk still held the note in his hand.

"He will be very much annoyed if that is not delivered to him at once. It is his own affair, and, as I said, a matter of life and death," said Phillida, speaking peremptorily, her courage rising to the occasion.

The clerk still held the note. He presently beckoned to a negro boy sitting on one of the carved benches.

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"Washington," he said.

Washington came forward to the counter.

"Wash," said the clerk in an undertone—an undress tone kept for those upon whom it would have been useless to waste his habitual bearing as the representative of the corporate proprietorship of the building—"has Mr. Millard's man come in yet?"

"No, sir."

"Take this up to seventy-nine, and say that the lady is below and insists on his being called at once." Then to Phillida, as the form of Washington vanished upward by way of the marble staircase, "Will you take a seat in the reception-room?" waving his hand slightly in the direction of a portière, behind which Phillida found herself in the ladies' reception-room.

In ten minutes Millard came down the elevator, glanced about the office, and then quickly entered the reception-room. There were unwonted traces of haste in his toilet; his hair had been hastily brushed, but it had been brushed, as indeed it would probably have been if Washington had announced that the Graydon was in flames.

There was a moment of embarrassment. What manner was proper for such a meeting? It would not do to say "Phillida," and "Miss Callender" would sound forced and formal. Phillida was equally embarrassed as she came forward, but Millard's tact relieved the tension. He spoke in a tone of reserve and yet of friendliness.

"Good morning. I hope no disaster has happened to you." The friendly eagerness of this inquiry took off the brusqueness of omitting her name, and the anxiety that prompted it was sincere.

"There is no time for explanations," said Phillida, hurriedly. "Mr. Martin has called a Christian Science healer to see Tommy, who is very ill with diphtheria."

"Tommy has diphtheria?" said Millard, his voice showing feeling.

"Your aunt wants a doctor," continued Phillida, "but Mr. Martin has left the woman in charge, and she refuses to give up the case. Tommy is crying, and Mrs. Martin is in a horrible position and wants to see you." Here Phillida's eyes fell as she added, "There was nobody to send; I could n't get a messenger; and so I had to come myself."

"I am glad—" here Millard paused and began over—"You did the best thing to come yourself. You will excuse me, but I don't understand. You have n't charge of the case at all, then?"

"No, no, Charley—Mr. Millard; there is no time to explain. Get a good doctor, and put Miss Bowyer out, if you have to fetch a policeman. Get a good doctor at once. If you save

the child you must be quick, quick! The horrible woman will be the death of him."

Millard caught the infection of urgency and began to take in the situation. He stepped to the door, drew aside the portière, and said:

"Washington, call a coupé for me. Quick, now." Then he called after the boy as he went to the telephone, "Tell them to hurry it up."

He turned towards Phillida; then with a new impulse he turned again and walked impatiently to the office. "Mr. Oliver, won't you ask if my man is below, and send him here as quickly as possible?"

The clerk moved, without ruffling his dignity by undue haste, to the speaking-tube which communicated with the basement. In the course of half a minute a young Englishman, with a fore-and-aft cap in his hand, came running to the reception room, in the door of which Millard was standing.

"Robert," said Millard, "run to the stable and have them send my coupé on the jump. Come back with it yourself."

The well-trained Robert glided swiftly out of the front door, not even asking a question with his eyes.

"You'll go back with me in the coupé?" Millard said to Phillida, who had risen and now stood waiting in embarrassment to say good morning.

Phillida could not for a moment think of riding back with Millard, not so much on account of the conventional impropriety in it as because her visit was capable of misconstruction; and while she believed that Millard knew her too well to put any interpretation of self-interest on her coming, she could not have brought herself to return to Avenue C in his coupé. If for no other reason, she would have declined in order to avoid prolonging an interview painful and embarrassing to both. She was worn and faint from the fatigues of the night and the excitement of the morning, and she could not think of the right thing to say.

"No; I will go home," she said. Spoken thus, without calling him by name, the words had a severe sound, as of one mortally offended. A sudden access of fatigue and faintness reminded her that she had eaten nothing this morning.

"You will excuse me. I've had no breakfast yet. I've been at Mrs. Martin's since daylight. Good morning, Mr. Millard."

This explanation made her perfectly proper refusal somewhat less abrupt and direct; but the words were still cold and severe.

"I will call another coupé, and send you home. You are faint," he said.

"No, thank you," she said, and went out.

But Millard followed her into the street, and hailed a car, and assisted her to enter it, and lifted his hat and bowed in response to her

"Thank you," when she had gained the platform. As the car moved away he stood a moment looking after it, and then returned toward the sidewalk, saying softly to himself, "By Jove, what a woman! What a woman that is!"

XXXIII.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

By the time the coupé reached the curb in front of the Graydon, Millard had fixed in his mind the first move in his campaign, and had scribbled a little note as he stood at the clerk's counter in the office. He handed the driver a dollar as a comprehensible hint that speed was required, and, taking Robert with him, was soon bowling along the yet rather empty Fifth Avenue. He alighted in front of a rather broad, low-stoop, brownstone house, with a plain sign upon it, which read "Dr. Augustine Gunstone." What ills and misfortunes had crossed that door-stone! What celebrities had here sought advice from the great doctor in matters of life and death! Few men can enjoy a great reputation and be so unspoiled as Dr. Gunstone. The shyest young girl among his patients felt drawn to unburden her sorrows to him as to a father; the humblest sufferer remembered gratefully the reassuring gentleness of his voice and manner. But Millard made no reflections this morning; he rang the bell sharply.

"The doctor has n't come down yet," said the servant. "He will not see patients before nine o'clock."

"At what time does he come down?"

"At a quarter to eight."

"It's half-past seven now," said Millard.

"Kindly take this note to his room with my card, and say that I wait for an answer."

There was that in Millard's manner that impressed the servant. He was sure that this was one of those very renowned men who sometimes came to see Dr. Gunstone and who were not to be refused. He ran up the stairs and timidly knocked at the doctor's door. Millard waited five minutes in a small reception-room, and then the old doctor came down, kindly, dignified, unruffled as ever, a man courteous to all, friendly with all, but without any familiars.

"Good morning, Mr. Millard. I can't see your patient now. Every moment of my time to-day is engaged. Perhaps I might contrive to see the child on my way to the hospital at twelve."

"If I could have a carriage here at the moment you finish your breakfast, with my valet in it to see that no time is lost, could you give us advice, and get back here before your office hours begin?"

Dr. Gunstone hesitated a moment. "Yes,"

he said; "but you would want a doctor in the vicinity. I cannot come often enough to take charge of the case."

"We'll call any one you may name. The family are poor, I am interested in them, they are relatives of mine, and this child I have set my heart on saving, and I will not mind expense. I wish you to come every day as consultant, if possible."

Dr. Gunstone's was a professional mind before all. He avoided those profound questions of philosophy towards which modern science propels the mind, limiting himself to the science of pathology and the art of healing; on the other hand, he habitually bounded his curiosity concerning his patients to their physical condition and such of their surroundings as affected for good or ill their chances of recovery. He did not care to know more of this poor family than that he was to see a patient there; but he knew something of Millard from the friendly relations existing between him and younger members of his own family, and the disclosure that Millard had kinsfolk in Avenue C, and was deeply interested in people of a humble rank, gave Dr. Gunstone a momentary surprise, which, however, it would have been contrary to all his habits to manifest. He merely bowed a polite good morning and turned toward the breakfast-room.

These men in whose lives life and death are matters of hourly business—matters of bread and butter and bank-account—acquire in self-defense a certain imperviousness; they learn to shed their responsibilities with facility in favor of digestion and sleep. Dr. Gunstone ate in a leisurely way, relishing his chops and coffee, and participating in the conversation of the family who joined him one by one at the table, without once troubling himself that another family in Avenue C was in agonized waiting for his presence, and that haste or delay might make the difference between life and death to a human being. This was not heartlessness, but a condition of his living and working—a postponement of particular service, however important, in favor of the general serviceableness of his life.

Millard was not sorry for the delay; it gave him time to dispose of Miss Bowyer.

Seeing that Phillida had gone to seek reinforcements, Mrs. Martin had concluded that, in Tommy's interest, a truce would be the better thing. So, while Miss Bowyer was seeking to induce in little Tommy the impressible conscious state,—or, to be precise, the conscious, passive, impressible state,—Mrs. Martin offered to hold him in her arms. To this the metaphysical healer assented with alacrity, as likely to put the child into a favorable condition for the exercise of her occult therapeutic powers.

"Hold him with his back to the north, Mrs. Martin," she said; "there, in a somewhat reclining posture; that will increase his susceptibility to psychic influence. There is no doubt that the magnetism of the earth has a polar distribution. It is quite probable also that the odylic emanation of the terrestrial magnet has also a polar arrangement. Does the little fellow ever turn round in his bed at night?"

"Yes."

"That shows that he is sensitive to magnetic influences. He is trying to get himself north and south, so as to bring the body into harmony with the magnetic poles of the earth. You see the brain is normally positive. We wish to invert the poles of the body, and send the magnetism of the brain to the feet."

Miss Bowyer now took out a small silver cross and held it up before the child a little above the natural range of vision.

"Will you look at this, little boy?" she said.

She did her best to make her naturally unsympathetic voice persuasive, even to pronouncing the last word of her entreaty "baw-ee." But the "little baw-ee" was faint with sickness, and he only lifted his eyes a moment to the trinket, and then closed the eyelids and turned his face towards his mother's bosom.

"Come, little baw-ee. Look at this, my child. Is n't it pretty? Little baw-ee, see here!"

But the little baw-ee wanted rest, and he showed no signs of having heard Miss Bowyer's appeal, except that he fretted with annoyance after each sentence she addressed to him.

"That is bad," said Miss Bowyer, seeing that Tommy would not look. "If I could get him to strain the eyes upward for five minutes, while I gazed at him and concentrated my mind on the act of gazing, I should be able to produce what is known in psychopathic science as the conscious impressible state — something resembling hypnotism, but stopping short of the unconscious state. I could make him forget his disease by willing forgetfulness. I must try another plan."

Miss Bowyer now sat and gazed on the child, who was half-slumbering. For five minutes she sat there like a cat ready to jump at the first movement of a moribund mouse. She was apparently engaged in concentrating her mind on the act of gazing.

"Now," she said to Mrs. Martin in a whisper — for explication was a necessity of Miss Bowyer's nature, or perhaps essential to the potency of her measures — "now I will gently place the right hand on the fore brain and the left over the cerebellum, willing the vital force of the cerebrum to retreat backward to

the cerebellum. This is the condition of the brain in the somnambulatory state and in ordinary sleep. The right hand, you must know, acts from without inwards, while the left acts from within outwards." She suited the action to the words; but Tommy did not take kindly to the action of her right hand from without inwards, or else he was annoyed by the action of the left hand from within outwards. Evidently Miss Bowyer's positive and negative poles failed to harmonize with his. He put up his hands to push away hers; but finding that impossible, he kicked and cried in a way which showed him to be utterly out of harmony with the odylic emanations of the terrestrial magnet.

With these and other mummeries Miss Bowyer proceeded during all the long hour and a quarter that intervened between Phillida's departure and the arrival of the reinforcement. Miss Bowyer was wondering meanwhile what could have been the nature of Phillida's conference outside the door with Mrs. Martin, and whether Mrs. Martin were sufficiently convinced of her skill by this time for her to venture to leave the place presently to meet certain office patients whom she expected. But she concluded to run no risks of defeat; she had left word at her office that she had been called to see a patient dangerously ill, and such a report would do her reputation no harm.

Mrs. Martin was driven to the very verge of distraction by the sense of Tommy's danger and the necessity she was under of suppressing her feelings, while this woman, crank or impostor, held possession of the child and of her house. Not to disturb Tommy, she affected a peaceful attitude toward the professor of Christian sorcery, whom, in the anguish of her spirit, she would have liked to project out of a window into the dizzy space occupied by pulleys and clothes-lines. Footsteps came and went past her door, but there was as yet no interruption to Miss Bowyer's pow-wow. At length there came a step on the stairs, and a rap. Mrs. Martin laid Tommy on the bed and opened the door. Charley beckoned her to be silent and to come out.

"What is the name of the faith-healer, Aunt Hannah?" he whispered.

"Miss Bowyer."

"Does she still refuse to leave?"

"Oh, yes! She declares she will not leave."

"You want her out?"

"Yes; I want a doctor," said Mrs. Martin, giving her hands a little wring.

"Tell Miss Bowyer that there is a gentleman outside the door who wishes to see her. Whenever the door is shut, do you fasten it inside."

"Miss Bowyer, there 's a gentleman inquir-

ing for you outside," said Mrs. Martin when she returned.

Miss Bowyer opened the door suspiciously, standing in the doorway as she spoke.

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Are you Miss Bowyer?"

"Yes,"—with a wave inflection, as though half inquiring.

"Are you the Christian Scientist?"

"Yes," said Miss Bowyer, "I am."

"This is a case of diphtheria, is n't it?"

"It's a case of belief in diphtheria. I have no doubt I shall be able to reduce the morbid action soon. The child is already in the state of interior perception," she said, seeing in Millard a possible patient, and coming a little further out of the door.

"It's catching, I believe," said Millard. "Would you mind closing the door a moment while I speak with you?"

Miss Bowyer peered into the room, to see Mrs. Martin giving Tommy a drink. Feeling secure, she softly closed the door, keeping hold of the handle. Then she turned to Millard.

"Did you wish to see me professionally?" she asked.

"Well," said Millard, "I think you might call it professionally. I live over on the west side. Do you know where the Graydon apartment building is?"

"Yes, oh, yes; I attended a patient near there once, in one of the brownstone houses on the other side of the street. He got well beautifully."

"Well, I live in the Graydon," said Millard.

"Yes," said Miss Bowyer, with a rising inflection, wondering what could be the outcome of this roundabout talk. "Is some member of your family sick?" she asked.

A bolt clicked behind the metaphysical healer, who turned with the alarm of a trapped mouse and essayed to push the door. Then, remembering what seemed more profitable game in front, she repeated her question, but in a ruffled tone, "Some member of your family?"

Charley laughed in spite of himself.

"Not of my family, but a relative," he said. "It is my cousin who is sick in this room, and I called to get you outside of the door. I beg your pardon for the seeming rudeness."

Miss Bowyer now pushed on the door in vain.

"You think this is a gentlemanly way to treat a lady?" she said, choking with indignation.

"It does n't seem handsome, does it?" he said. "But do you think you have treated Mrs. Martin in a ladylike way?"

"I was called by her husband," she said.

"You are now dismissed by the wife."

"I will see Mr. Martin at once, and he will reinstate me."

"You will not see Mr. Martin. I shall not give you a chance. I am going to report you to the County Medical Society and the Board of Health at once. Have you reported this case of diphtheria, as the law requires?"

"No, I have not," said Miss Bowyer; "but I was going to do so to-day."

"I don't like to dispute the word of a lady," he said, "but you know that you are not a proper practitioner, and that in case of a contagious disease the Board of Health would put you out of here neck and heels, if I must speak so roughly. Mrs. Martin is my aunt. If you make any trouble, I shall feel obliged to have you arrested at once. If you go home quietly and do not say a word to Mr. Martin, I'll let you off. You have no doubt lost patients of this kind before, and if I look up your record—"

"My hat and cloak are in there," said Miss Bowyer.

"If you renounce the case and say no more to Mr. Martin I will not follow you up," said Charley; "but turn your hand against Mrs. Martin, and I'll spend a thousand dollars to put you in prison."

This put a new aspect on the case in Miss Bowyer's mind. That Mrs. Martin had influential friends she had not dreamed. Miss Bowyer had had one tilt with the authorities, and she preferred not to try it again.

"My hat and cloak are in there," she said, pushing on the door.

"Stand aside," said Millard, "and I will get them."

Somehow Millard had reached Miss Bowyer's interior perception and put her into the conscious, impressible, passive state, in which his will was hers. She moved to the other side of the dark hall in such a state of mind that she could hardly have told whether the magnetism of her brain was in the cerebrum or in the cerebellum or in a state of oscillation between the two.

"Aunt Hannah," called Millard, "open the door."

The bolt was shoved back by Mrs. Martin. Millard opened the door a little way, holding the knob firmly in his right hand. Mrs. Martin stood well out of sight behind the door, from an undefined fear of getting in range of Miss Bowyer, whose calm bullying had put Mrs. Martin into some impassive state not laid down in works on Christian Science.

"Give me Miss Bowyer's hat and cloak," said Millard.

The things were passed out by Mrs. Martin, who, in doing so, exposed nothing but her right hand to the enemy, while Charley took them in his left and passed them to Miss Bowyer.

"Now remember," he said, closing the door and holding it until he heard the bolt shoved to its place again, "if you know what is good for you, you will not make the slightest movement in this case."

"But you will not refuse me my fee," she said. "You have put me out of a case that would have been worth ten or twenty dollars. I shall expect you to pay me something."

Millard hesitated. It might be better not to provoke her too far; but on the other hand, he could not suppress his indignation on his aunt's behalf so far as to give her money.

"Send me your bill, made out explicitly for medical services in this case. Address the cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes. I will pay you if your bill is regularly made out."

Miss Bowyer went down the stairs and into the street. But the more she thought of it the more she was convinced that this demand for a regular bill for medical services from a non-registered practitioner concealed some new device to entrap her. She had had enough of that young man up-stairs, and, much as she disliked the alternative, she thought it best to let her fee go uncollected, unless she could some day collect it quietly from the head of the Martin family. Her magnetism had never before been so much out of harmony with every sort of odic emanation in the universe as at this moment.

XXXIV.

DOCTORS AND LOVERS.

FAINT from the all-night strain upon her feelings, Phillida returned to her home from the Graydon to find her mother and sister at breakfast.

"Philly, you're 'most dead," said Agatha, as Phillida walked wearily into the dining-room by way of the basement door. "You're pale and sick. Here, sit down and take a cup of coffee."

Phillida sat down without removing her bonnet or sack, but Agatha took them off while her mother poured her coffee.

"Where have you been and what made you go off so early?" went on Agatha. "Or did you run away in the night?"

"Let Phillida take her coffee and get rested," said the mother.

"All right, she shall," said Agatha, patting her on the back in a baby-cuddling way. "Only tell me how that little boy is; I do want to know, and you can just say 'better,' 'worse,' 'well,' or 'dead,' without waiting for the effect of the coffee, don't you see?"

"The child has diphtheria. I don't know whether I ought to come home and expose the rest of you."

"Nonsense," said Agatha. "Do you think we're going to send you off to the Island? You take care of the rest of the world, Philly, but mama and I take care of you. When you get up into a private box in heaven as a great saint, we'll hang on to your robe and get good seats."

"Sh-sh," said Phillida, halting between a revulsion at Agatha's irreverent speech and a feeling more painful. "I'll never be a great saint, Aggy. Only a poor, foolish girl, mistaking her fancies for her duty."

"Oh, that's the way with all the great saints. They just missed being shut up for lunatics. But do you think you'll be able to save that little boy? Don't you think you ought to get them to call a doctor?"

"I? Oh, I gave up the case. I'm done with faith-healing once for all, Agatha." This was said with a little gulp, indicating that the confession cost her both effort and pain.

"You —"

"Don't ask me any questions till I'm better able to answer. I'm awfully tired out and cross."

"What have you been doing this morning?" said Agatha, notwithstanding Phillida's injunction against questions.

"Getting Miss Bowyer out of the Martin house. Mr. Martin was determined to have her, and he went for her when his wife sent him for a doctor."

"Miss Bowyer! I don't see how you ever got her out," said Agatha. "Did you get a policeman to run her into the station-house on the mortal plane?"

"No; I did worse. I actually had to go to the Graydon and wake up Charley Millard—"

"You did?"

"Yes; I could n't get a messenger, and so I went myself. And I put the case into Charley's hands, and he sent his man Friday scampering after a coupé, and I came home and left him to go over there and fight it out."

"Well, I declare!" said Agatha. "What remarkable adventures you have! And I never have anything real nice and dreadful happen to me. But he might have brought you home."

"It was n't his fault that he didn't. But give me a little bit of steak, please; I have got to go back to the Martins."

"No, you must n't. Mother, don't you let her."

"I do wish, Phillida," said the mother, "that you would n't go down into the low quarters of the town any more. You're so exposed to disease. And then you're a young woman. You have n't got your father's endurance. It's a dreadful risk."

"Well, I'm rather responsible for the child, and then I ought to be there to protect Mrs.

Martin from her husband when he comes home at noon, and to share the blame with her when he finds his favorite put out and Charley's doctor in possession."

"So you and Charley are in partnership in saving the boy's life," said Agatha, "and you've got a regular doctor. That's something like. I can guess what 'll come next."

"Hush, Agatha," said the mother.

Phyllida's appetite for beefsteak failed in a moment, and she pushed her plate back and looked at her sister with vexation.

"If you think there's going to be a new engagement, you're mistaken."

"Think!" said Agatha with a provoking laugh, "I don't think anything about it. I know just what's got to happen. You and Charley are just made for each other, though for my part I should prefer a young man something like Cousin Philip."

Phyllida was silent for a moment, and Mrs. Callender made a protesting gesture at the impulsive Agatha.

"I don't think you ought to talk about such things when I'm so tired," said Phyllida, struggling to maintain self-control. "Mr. Millard is a man used to great popularity and much flattery in society. He would never stand it in the world; it would hurt him twenty years hence to be reminded that his wife had been a — well — a fanatic." This was uttered with a sharp effort of desperation, Phyllida grinding a bit of bread to pieces between thumb and finger the meanwhile. "If he were to offer to renew the engagement I should refuse. It would be too mortifying to think of."

Agatha said nothing, and Phyllida presently added, "And if you think I went to the Graydon to renew the acquaintance of Charley, it's — very — unkind of you, that's all." Phyllida could no longer restrain her tears.

"Why, Phyllida dear, Agatha did n't say any such thing," interposed Mrs. Callender.

"If you think," said Agatha, angrily, "that I could even imagine such a thing as that, it's just too awfully mean, that's all. But you've worried yourself sick and you're unreasonable. There, now, please don't cry, Philly," she added, going around and stroking her sister's hair. "You're too good for any man that ever lived, and that's a great misfortune. If they could have split the difference between your goodness and my badness, they might have made two fair average women. There, now, if you don't eat something I'll blame myself all day. I'm going to toast you a piece of bread."

In spite of remonstrance, the repentant Agatha toasted a piece of bread and boiled the only egg that Sarah had in the house, to tempt her sister's appetite.

"Your motto is, 'Hard words and kind

acts,'" said Mrs. Callender, as Agatha came in with the toast and the egg.

"My motto is, 'Hard words and soft boiled eggs,'" said Agatha, who had by this penance secured her own forgiveness and recovered her gaiety.

In vain was Phyllida entreated to rest. She felt herself drawn to Mrs. Martin, who would, as she concluded, have got rid of Miss Bowyer, and seen the doctor and Charley, and be left alone, by this time. So, promising to be back by one o'clock, if possible, she went out again, indulging her fatigue so far as to take a car in Fourteenth street. Arrived at Mrs. Martin's, she was embarrassed at finding Millard sitting with his aunt. She gave him a look of recognition as she entered, and said to Mrs. Martin, who was holding Tommy:

"I thought I should find you alone by this time."

This indirect statement that she had not considered it desirable to encounter Millard again cut him, and he said, as though the words had been addressed to him, "I am expecting Dr. Gunstone every moment."

"Dr. Gunstone? I am glad he is coming," said Phyllida, firing the remark in the air indiscriminately at the aunt or nephew, as either might please to accept it.

At that moment Millard's valet, Robert, in the capacity of pioneer and pilot, knocked at the door. When Millard opened it he said, "Dr. Gunstone, sir," and stood aside to let the physician pass.

Gunstone made a little hurried bow to Millard, and, without waiting for an introduction, bowed with his usual deference to Mrs. Martin. "Good-morning, madam; is this the little sufferer?" at the same time making a hurried bow of courtesy to Phyllida as a stranger; but as he did so, he arrested himself and said in the fatherly tone he habitually used with his young women patients, "How do you do? You came to see me last year with —"

"My mother, Mrs. Callender," said Phyllida.

"Yes, yes; and how is your mother, my dear?"

"Quite well, thank you, doctor."

The doctor despatched these courtesies with business-like promptness, and then settled himself to an examination of little Tommy.

"This is diphtheria," he said; "you will want a physician in the neighborhood. Let's see, whom have you?" This to Millard.

Millard turned to his aunt. She looked at Phyllida. "There's Dr. Smith around the corner," said Phyllida.

Dr. Gunstone said, "Dr. Smith?" inquiringly to himself. But the name did not seem to recall any particular Smith.

"And Dr. Beswick in Seventeenth street," said Phillida.

"Beswick is a very good young fellow, with ample hospital experience," said Gunstone. "Can you send for him at once?"

Robert, who stood alert without the door, was told to bring Dr. Beswick in the carriage, and in a very short space of time Beswick was there, having left Mrs. Beswick sure that success and renown could not be far away when her husband was called on Gunstone's recommendation, and fetched in a coupé under the conduct of what seemed to her a coachman and a footman. Beswick's awkwardness and his abrupt up-and-downness of manner contrasted strangely with Dr. Gunstone's simple but graceful ways. A few rapid directions served to put the case into Beswick's hands, and the old doctor bowed swiftly to all in the room, descended the stairs, and, having picked his way hurriedly through a swarm of children on the sidewalk, entered the carriage again, and was gone.

Millard looked at his watch, remembered that he had had no breakfast, and prepared to take his leave.

"Thank you, Charley, ever so much," said his aunt. "I don't know what I should have done without you."

"Miss Callender is the one to thank," said Millard, scarcely daring to look at her, as he bade her and Dr. Beswick good-morning.

When he had reached the bottom of the long flight of stairs, Millard suddenly turned about and climbed to the top once more.

"Miss Callender," he said, standing in the door, "let me speak to you, please."

Phillida went out to him. This confidential conversation could not but excite a rush of associations and emotion in the minds of both of them, so that neither dared to look directly at the other as they stood there in the obscure light which struggled through two dusty panes of glass at the top of the next flight.

"You must not stay here," he said. "You're very weary; you will be liable to take the disease. I am going to send a professional nurse."

This solicitude for her was so like the Charley of other times that it made Phillida tremble with a grateful emotion she could not quite conceal.

"A professional nurse will be better for Tommy. But I cannot leave while Mrs. Martin has any great need for me." She could not confess to him the responsibility she felt in the case on account of her having undertaken it the evening before as a faith-doctor.

"What is the best way to get a nurse?" asked Millard, regarding her downcast face, and repressing a dreadful impulse to manifest his reviving affection.

"Dr. Beswick will know," said Phillida. "I

will send him out." She was glad to escape into the room again, for she was afraid to trust her own feelings longer in Millard's company. The arrangement was made that Dr. Beswick should send a nurse, and then Millard and Beswick went down-stairs together.

Phillida stayed till Mr. Martin came home, hoping to soften the scene between husband and wife. In his heart Martin revered his wife's good sense, but he felt it due to his sex to assert himself once in a while against a wife whose superiority he could not but feel. As soon as he had accomplished this feat, thereby proving his masculinity, he always repented it. For so long as his wife approved his course he was sure that he could not be far astray; but whenever his vanity had made him act against her judgment he was a mariner out of reckoning, and he made haste to take account of the pole star of her good sense.

He had just now been impelled by certain ugly elements in his nature to give his wife a taste of his power as the head of the family, the more that she had dared to make sport of his new science and of his new oracle, Miss Bowyer. But once he had become individually responsible for Tommy's life without the security of Mrs. Martin's indorsement on the back of the bond, he became extremely miserable. As noontime approached he grew so restless that he got excused from his bench early, and came home.

Motives of delicacy had prevented any communication between Phillida and Mrs. Martin regarding the probable attitude of Mr. Martin toward the transactions of the morning. But when his ascending footsteps, steady and solemn as the Dead March in "Saul," were heard upon the stairs, their hearts failed them.

"How 's little Tommy?" he asked.

"I don't think he 's any better," said Mrs. Martin.

"Come to think," said the husband, "I guess I'd better send word to Miss Bowyer to give it up and not come any more, and then I'd better get a regular doctor. I don't somehow like to take all the responsibility, come to think."

"Miss Bowyer 's given up the case," said Mrs. Martin. "Charley 's been here, scared to death about Tommy. He brought a great doctor from Fifth Avenue, and together they sent for Dr. Beswick. Miss Bowyer gave up the case."

"Give up the case, did she?" he said wonderingly.

"Yes."

"Well, that 's better. But I did n't ever hardly believe she 'd go and give it up."

Mr. Martin did not care to inquire further. He was rid of responsibility, and, finding him-

self once more under the lee of his wife, he could eat his dinner and go back to work a happier man.

XXXV.

PHILLIDA AND HER FRIENDS.

THE appearance in the Martin apartment of the trained nurse, who was an old friend and hospital associate of Mrs. Beswick's, relieved Phillida of night service; but nothing could relieve her sense of partial responsibility for the delay in calling a doctor, and her resolution to stay by little Tommy as much as possible until the issue should be known. Every day while the nurse rested she took her place with the patient, holding him in her arms for long hours at a time, and every day Millard called to make inquiries. He was not only troubled about the little boy, but there hung over him a dread of imminent calamity to Phillida. On the fifth day the symptoms in Tommy's case became more serious, but at the close of the sixth Dr. Beswick expressed himself as hopeful. The next evening, when Millard called, he learned that Tommy was improving slowly, and that Miss Callender had not come to the Martins' on that day. His aunt thought that she was probably tired out, and that she had taken advantage of Tommy's improvement to rest. But when had Phillida been known to rest when anybody within her range was suffering? Millard felt sure that she would at least have come to learn the condition of the sick boy had she been able.

He hesitated to make inquiry after Phillida's health. Her effort to avoid conversation with him assured him that she preferred not to encourage a new intimacy. But though he debated, he did not delay going straight to the Callenders' and ringing the bell.

Agatha came to the door.

"Good evening, Miss Agatha," he said, presuming so much on his old friendship as to use her first name.

"Good evening, Mr. Millard," said Agatha, in an embarrassed but austere voice.

"I called to inquire after your sister. Knowing that she had been exposed to diphtheria, I was afraid—" He paused here, remembering that he no longer had any right to be afraid on her account.

Agatha did not wait for him to re-shape or complete his sentence. She said, "Thank you. She has a sore throat, which makes us very uneasy. Cousin Philip has just gone to see if he can get Dr. Gunstone."

When Millard had gone, Agatha told her mother that Charley had called.

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Callender. "Did you ask him in?"

"Not I," said Agatha, with a high head. "If he wants to renew his acquaintance with Phillida, he can do it without our asking him. I was just as stiff as I could be with him, and I told him that Cousin Phil had gone for the doctor. That 'll be a thorn in his side, for he always was a little jealous of Philip, I believe."

"Why, Agatha, I'm afraid you have n't done right. You ought n't to be so severe. For my part, I hope the engagement will be renewed. I am sick and tired of having Phillida risk her life in the tenements. It was very kind of Mr. Millard to call and inquire, I am sure."

"He ought to," said Agatha. "She got this dreadful disease taking care of his relations. I don't want him to think we're dying to have him take Phillida off our hands." Agatha's temper was ruffled by her anxiety at Phillida's sickness. "I'm sure his high and mighty tone about Phillida's faith-cures has worried her enough. Now just let him worry awhile."

Certainly, Agatha Callender's bearing towards him did not reassure Millard. He thought she might have called him Charley; or if that was not just the thing to do, she might have made her voice a little less frosty. He could not get rid of a certain self-condemnation regarding Phillida, and he conjectured that her family were disposed to condemn him also. He thought they ought to consider how severely his patience had been tried; but then they could not know how Phillida was talked about. How could they ever imagine Meadows's brutal impertinence?

He was not clear regarding the nature of the change in Phillida's views. Had she wholly renounced her faith-healing, or was she only opposed to the Christian Science imposture? Or did she think that medicine should be called in after an appeal to Heaven had failed? If he had felt that there was any probability of a renewal of his engagement with Phillida, he could have wished that she might not yet have given up her career as a faith-doctor. He would then have a chance to prove to her that he was not too cowardly to endure reproach for her sake. But, from the way Agatha spoke, it must be that Philip Gouverneur was now in favor rather than he. Nothing had been more evident to him than that Philip was in love with his cousin. What was to be expected but that Philip, with the advantage of cousinly intimacy, should urge his suit, once Phillida was free from her engagement?

But all his other anxieties were now swallowed up in the one fear that she who had ventured her life for others so bravely might have sacrificed it. Millard was uneasy the night long, and before he went to the bank he called again at the Callender house. He was

glad that it was Sarah, and not Agatha, who came to the door. He sent in a card to Mrs. Callender with the words, "Kind inquiries," written on it, and received through Sarah the reply that Mrs. Callender was much obliged to him for inquiring, and that Miss Callender had diphtheria and was not so well as yesterday.

The cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes was not happy that day. He threw himself into his business with an energy that seemed feverish. He did not feel that it would be proper for him to call again before the next morning; it would seem like trying to take advantage of Phillida's illness. But, with such a life in jeopardy, how could his impatience delay till morning?

Just before three o'clock the Hilbrough carriage stopped at the bank. Mrs. Hilbrough had come to take up her husband for a drive. Hilbrough was engaged with some one in the inner office, which he had occupied since Masters had virtually retired from the bank. Millard saw the carriage from his window, and, with more than his usual gallantry, quitted his desk to assist Mrs. Hilbrough to alight. But she declined to come in; she would wait in the carriage for Mr. Hilbrough.

"Did you know of Miss Callender's illness?" he asked.

"No; is it anything serious?" Mrs. Hilbrough showed a sincere solicitude.

"Diphtheria," he said. "I called there this morning. Mrs. Callender sent word that Phillida was not so well as yesterday."

Mrs. Hilbrough was pleased that Millard had gone so far as to inquire. She reflected that an illness, if not a dangerous one, might be a good thing for lovers situated as these two. But diphtheria was another matter.

"I wish I knew how she's getting along this afternoon," said Mrs. Hilbrough.

"I would call again at once," said Millard, "but, you know, my relations are peculiar. To call twice in a day might seem intrusive."

"I would drive there at once," said Mrs. Hilbrough, meditatively, "but Mr. Hilbrough is so wrapped up in his children, and so much afraid of their getting diphtheria, that he will not venture into the street where it is. If I should send the footman, Mr. Hilbrough would not let him return to the house again. I'm afraid he would not even approve of communication by a telegraph-boy."

"A boy would be long enough returning to be disinfected," said Millard; but the pleasantry was all in his words; his face showed solicitude and disappointment. He could think of no one but Mrs. Hilbrough through whom he could inquire.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would not object to my sending an inquiry in your name?"

"Oh, certainly not; that would be a good plan, especially if you will take the trouble to let me know how she is. Use my name at your discretion, Mr. Millard. I give you *carte blanche*," said she, smiling with pleasure at the very notion of bearing so intimate a relation to a clever scheme which lent a little romance to a love-affair that was so highly interesting to her on all accounts. She took out a visiting-card and penciled the words, "Hoping that Miss Callender is not very ill, and begging Mrs. Callender to let her know." This she handed to Millard.

Mr. Hilbrough came out at that moment, and Millard bowed to Mrs. Hilbrough and went in. Hilbrough had been as deeply grieved as his wife to hear that the much-admired Phillida was ill.

"What are you going to do, my dear?" he said. "You cannot go there without risking the children. You can't send James without danger of bringing the infection into the house. But we must n't leave Phillida without some attentions; I don't see how to manage it."

"I've just made Mr. Millard my deputy," said Mrs. Hilbrough. "You see, he feels delicate about inquiring too often; so I have written inquiries on one of my cards and given it to Mr. Millard."

Hilbrough did n't like to do things in a stinted way, particularly in cases which involved his generous feelings.

"Give me a lot of your cards," he said.

"What for?"

"For Mr. Millard."

"I don't see what use he can make of them," said Mrs. Hilbrough, slowly opening her card-case.

"He'll know," said Hilbrough. "He can work a visiting-card in more ways than any other man in New York." Hilbrough took half a dozen of his wife's cards and carried them into the bank.

"Use these as you see fit," he said to Millard, "and if you need a dozen or two more let me know."

Under other circumstances Millard would have been amused, this liberal overdoing was so characteristic of Hilbrough. But he only took the cards with thanks, reflecting that there might be some opportunity to use them.

As he would be detained at the bank until near four o'clock, his first impulse was to call a district messenger and despatch Mrs. Hilbrough's card of inquiry at once. But he reflected that the illness might be a long one, and that his measures should be taken with reference to his future conduct. On his way home from the bank he settled the manner of his pro-

cedure. The Callender family, outside of Phillida at most, did not know his man Robert. By sending the discreet Robert systematically with messages in Mrs. Hilbrough's name, those who attended the door would come to regard him as the Hilbrough messenger.

It was about five o'clock when Robert, under careful instructions, presented Mrs. Hilbrough's card at the Callender door. Unfortunately for Millard's plan, Mrs. Callender, despite Robert's hint that a verbal message would be sufficient, wrote her reply. When Robert put the note into Millard's hands he did not know what to do. His commission did not extend to opening a missive addressed to Mrs. Hilbrough. His first impulse was to despatch Robert with the note to Mrs. Hilbrough. But he remembered Mr. Hilbrough's apprehension of diphtheria, and that Robert had come from the infected house. He would send Mrs. Callender's note by a messenger. But, on second thought, the note would be a more deadly missile in Hilbrough's eyes than Robert, who had not gone beyond the vestibule of the Callender house. He therefore sent a note by a messenger, stating the case, and received in return permission to open all letters addressed to Mrs. Hilbrough which his man might bring away from the Callenders'. This scheme, by which Millard personated Mrs. Hilbrough, had so much the air of a romantic intrigue of the harmless variety that it fascinated Mrs. Hilbrough, who dearly loved a maneuver, and who would have given Millard permission to forge her name and seal his notes of inquiry with the recently discovered Hilbrough coat-of-arms, if such extreme measures had been necessary. Mrs. Callender's reply stated that Dr. Gunstone was hopeful, but that Phillida seemed pretty ill.

The next morning Millard's card with "Kind inquiries" was sent in, and the reply was returned that Phillida was no worse. Her mother showed her the card, and Phillida looked at it for half a minute and then wearily put it away. An hour later Robert appeared at the door with a bunch of callas, to which Mrs. Hilbrough's card was attached.

"Oh! see, Philly," said Agatha softly, "Mrs. Hilbrough has sent you some flowers."

Phillida reached her hand and touched them, gazed at them a moment, and then turned her head away, and began to weep.

"What is the matter, Philly? What are you crying about?" said her mother with solicitation.

"The flowers make me want to die."

"Why, how can the flowers trouble you?"

"They are just like what Charley used to send me. They remind me that there is nothing more for me but to die and have done with the world."

The flowers were put out of her sight; but Phillida's mind had fastened itself on those other callas whose mute appeal for Charley Millard, at the crisis of her history, had so deeply moved her, though her perverse conscience would not let her respond to it.

XXXVI.

MRS. BESWICK.

ABOUT the time that Phillida got her flowers Mrs. Beswick sat mending her husband's threadbare overcoat. His vigorous thumbs, in frequent fastening and loosening, had worn the cloth quite through in the neighborhood of the buttons. To repair this, she had cut little bits of the fabric off the overplus of cloth at the seams, and worked these little pieces through the holes, and then sewed the cloth down upon them so as to underlay the thumb-worn places. The buttonholes had also frayed out, and these had to be reworked.

"I declare, my love," she said, "you ought to have a new overcoat. This one is not decent enough for a man in your position to wear."

"It'll have to do till warm weather," he said; "I couldn't buy another if I wanted to."

"But you see, love, since Dr. Gunstone called you and sent a carriage for you, there's a chance for a better sort of practice, if we were only able to furnish the office a little better, and, above all, to get you a good overcoat. There, try that on and see how it looks."

Dr. Beswick drew the overcoat on, and Mrs. Beswick gave herself the pleasure of buttoning it about his manly form, and of turning the doctor around as a Bowery shopkeeper does a sidewalk dummy, to try the effect, smoothing the coat with her hands the while.

"That looks a good deal better, Mattie," he said.

"Yes; but it's fraying a little at the cuffs, and when it gives away there darning and patching won't save it. There, don't, don't, love, please; I'm in a hurry."

This last appeal was occasioned by the doctor's availing himself of her proximity to put his arm about her.

"Annie Jackson got twenty-five dollars for nursing the Martin child. Now, if I'd only done that."

"But you could n't, Mattie. You're a doctor's wife, and you owe it to your position not to go out nursing."

"I know. Never mind; your practice'll rise now that Dr. Gunstone has called you, and they sent a carriage with a coachman and a footman after you. That kind of thing makes an impression on the neighbors. I should n't wonder if you'd be able to keep your own car-

riage in a few years. I'm sure you've got as much ability as Dr. Gunstone, though you don't put on his stylish ways. But we must manage to get you a new overcoat before another winter. Take off the coat, quick."

The last words were the result of a ring at the door. The doctor slipped quickly out of his overcoat, laughing, and then instantly assumed his meditative office face, while Mrs. Beswick opened the door. There stood a man in shirt-sleeves who had come to get the doctor to go to the dry dock to see a workman who was suffering from an attack of cart-pin in the hands of a friend with whom he had been discussing municipal politics.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Beswick's wifely heart was gladdened by another ring. When she saw that the visitor was a fine-looking gentleman, scrupulously well-dressed, even to his gloves and cane, she felt that renown and wealth must be close at hand.

"Is Dr. Beswick in?" demanded the caller.

"He was called out in haste to see a patient, who—was—taken down very suddenly," she said; "but I expect him back every moment. Will you come in and wait?"

"Can I see Mrs. Beswick?" said the stranger, entering.

"I am Mrs. Beswick."

"I am Mr. Millard. My aunt, Mrs. Martin, referred me to you. The occasion of my coming is this: Miss Callender, while caring for my little cousin, has caught diphtheria."

"I'm so sorry. You mean the one they call the faith-doctor? She's such a sweet, ladylike person! She's been here to see the doctor. And you want Dr. Beswick to attend her?"

"No; the family have called Dr. Gunstone, who has been their physician before."

Mrs. Beswick was visibly disappointed. It seemed so long to wait until Dr. Beswick's transcendent ability should be recognized. She was tired of hearing of Gunstone.

"I would like to send a good nurse to care for Miss Callender," said Millard, "since she got her sickness by attention to my little cousin. My aunt, Mrs. Martin, said that the nurse Dr. Beswick sent to her child was a friend of yours, I believe."

"Yes; I was in the hospital with her. But you could n't get Miss Jackson, who nursed the little Martin boy. She's going to take charge of a case next week. It's a first-rate case that will last all summer. You could find a good nurse by going to the New York Hospital."

Millard looked hopeless. After a moment he said: "It would n't do. You see the family of Miss Callender would n't have me pay for a nurse if they knew about it. I thought I might

get this Miss Jackson to go in as an acquaintance, having known Miss Callender at the Martins'. They need n't know that I pay her. Don't you think I could put somebody in her place, and get her?"

"No; it's a long case, and it will give her a chance to go to the country, and the people have waited nearly a week to get her."

"I suppose I'll have to give it up. Unless—unless—"

Millard paused a moment. Then he said: "They say you are a trained nurse. If, how, I could coax you to go in as an acquaintance? You have met her, and you like her?"

"Oh, ever so much! She's so good and friendly. But I don't think I could go. The doctor's only beginning, but his practice is improving fast, and his position, you know, might be affected by my going out to nurse again."

But Mrs. Beswick looked a little excited, and Millard, making a hurried estimate of the Beswick financial condition from the few assets visible, concluded that the project was by no means hopeless.

"I would n't ask you to go out as a paid nurse. You would go and tender your services as a friend," he said.

"I'd feel like a wretch to be taking pay and pretending to do it all for kindness," said Mrs. Beswick, with a rueful laugh.

"Indeed, it would be a kindness, Mrs. Beswick, and it might save a valuable life."

"I don't know what to say till I consult the doctor," she said, dreaming of all the things she could do towards increasing the doctor's respectability if she had a little extra money. "I cannot see that it would hurt his practice if managed in that way."

"Indeed, it might help it," said Millard, seeing Mrs. Beswick's accessible point. "You'd make the friendship of people who are connected with the first families of the city, and you'd make the acquaintance of Dr. Gunstone, who would recognize you only as a friend of Miss Callender's."

"I'll speak to the doctor. I'm sure I would n't do it for any one else. I could n't stay away all the time, you know."

"Stay whatever time you can, and it will give me pleasure to pay you at the highest rate, for the service is a very delicate one."

"I'll feel like a liar," she said, with her head down, "pretending to do it all for nothing, though, indeed, I would n't go for anybody else."

"Oh, do it for nothing. We'll have no bargain. I'll make you a present when you are done."

"That'll be better," she said, though Millard himself could hardly see the difference.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Edward Eggleston.

'ZEKIL.



He lived alone in a weather-beaten log cabin built on the roadside at the edge of a rocky, sterile field, with a few stunted peach trees growing around it, and a wild grape-vine half covering the one slender oak shading the front yard. The house consisted of only one room, with a wide, deep fireplace in the north end, and a wide window to the south. The logs had shrunk apart, leaving airy cracks in the walls, and the front door creaked on one hinge, the other having rusted away.

But 'Zeki'l Morgan's ambition seemed satisfied when he came into possession of the house, the unproductive clearing around it, and the narrow strip of woodland bounding the richer farm beyond. From the cabin door could be seen the broken, picturesque hills marking the course of the Etowah River, with the Blue Ridge Mountains far beyond, and the Long Swamp range rising in the foreground.

Very little of 'Zeki'l's past history was known in Zion Hill settlement. He had walked into Mr. Davy Tanner's store one spring day, a dusty, penniless tramp, his clothes hanging loosely from his stooping shoulders, a small bundle in one hand, a rough walking-stick in the other. Mr. Davy Tanner was a soft-hearted old man, and the forlorn, friendless stranger appealed strangely to his sympathy, in spite of his candid statement that he had just finished a five-years' term in the penitentiary for horse-stealing.

"I tell you this, not because I think it's anything to boast of, but because I don't want to 'pear like I 'm deceivin' folks," he said in a dejected, melancholy tone, his face twitching, his eyes cast down. It was a haggard face, bleached to a dull pallor by prison life, every feature worn into deep lines. Evidently he had suffered beyond the punishment of the law, though how far it had eaten into his soul no man would ever learn, for after that simple statement of his crime and his servitude as a convict, he did not again, even remotely, touch upon his past, nor the inner history of his life. No palliative explanations were offered, no attempts made to soften the bare, disgraceful truth.

Mr. Davy Tanner was postmaster as well as merchant, and his store was the general rendezvous for the settlement. The women came to

buy snuff, and thread, and such cheap, simple materials as they needed for Sunday clothes; the men to get newspapers and the occasional letters coming for them, besides buying sugar and coffee, and talking over the affairs of the county and of Zion Hill church.

They looked on 'Zeki'l Morgan with distrust and contempt, and held coldly aloof from him. But at last a farmer, sorely in need of help, ventured to hire him, after talking it over with Mr. Davy Tanner.

"I tell you there ain't a mite o' harm in him."

"S'pose he runs away with my horse, Mr. Tanner?"

"I 'll stand for him if he does," said Mr. Davy Tanner, firmly. "I don't know any more th'n you about him, but I 'm willin' to trust him."

"That's the way you treat most o' the folks that come about you," said his neighbor, smiling.

"Well, I ain't lost anything by it. It puts a man on his mettle to trust him; gives him self-respect, if there 's any good in him."

All the year 'Zeki'l filled a hireling's place, working faithfully; but the next year he bought a steer, a few sticks of furniture, and, renting the cabin and rocky hillside from Mr. Davy Tanner, set up housekeeping, a yellow cur and an old violin his companions. Then he managed to buy the place, and settled down. On one side he had the Biggers' place, a fine, rich farm, and on the other Mr. Davy Tanner's store and Zion Hill church. He attended the church regularly, but always sat quietly, unobtrusively in a corner, an alien, a man forever set apart from other men.

As the years passed openly expressed distrust and prejudice died out, though he was never admitted to the inner life of the settlement. He did not seem to expect it, going his way quietly, and ever maintaining an impenetrable reserve about his own private history. Not even Mr. Davy Tanner could win him from that reticence, much as he desired to learn all about those long years of penal servitude and the life concealed behind them. He seemed to be without any ties of kindred or friendship, for the mail never brought anything to him, not even a newspaper.

But he seemed a kindly natured man, with a vein of irrepressible sociability running through him, in spite of his solitary ways of



"A DUSTY, PENNILESS TRAMP."

life. There were glimpses of humor occasionally, and had it not been for that cloud of shame hanging forbiddingly over him, he would have become a favorite with his neighbors.

Across the road, opposite his house, he set up a small blacksmith shop, and much of his idle time he spent in there, mending broken tools, sharpening dull plows, hammering patiently on the ringing red-hot iron. The smallest, simplest piece of work received the most careful attention, and the farmers recognized and appreciated his conscientiousness.

One summer afternoon as he was plowing in his cotton-field, a neighbor came along the road and, stopping at the fence, hailed him. He plowed to the end of the row, and halted.

"Good evenin', 'Zeki'l," said the man, mounting to the top of the fence, and sitting with his heels thrust through a crack in the lower rails.

"Howdy you do, Marshall? What 's the news down your way?" 'Zeki'l inquired, drawing his shirt-sleeve across his face, and leaning on the plow-handles.

"I don't know as there 's much to tell. Billy Hutchins an' Sary Ann McNally run away an' got married last night, an' old Miss Gillis is mighty nigh dead with the ja'nders. A punkin could n't look yallerer." He opened his knife, and ran his fingers along the rail in

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search of a splinter to whittle. "Old man Biggers has sold his place at last."

"Has he?"

"Yes; I met him down at the store, an' he said the trade had been made."

"He 's bound to go to Texas."

"Yes; so he 'lows."

"Well, old Georgy is good enough for me," 'Zeki'l remarked, with a pleased glance at his sterile fields.

"An' for me," said Marshall, heartily. "Wanderin' 'round don't make folks 'rich. Biggers owns the best place in this settlement, an' he 'd better stay on it. It won't do to believe all the tales they tell about these new States. I had a brother to go to Louisiany before the war. Folks said, 'Don't take anything with you; why, money mighty nigh grows on bushes out there.' His wife took the greatest pride in her feather beds, but what would be the use o' haulin' them beds all the way across the Mississippi, when you could rake up feathers by the bushel anywhere? Well, they went, an' for the whole endurin' time they stayed they had to sleep on moss mattresses, an' my brother 'lowed it was about the meanest stuff to hill he ever struck. If you did n't b'il it, an' hang it, an' do the Lord only knows what to it, it would grow an' burst out of the beds when you were sleepin' on them." 'Zeki'l's attention did not follow those reminiscent remarks. "Who bought the Biggers' place?" he inquired, as soon as Marshall ceased speaking.

"A man he met in Atlanta when he went down the last time, a man from one of the lower counties, an' his name—why, yes, to be sure, it's Morgan, same as yours—'Lijy Morgan. May be you know him," with a sharp, questioning glance.

But the momentary flush of emotion that the stranger's name had called to 'Zeki'l's face was gone.

"I don't know as I do," he slowly replied, staring at a scrubby cotton-stalk the muzzled ox was making ineffectual attempts to eat.

"I 'lowed may be he might be some kin to you," said Marshall, in a baffled tone.

"I don't know as he is," said 'Zeki'l, still in that slow, dry, non-committal tone, his eyes leaving the cotton-stalk to follow the swift, noiseless flight of a cloud-shadow across a distant hillside. "Morgan is n't an uncommon name, you know."

"That 's so," reluctantly admitted Marshall.

"When does Mr. Biggers think o' goin' to Texas?"

"Oh, not until after crops are gathered."

"The other family is n't to come then right away?"

"No; not till fall."

After Marshall had whittled, and gossiped, and gone his way, 'Zeki'l stood a long time with his hands resting on the plow-handles, his brows drawn together in deep thought. Some painful struggle seemed to be going on. The crickets shrilled loudly in the brown sedge bordering a dry ditch, and a vulture sailed majestically round and round above the field, his broad black wings outspread on the quivering air. The cloud-shadows on the river-hills assumed new form, shifted, swept away, and others came in their places, and the vulture had become a mere speck, a floating mote in

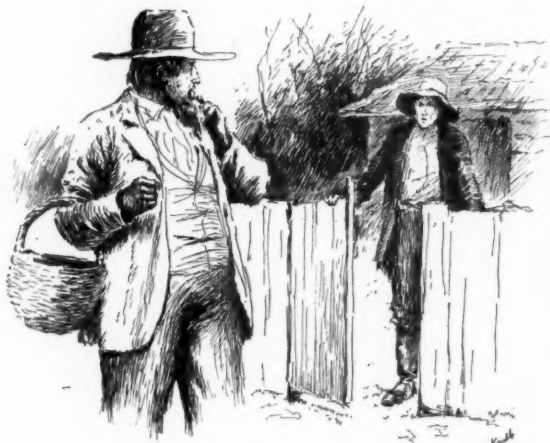
Mr. Davy Tanner's store. He was a strong-looking, well-built man, with rugged features and hair partly gray. He looked curiously at the solitary, stooping figure inside the gate, his steps slackened, then he stopped altogether, a grayish pallor overspreading the healthy, ruddy hue of his face.

"'Zeki'l!"

'Zeki'l dropped the corn, and thrust open the gate.

"Howdy you do, 'Lijy?"

Their hands met in a quick, close grip, then fell apart.



"HOWDY YOU DO, 'LIJY?"

the upper sunlight, before he turned the patient ox into another furrow, murmuring aloud:

"I did n't go to them, an' if they come to me, I can't help it. I am not to blame; the Almighty knows I'm not to blame"; and his overcast face cleared somewhat.

That night when Mr. Davy Tanner closed his store and went home he said to his wife:

"'Zeki'l Morgan must be lonesome, or pestered about somethin'. You 'd think that old fiddle o' his could talk an' cry too from the way he 's playin'."

The season advanced; crops were gathered, and the shorn fields looked brown and bare. A sere, withering frost touched the forests, and the leaves fell in drifts, while the partridge called to his mate from fence and sedgy court. A light snowfall lay on the distant mountains when the Biggerses started to the West and the new family of Morgans moved into Zion Hill settlement.

It was the third day after their arrival. 'Zeki'l leaned over the front gate with an armful of corn, feeding two fat pigs, when 'Lijy Morgan passed along the road on his way to

"I like not to have known you, 'Zeki'l, it was so unexpected seein' you here," said 'Lijy, huskily, scanning the worn, deeply lined face before him with glad yet shrinking gaze.

"An' twelve years make a great difference in our looks sometimes, though you are not so much changed," said 'Zeki'l, quietly. He had been prepared for the meeting, and years of self-mastery had given him the power of concealing emotion.

"Twelve years? Yes; but it has seemed like twenty to me since—since it all happened. Why did n't you come home, 'Zeki'l, when your time was out?"

"I 'lowed the sight o' me would n't be good for you, 'Lijy; an'—an' the old folks were gone."

"Yes; it killed them, 'Zeki'l, it killed them," in a choked voice.

"I know," said 'Zeki'l, hastily, his face blanching; "an' I thought it would be best to make a new start in a new settlement."

"Do the folks here know?"

"That I served my time? Yes; but that's all. When I heard that you had bought the

Biggers' place I studied hard about movin' away, but I like it here. It's beginnin' to seem like home."

'Lijj stared at the poor cabin, the stunted, naked peach trees, so cold and dreary-looking in the wintry dusk.

"Is it yours, 'Zeki'l?"

"Yes; it's mine, all mine. Come in and sit awhile with me, an' warm. It's goin' to be a nippin' cold night."

He turned, and 'Lijj silently followed him across the bare yard and into the house. A flickering fire sent its warm glow throughout the room, touching its meager furnishing with softening grace, but a chill struck to 'Lijj Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill of desolation.

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yes; all alone, except Rover and the fiddle."

The cur rose up from the hearth with a wag of his stumpy tail, and gave the visitor a glance of welcome from his mild, friendly eyes.

There were only two chairs in the room, and 'Zeki'l placed the best one before the fire for his guest, then threw on some fresh pieces of wood. Outside the dusky twilight deepened to night, the orange glow fading from the west, and the stars shining brilliantly through the clear atmosphere. The chill wind whistled around the chimney-corners and through the chinks in the log walls.

Between the men a constrained silence fell. The meeting had been painful beyond the open acknowledgment of either. The dog crept to his master's side and thrust his nose into his hand. The touch roused 'Zeki'l. From the jamb he took a cob pipe and a twist of tobacco.

"Will you smoke, 'Lijj?"

"I believe not; but I'll take a chew."

He cut off a liberal mouthful, and then 'Zeki'l filled and lighted his pipe. It seemed to loosen his tongue somewhat.

"Is Marthy Ann well enough?"

"She's tolerable."

"How many children have you?"

"Three; the girls, Cynthy an' Mary—"

"I remember them."

"An' little Zeke."

'Zeki'l's face flushed.

"Named him for me, 'Lijj?"

"Yes; for you. Cynthy's about grown now, an' a likely girl, I can tell you."

His face softened; his eyes grew bright with pride and tenderness as he spoke of his children. 'Zeki'l watched him, noting the change in his countenance, and perhaps feeling some pain and regret that he had missed such pleasure. 'Lijj reached out his hand and laid it on his knee. "'Zeki'l, you must come live with us now. I'll tell these folks we are brothers, an'—"

"I don't know as I would," said 'Zeki'l, gently. "It would only make talk, an' I'm settled here, you know."

His unimpassioned tone had its effect on his brother. He protested, but rather faintly, finally saying:

"Well, if you'd rather not."

"That's just it. I'd rather not."

They both rose, and 'Lijj groped uncertainly for his hat.

"Your life ain't worth much to you, 'Zeki'l. I know it ain't," with uncontrollable emotion.

"It's worth more'n you think, 'Lijj, more'n you think."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and cleared his throat as though to speak again, but his brother had reached the door before he called to him.

"'Lijj."

"Well?"

"What became o' 'Lizabeth?"

"She's still livin' with us."

He peered into the bowl of the pipe.

"She's never married?"

"No. She had a fall about ten years ago which left her a cripple, an' she's grayer than I am. You're not comin' to see us, 'Zeki'l?"

"I reckon not, 'Lijj." And while 'Lijj stumbled through the darkness home—his errand to the store forgotten—'Zeki'l stood before the fire, one arm resting against the black, cobwebby mantel. "Crippled an' gray! O 'Lizabeth, 'Lizabeth!" he groaned, and put his head down on his arm, the twelve years rolling backward upon him.

"Where have you been, 'Lijj?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan when her husband returned. "We waited an' waited for you, till the supper was spoiled."

"I met a man I used to know," he said, evasively, casting a wistful, troubled glance towards the corner where 'Lizabeth, his wife's sister, sat knitting, a crutch lying at her side.

Cynthia, a rosy, merry-eyed girl, laughed.

"Pa is always meetin' a man he knows."

Mrs. Morgan began hastily removing the covered dishes from the hearth to the table.

"Well, where is the sugar you went over to the store to get?" she demanded with some irritation.

"I forgot it, Marthy. I'll go for it in the mornin'," in a confused, propitiatory tone.

She stared at him.

"I never! Forgot what you went after! You beat all, 'Lijj Morgan; you certainly do beat all."

"The man must 'a' sent your wits wool-gatherin', pa," cried Cynthia, jocosely.

'Lizabeth leaned forward. Her face was long, thin, and pale, and the smooth hair framing it glistened like silver in the firelight;

but her dark eyes were wonderfully soft and beautiful, and her mouth had chastened, tender lines about it.

"Are you sick, 'Lijy?" she inquired, in a gentle, subdued voice, a voice with much underlying, patient sweetness in it.

Morgan gave her a grateful look. "N-no; but I don't think I care for any supper," he said slowly. "I 'll step out an' see if the stock has all been fed."

When he returned Mrs. Morgan sat by the fire alone. He looked hastily about the room.

"Where is Cynthia?"

"Gone to bed."

"An' 'Lizabeth?"

"She 's off too."

He drew a sigh of relief, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze.

"Marthy Ann, it was 'Zeki'l I saw this evenin'."

She dropped the coarse garment she was mending.

"'Zeki'l."

"Hush! Yes; he lives up on the hill between here an' the store"; and then he went on to tell her about their meeting and conversation. Her hard, sharp-featured face softened a little when he came to 'Zeki'l's refusal to live with them or to have their kinship acknowledged.

"I 'm glad to see he 's got that much consideration. We left the old place because folks could n't forget how he 'd disgraced himself; an' to come right where he is! I never heard of anything like it. Why did n't he leave the State if he wanted to save us more trouble?" wiping tears of vexation from her eyes. "You spent nearly all you had to get him out of prison, an' when he had to go to the penitentiary it killed his pa an' ma, an—"

"Be silent, woman; you don't know what you are talkin' about," he said sternly, writhing in his chair like a creature in bodily pain. "God A'mighty forgive me!" He paused, smote his knee with his open palm, and turned his face away.

"Well, if I don't know what I 'm talkin' about, I 'd like to know the reason," she cried, with the same angry excitement. "You ain't been like the same man you were before that happened, you know you ain't. I 'll never be willin' to claim kin with 'Zeki'l Morgan again, never. Folks may find it out for themselves; an' they 'll do it soon enough, don't you be pestered, soon enough."

But not a suspicion of the truth seemed to occur to Zion Hill settlement. The Morgans were welcomed with great friendliness, and 'Zeki'l alone failed to visit them. Children sat around his brother's fireside, a wife ministered to him; but he had forfeited all claim to such

heavenly joys. The girls had evidently been informed of his relationship to them, for they looked askance at him as they passed along the road, pity and curiosity in their eyes. Once he came out of the blacksmith shop, and, meeting his sister-in-law in the roadway, stopped her, or she would have passed with averted head.

"You need n't be so careful, Marthy Ann," he said, without the slightest touch of bitterness in his calm tone.

"It is for the children's sake, 'Zeki'l," she said, her shallow face flushing with a feeling akin to shame. "I must think o' them."

He gave her a strange glance, then looked to the ground.

"I know; I thought o' them years ago."

"It 's a pity you did n't think before—"

"Yes, so it is; but some deeds are n't to be accounted for, nor recalled either, no matter how deeply we repent."

"We sold out for the children's sake, but, Lord! I 'm pestered now more than ever."

"Because I 'm here?"

"Well, it is not reasonable to think we can all go right on livin' here an' folks not find out you an' 'Lijy are brothers."

"What would you like for me to do, Marthy Ann?"

She hesitated a moment, then drew a little nearer to him.

"Could n't you go away? You 've got nobody but yourself to think about, an' I know in reason 'Lijy would be glad to buy your place," with a careless, half-contemptuous glance at the cabin.

A dull flush passed over his face; his mouth twitched.

"Does 'Lijy want me to go?"

"He ain't said so; but—"

"I 'll think about it," he said slowly, turning back to the smithy, where a red-hot tool awaited his hammer.

But thinking about it only seemed to bind his heart more closely than ever to the arid spot he called home. He had looked forward to spending all the remaining years of his broken, ruined life there, far from the world and from those who had known him in the past. Then a great desire had risen within him to remain near 'Lizabeth. He shrank from the thought of meeting her, speaking to her, and felt rather glad that she did not appear at church. A few times in passing he had caught a glimpse of her walking about the yard or garden in the winter sunshine, leaning on her crutch, and the sight had sent him on his way with downcast face. He had just sat down before the fire to smoke one evening when there came a timid knock on the door. It was just between daylight and darkness, and he

supposed it to be some neighbor on his way to or from the store who wished to drop in to warm himself and gossip a little.

"Come in," he said hospitably, and, reaching out, drew the other chair nearer the fire.

The latch was slowly lifted, the door swung open, and then he started to his feet, pipe and tobacco falling to the floor, while his face flushed and paled and his breath came in a sharp sigh. It was 'Lizabeth, her bonnet pushed back, her shawl hanging loosely around her shoulders.

"I've been to the store for Marthy Ann. I wanted to go to get out away from the house

by trial and conviction, had put an end to all hopes, all plans.

"You see I 'm a cripple now, 'Zeki'l," she said to break the silence.

"An' I've grown old," he replied, and their eyes met again in a long, eloquent, steadfast gaze, and they knew that neither age, nor affliction, nor shame, nor separation had wrought any change in their love. It had only grown stronger and deeper. Her thin face flushed, her trembling fingers gathered up a fold of her gown.

"Why don't you come to see us, 'Zeki'l?"

"I can't, 'Lizabeth; I can't. It would n't be right. Don't you know I 've been longin' to come, an' hungerin' an' hungerin' to see you?" He flung himself on the floor at her feet, his face hidden against her knees. "You don't know all; you don't know all." The words were wrung from him by an almost uncontrollable desire to tell her the story of his sufferings. She had not turned against him nor forgotten him. It was almost more than he could bear, to read in her eyes her faith and her pardon. He felt the touch of her hand on his bared head, and tears gushed from his eyes.

"Can't you tell me?" she whispered, her face, her eyes, illuminated by a pity and tenderness divine in their beauty.

"No, honey; it's somethin' I must bear alone, I must bear alone."

He rose to his feet again, brushing his sleeve across his eyes, and she stood up also, leaning on her crutch, the transient glow of color fading from her face.

"You should n't bear it alone if I did n't have this lameness. You—"

"Hush!" he said, and, taking her hand, pressed it against his breast. "Do you think your lameness would make any difference? Would n't I love you all the more, take care o' you all the better, for it? It's the disgrace, the shame, standin' between us. I 'll never outlive it, get rid of it, an' I 'll never ask any woman to share it. I could n't."

Her physical infirmity held her silent. She would be a care and a burden to him rather than a help. She drew up her shawl.

"The Almighty comfort you, 'Zeki'l."

"An' take care o' you, 'Lizabeth."



"DO YOU THINK YOUR LAMENESS WOULD MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?"

a little while, and I thought I'd step in for a minute, 'Zeki'l, to see you."

"You are tired; come an' sit down," he said huskily, and led her to the chair.

What emotion those simple, commonplace words covered! They looked at each other, silently noting the changes time and sorrow had wrought. They had never been openly declared lovers, but words were not needed for them to understand each other, and they knew that they would marry when she had finished her term as teacher in the county school, and he had built a house on the lot of land his father had given him. But that shameful, undenied accusation of horse-stealing, followed swiftly

He took her hand in a grasp painful in its closeness, then he turned and leaned against the mantel, and she went softly out of the room.

WINTER passed. The frost-bound earth sent up faint scents and sounds of spring in fresh-plowed fields and swelling buds. 'Zeki'l wandered about his fields in idleness, striving to make up his mind to go away. It would be best, yet the sacrifice seemed cruel.

"It is more than I can bear," he cried aloud one night, and strained one of the violin-strings until it snapped asunder. He laid the instrument across his knees and leaned his head upon it. The candle burned dimly, and a bat flew in through the open door, circled around the room, at last extinguishing the feeble light with one of its outspread wings. But the unhappy man did not heed the gloom. Why should he care to have a light for his eyes when his soul was in such darkness? He groped his way to the bed, and fell down upon it. Rover came back from a nightly prowling, barked to let his master know of his presence, then lay down on the doorstep.

The sound of music vibrated through the air, and 'Zeki'l remembered that the young people of the settlement were to have a "singing" at his brother's that evening. He raised his head and listened. They were singing hymns, and many of them were associated with recollections of his own youth. A line of Tom Moore's "Come, ye disconsolate," once a special favorite when sorrow seemed far from him, was borne to his ears:

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

He lay down and slept.

At dusk the next evening, as he was heating a piece of iron in the blacksmith shop, a man stopped at the wide, open door.

"Will you give me a night's lodging? I have walked far to-day, and I'm a stranger in this part of the country."

'Zeki'l wheeled, the light from the forge shining across his face. It brought out the stranger's face and form in bold relief also.

"Why, it's Zeke Morgan," he cried, walking into the shop.

"Yes; I thought I recognized your voice, Miller," said 'Zeki'l, slowly, and without much pleasure at the recognition.

They had been in prison together, and 'Zeki'l had left Miller there. He had never felt any liking for the man, and less now than ever, as he looked at his ragged clothing and dissipated face. He had evidently been steadily sinking in vice, and its repulsiveness was impressed upon his outward being. But a certain pity stirred 'Zeki'l's heart. He remembered his own

friendlessness when he entered that settlement. Could he show less mercy than had been shown to him?

"Sit down, won't you?" he said kindly, blowing up the coals in the forge to a glowing heat.

"That I will. I'm footsore, and hungry as a bear. I'm in luck to meet with you, comrade," chuckling.

'Zeki'l winced. The man's familiarity grated upon him.

"Where are you goin'?" he inquired.

"Oh, nowhere in particular. I'm just out."

"Why, I thought your time would be up in two years after I left."

Miller shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; but I made so many attempts to escape that they kept adding extra time to my term."

He sat down while 'Zeki'l finished his work.

"You seem to be getting on pretty well," he continued, his restless eyes scanning the surroundings.

"Only tolerable."

Two or three of the neighbors dropped in, one to leave a broken plow, another to tell a bit of gossip. They stared curiously at 'Zeki'l's disreputable companion, who jocosely informed them that Morgan had once been his chum.

'Zeki'l felt annoyed, and, closing up the shop, invited his guest into the house. They had supper, then sat down and smoked. Miller talked a good deal, and asked many questions about the neighborhood and the store; but at last he fell asleep, huddled up on the bed, and 'Zeki'l lay down on a bench, recollections of his prison life keeping him awake far into the night. When he awoke the next morning his guest was gone. He was glad of it. The man's presence oppressed him, brought a sense of degradation. But what were his feelings when he heard that Mr. Davy Tanner's store had been robbed, the mail-box rifled, letters torn open, and various articles of wearing apparel taken!

He grew so pale, seemed so agitated and confused, that the man who had come up to tell the news stared wonderingly, half-suspiciously at him. He had brought the plow to the shop the evening before, and he now looked around for the stranger.

"Where is your friend?" he inquired.

"He is no friend of mine."

"But he 'lowed that he knew you."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In prison," said 'Zeki'l, quietly, though he flushed with shame.

"Aha! I 'lowed so, I just 'lowed so, last night."

'Zeki'l tingled all over. He had never felt the degradation of being a convict more heavily

than at that moment. He suspected Miller of the theft, this man's tone implied that he suspected them both. It showed how slight a hold he had upon the trust of his neighbors if they could so readily believe that he would rob the best friend he had in the settlement. He went into the house, and sat down by the hearth, his head leaned between his hands.

News of the robbery spread, and men left their work to go over to the store, stirred up, pleasantly excited. It was not often that Zion Hill settlement could boast of having anything so important as this robbery take place within its limits, and it must be made the most of.

'Zeki'l held aloof from the store, where he knew a large crowd had collected, but later in the day a small delegation came up to interview him. He read suspicion in every face, indignation in every eye. His quiet, honest life among them had been forgotten; they remembered only that he had been a convict.

"Once a thief, always a thief, I say," one man cried loudly.

'Zeki'l clenched his hands, but what could he say in self-defense? He made a clear, straightforward statement of all he knew about Miller, earnestly denying all knowledge of the robbery, but he felt the slight impression it made on their doubting minds. They did not openly accuse him, but they asked many questions, they exchanged knowing glances, and when they went away he felt that he had been tried and condemned. The sheriff had gone in pursuit of Miller, and all day groups of men sat or stood about the store whittling sticks, chewing tobacco, and talking. It was a most enjoyable day to them. It afforded excitement, and gave an opportunity to air opinions, to bring forth old prejudices. There was almost universal condemnation of 'Zeki'l. He had entertained the thief, had given him all the information necessary, and the more bitter ones wagged their heads and said that no doubt he had shared in the spoils. Even Mr. Davy Tanner looked sad and doubtful, though he defended the unfortunate man.

"We've no right ever to accuse a person without evidence o' guilt. We don't know even that this other man had anything to do with it,—though circumstances do all p'int that way,—let alone 'Zeki'l Morgan. It's best to hold our peace till we find out the truth."

"But it looks mighty suspicious ag'in' 'Zeki'l."

"Because he's been in the penitentiary, an' we think he's got a bad name by it."

"Well, ain't that enough to set honest men ag'in' him?"

"Yes; but it ain't best to always judge a man by his misdeeds in the past, but rather by

his good deeds in the present, an' what they promise for the future."

"Why not, when it's accordin' to scriptur'?"

So the talk went on, while 'Zeki'l sat by his fireless hearth or walked aimlessly up and down the yard. At dusk his brother called, looking almost as haggard as he did.

"It's a bad thing, 'Zeki'l."

"Yes," said 'Zeki'l, listlessly.

"They are fools to think you had anything to do with it, plumb fools."

"It's natural they should, 'Lijy."

"I can't stand it, 'Zeki'l. Lord! I can't stand it."

He fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Chut, man! what does it matter?" said 'Zeki'l, bracing himself up and forcing a smile. "Don't let 'Lizabeth believe it, that's all I ask."

"She'll never believe it."

"It's all right then; I'll not care what the rest o' the world thinks."

"But I do," cried 'Lijy, starting up, "an' I'll put an end to it by —"

"You'll not do anything rash, 'Lijy," said 'Zeki'l, firmly, quietly, and laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "Recollect your family."

He looked slight and insignificant by the side of his brother, but his face had a strength and calmness which seemed to give it a power the other lacked. 'Lijy groaned, and turned tremblingly away.

A week passed, but Zion Hill settlement could not go back to its every-day vocations until somebody had been arrested for the robbery. The man Miller seemed to be wary prey, eluding his pursuers with the crafty skill of an old offender. It was a solitary week to 'Zeki'l. He had been completely ostracized by his neighbors. They openly shunned him, and no more work came to his forge. He stood in the empty shop one day wondering what he should do next, where he should go, when 'Lizabeth walked slowly, quietly in.

He flushed painfully.

"You see I'm idle," he said, pointing to the dead coals in the forge. "They don't think I'm worthy o' doin' their work any longer."

"I would n't mind," she said, tenderly, laying her hand on his arm. "They'll see they are mistaken after a while, and be glad enough to come back to you."

"I don't know," with a heavy sigh. "It's the injustice that hurts me, an' the lack o' faith in my honesty. The years I've lived here count for nothin' with them."

"I have faith in you, 'Zeki'l."

He laid his hand over hers.

"If I had you, 'Lizabeth, if I only had you to help me bear it."

"That 's what I 've come for, 'Zeki'l. I 'm crippled. It may be that I 'll turn out to be more of a burden than a comfort to you, but I can't sit down there any longer knowin' you are here slighted and sufferin' all alone. 'Zeki'l, have pity on me, if you 've none on yourself, and let me bear this trouble with you."

He trembled before the future her words conjured up.

such a conversation; but they paid little heed to their surroundings.

"Marthy Ann will never get over your marryin' me," said 'Zeki'l.

"Then she can make the best of it."

The next day was Saturday, and regular "meetin'" day at Zion Hill church. Everybody in the settlement who could attended services that day. The Morgans were all



"THE SHERIFF, TWO DEPUTIES, AND MILLER."

"Could you, would you, be willin' to bear my disgrace, share it, be shunned like a plague, have no company, no friend, but me?"

"What are friends to the one we love, or company? I 'd give up all the world, 'Zeki'l, willin'ly, willin'ly, for you."

He looked into her deep, earnest eyes, realized the full truth of her words, and drew her closer to him.

"It 's a great sacrifice, 'Lizabeth, an' I 'm wrong to let you make it; but—the Lord forgive me! I can't hold out alone any longer. My will an' my courage are all broke down. I need help, I need you."

After a momentary silence he dusted a bench, and they sat down to talk over their plans for the future. The shop, black with charcoal and iron dust, was a queer place for

there, even 'Lizabeth, and 'Zeki'l sat in his accustomed place, apparently unmindful of the cold, hostile glances and whispers around him. Through open doors and windows shone golden sunlight, floated spicy odors from the woods surrounding all but the front of the church, which faced the public road; and vagrant bees mingled their lazy hum with the champing of bits and the stamping of iron-shod hoofs in the thickets, where the mules and the horses were tied.

It was a quiet but alert congregation. A kind of expectancy, of suspense, filled the air. No telling what might happen before the day was over. The preacher made the robbery the theme of his discourse, and there were nods and approving looks when he referred to the punishment laid up for those who per-

sisted in doing evil. It was a fitting finale that just before the benediction was pronounced a small cavalcade rode up to the church door—the sheriff, two deputies, and Miller. A thrill ran through the church, a rustle, a whisper, and the preacher cried aloud to the sheriff:

“What do you want, Brother Mangum?”

“Zeki’l Morgan.”

“Here he is, here he is,” cried more than one voice, and men rose to their feet and laid eager hands on the unresisting Zeki’l.

“What do you want him for?” cried Lijy Morgan, rising from his seat in the deacons’ corner. “What’s he done?”

“Helped to rob the store.”

“We’ve said so, we’ve said so, ever since it happened,” a chorus of stern but triumphant voices exclaimed.

“Bring up the witness ag’in’ him, the man that says he did it,” said Lijy, advancing to the open space before the pulpit.

“No man has said out an’ out that he helped to do it, but Miller—”

“It’s a lie,” cried Lijy, loud enough to be heard beyond the church door.

Zeki’l’s eyes were fixed anxiously, warningly, on his brother, and once he tried to throw off the hands holding him.

“Prove it then,” a taunting voice cried out.

“I will,” said Lijy, though he grew pale, and trembled strangely. “A more honest man than Zeki’l Morgan never lived.”

“What do you know of him?”

Again Zeki’l strove to free himself, but failed.

“Lijy,” he called imploringly, “Lijy, Lijy, mind what you say!”

Lijy looked across at him.

“I will mind the truth, Zeki’l.” He turned to the congregation.

“I came here with good recommendations,

brethren; I am a deacon o’ the church; you have faith in my integrity, my honor.” An approving murmur went up. “If a dozen thieves were to stop at my house there’d be no suspicion against me.” He paused, passed his hand over his face, then looked up again. “Years ago there were two brothers in this State who grew up together happy and contented. The elder one was always a little wild, and would get drunk sometimes, even after he’d married and had a family to look after, but the younger was the steadiest, best boy in the settlement. One night the elder brother, in a fit of drunken recklessness, stole a horse from the camp of a Kentucky drover, an’ nobody found it out but his brother, who undertook to return the horse, an’ was arrested. He took the guilt, he stood the trial, an’ went to the penitentiary. He lost his good name, the girl he loved, his home, everything in the world an’ honest man values. He served his time, an’ instead o’ comin’ home to be a reproach to his cowardly brother when free, he went away into a strange settlement to live. An’ by an’ by his brother moved there too, an’ his conscience hurt him more an’ more as he saw what a sad, lonesome life the convict lived. He was prosperous, he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-men, while the other was shunned, and regarded with distrust.” Emotion checked his utterance for a moment; then he turned and pointed to Zeki’l. “Brethren, look at that man; look without prejudice or suspicion, an’ you’ll not see guilt in his face nor on his conscience. There never lived a truer hero than Zeki’l Morgan. Nobody should know it better than I, for I am the brother whose crime he suffered for.”

Then he walked across the floor to Zeki’l’s side in the midst of the deepest silence which had ever fallen upon a congregation in Zion Hill church.

Matt Crim.

DE MORTE BEATA.

I THINK, when Death’s irrevocable touch
Shall find this heart and bid its fevers die,
I shall not meet him with brave words, nor sigh,
As others do, “Alas, I lose so much!”
Nor shall I grasp, as drowning men will clutch
A fellow struggler, some friend standing by,
And drag from sorrow—O base tyranny!—
The frantic vows which mourners make for such.
Rather, O Death,—who dost in silence lay
Upon our babbling lips thy potent kiss,
To quiet us, and soothe life’s last fierce pain,—
Thy strong, strange love-touch I would meet again
With speechless passion, with responsive bliss,
And give thee all I have, thy love to pay.

Theodore C. Williams.

PRESENT-DAY PAPERS.

CONTRIBUTED BY THE SOCIOLOGICAL GROUP.

CHARLES W. SHIELDS.
HENRY C. POTTER.
THEODORE T. MUNGER.
WM. CHAUNCY LANGDON.
SAMUEL W. DIKE.

SETH LOW.
RICHARD T. ELY.
HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.
CHARLES A. BRIGGS.
WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.
WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, JR.
EDWARD J. PHELPS.
WILLIAM M. SLOANE.
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE question of city government divides itself naturally into two parts. First, what ought a city to undertake to do? Secondly, under what form of organization ought it to try to realize the purposes of its existence? The first of these questions is pertinent, because in the eye of the law a city is altogether an artificial creation. It is in fact what it is sometimes called, a municipal corporation. Nothing is better settled in every State in the Union than that the legislature of the State, unless it be limited by the State constitution, has absolute and arbitrary control over a city's charter. The State may grant a city charter or revoke it. The State may enlarge the powers granted to the city or it may diminish them; it may assign duties under the city charter to officers elected by the people, or to officers named by the governor, or designated by itself. In other words, the municipal corporation is the creature of the legislative power of the State precisely as any other corporation is; though it must be admitted that powers are usually granted to municipal corporations as agents of the State different in kind from powers granted to other corporations. Both of these characteristics must be borne in mind because many of our misconceptions concerning cities have arisen from the absence of close thinking concerning their nature. It has been customary in popular thought to emphasize the aspects of a city in which it is merely an agent for the State almost to the exclusion of those aspects of the city in which it is merely a corporation organized to attend to its own business. In consequence, our cities have been organized as though they were, in themselves, little states. The business side of their activity has been almost lost sight of both in the framing of the charter and on election day. It is important, therefore, to remember that a city has not a single attribute of sovereignty. The legislature of the State has unlimited authority as representing the sovereignty of the people,

except where the authority is limited by the people speaking through the State constitution or through the Constitution of the United States. In other words, there is not the slightest resemblance between a city and the work which it is called upon to do under its charter, and the governmental work either of one of the States or of the United States.

A BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

It would clear away much misconception if the popular body in cities, instead of being spoken of and thought of as a local legislature, could be looked upon and considered as a board of directors. One of the most important grants wherein the powers of such a body in cities seem to pass beyond the functions of a board of directors is the right to adopt ordinances which are enforced by the police; but even as to this power it is to be borne in mind that city ordinances have no original authority. They are constantly declared invalid by the courts because they contravene statutes of the legislature or deal with matters not covered by the grant of power to the city corporation. The inferences to be drawn from this discussion are two. First, that the whole question as to what ought to be the business of the city, and as to the best method of conducting this business, is fairly open to discussion; second, that the question is one involving good judgment only. It does not involve the liberties of the people or touch any of the inherent rights of citizenship.

ATTITUDE OF LEGISLATURE.

MANIFESTLY there are three attitudes which the legislature may hold as towards the government of cities. It may devolve upon the people of the city, through their charter, complete control of all their affairs, including the right to borrow money, to undertake public

works, to carry on, as part of the business of the municipality, water-works, gas-works, street railroads, or, for that matter, anything which the broadest interpretation might conceive to be properly municipal business. A striking illustration of the extent to which a legislature has been willing to go in granting to a city unusual powers of a business character is afforded by Cincinnati. The city of Cincinnati, under the authority of the legislature of the State of Ohio, has constructed a railroad, the Cincinnati Southern, three hundred miles long, across the States of Kentucky and Tennessee from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, so that, of the whole road, a single terminus only is in the State of Ohio. Naturally the city of Cincinnati was obliged to comply with the railroad laws of Kentucky and Tennessee in securing the right of way and the like, precisely as any other corporation would have done; but the striking fact is that an Ohio city was authorized to expend eighteen or twenty millions of dollars outside of the limits of Ohio simply to enlarge its business facilities. Plainly this was a grant of business, not of governmental, powers. Again, the legislature may give to the city the smallest possible control of its local affairs, interfering arbitrarily in the details of its action, compelling the undertaking of public works by mandatory acts, appointing special officers or commissions for the discharge of local duties, and the like. In Tennessee the city of Memphis has surrendered its charter, and the business and governmental work of the former city are carried on by a State commission having charge of what is known as the Memphis taxing-district. Or yet again, the legislature may seek to find between these two extremes some mean which, taken as a whole, promises the best results. In Europe, both in England and on the continent, still another method has been resorted to. The local authorities have been given extensive powers the use of which is subject to review by a central administrative board. So far as I am aware, the American objection to centralization has prevented any resort here to this method.

It probably is a safe generalization to say that early American charters gave to the cities a large measure of home rule; in some cases, apparently, including the right to borrow money without specific authorization, and generally to control their local affairs pretty much as they pleased, though the business activities of such cities, so far as public works are concerned, were limited, for the most part, to the conduct of water-works and public markets. But these in the early days were almost the only business enterprises into which cities were likely to be tempted. No one will deny that a charter with large powers is the ideal charter, to be worthy

of which every city ought to strive. But it must not be forgotten that this type of charter has been largely abandoned in the United States, because experience has shown that under the conditions actually existing, certainly in our large cities, the city government has not shown itself worthy to be trusted with powers so extensive. The great failure, which has made every other possible, has developed in the popular body which men are so apt to speak of as the city legislature. Should men learn to think of the common council as a board of directors rather than as a legislature, much would be gained. The moment this name is given to the body it becomes apparent why the business of cities has been so frequently mismanaged. No business within the city could be successfully managed by the bodies to whom has been committed oftentimes the oversight of city affairs. Often they have been found wanting both in intelligence and in integrity, and until some way is discovered to procure for cities a popular body for the conduct of their business which will command public confidence and regard, it seems to be idle to claim that enlarged inherent powers should be intrusted to them. It is claimed, I know, that better men would be selected for these bodies if the work committed to them was of sufficient importance to be attractive to better men. There is doubtless an element of truth in this proposition. But the Biblical rule would appear to be the sound rule for cities as for individuals; one must be faithful over a few things before he is made ruler over many things; and until our American cities demonstrate their capacity to do a few things well, it would seem to be clearly unwise to enlarge their inherent powers upon the theory that because they have not done a little well they still would be able to do a great deal well.

HOME RULE FOR CITIES.

NEVERTHELESS the demand for home rule for our cities, within well-determined limits, is undoubtedly based upon experience, and ought to prevail. When city government first failed to give satisfaction, the earliest and not unnatural appeal of the inhabitants of the city was made to the State. Most of our States — perhaps all of them — have tried to remedy the miscarriage of city government in three ways. They have created special commissions having their authority directly from the State, to do local work which under a proper city government would be performed by city officials. The States have passed mandatory laws compelling localities to undertake public works whether they wanted to or not, and they have interfered generally in the details of city action

to an inconceivable extent. Sufficient experience has been had of each of these remedies to make it perfectly clear that the remedy is worse than the disease. It is distinctly worse, because, while it has worked no benefit in the long run to the cities, it has carried into the legislature, and spread measurably throughout the State, the corruption which might otherwise have been limited to the locality. These three points, therefore, appear to be clear: first, when unusual work is to be done which cannot readily be carried forward by the ordinary officials of the city, the city and not the legislature should determine the men by whom the work is to be carried on; secondly, the State constitution should prohibit the legislature from passing mandatory laws to compel a locality to undertake public works to be paid for by the locality; and thirdly, the legislature should not be permitted continually to interfere to suspend or alter the city charter. A commission appointed by the legislature is responsible to nobody but the legislature; neither the governor, nor the mayor, nor any other authority, can call it to account, and therefore a State commission for any purpose other than inquiry is one of the most dangerous of bodies, for the reason that it exercises authority unchecked by any effective responsibility. But while it seems clear that the legislature ought not to interfere in the details of city management, it seems equally clear that the power of the purse intrusted to cities should be closely limited and clearly defined. The commission on cities appointed in New York State by Governor Tilden called attention to the strange anomaly that, whereas in the town meeting money could not be borrowed without a vote of the taxpayers, the moment a town was converted into a city, and its borrowing capacity thereby increased, all checks and hindrances upon the exercise of the borrowing power were immediately abandoned. In other words, there appears to be necessity, under existing conditions, of limiting the amount of debt which a city may legally incur. I know of no better form for this limitation to take than a percentage on the assessed valuation, though the objections to this form are manifest and not without force. There is indeed the recourse which has been successfully practised in some places of permitting the creation of debt only after an affirmative vote by the people. In some communities this provision probably would stint more than the other, but there appears to be no other objection to it. It is a very difficult thing to convince an immense population of the necessity for a great public work, especially when, as is almost always the case, some parts of the city inevitably will benefit more directly from the undertaking than other parts. I am in-

clined therefore to favor rather, under existing conditions, the limitation of the city debt to a percentage on the assessed value for the purpose of taxation. But even within that limit it is not sure to be safe to give to the local authorities a free hand. Certainly they ought to be free to provide adequately for all the current and ordinary business of the city. But there will be times when public works of great desirability, not within the ordinary scope of the charter, must be authorized to be undertaken. In such cases, subject to the limitations upon the legislature already indicated, there appears to be no better way at present available than to secure from the legislature the special authority needed. Laws granting such powers ought always to be permissive, and should lodge with some authority within the city, which authority should be directly responsible to popular control, the duty of deciding whether or not action should be taken under the law.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the question whether a city should or should not manufacture its own gas, and either build or conduct its own street railroads. These matters are altogether questions of expediency. The city surely is fortunate which is competent to do things of this sort for itself; but few American cities have manifested so great competency in other directions as to justify a very strong inference that they would administer successfully business of this kind. Yet the ideal doubtless is that they should do so. A city can borrow money so cheaply that the temptation is great to take the risk. The chief obstacle to movement in this direction is the spoils system, which makes even a messenger's place in the municipal service depend upon party victory. Selections for fitness and permanency of tenure based upon faithful service must become the rule in city employment, as it is in private employment, before cities can be wisely charged with duties on behalf of the public not absolutely essential. So much may be ventured as to the general powers to be intrusted to the municipal corporation.

FORM OF ORGANIZATION.

ATTENTION is asked now to the form of organization under which cities in the United States may hope to realize the best results in the conduct of the affairs committed to them. It is proposed to speak in particular concerning the financial and executive sides. All efforts to secure a common council composed of men who by character and experience are competent for the duties which ought to be committed to them thus far have been singularly unsuccessful. Aldermen have been elected on general tickets, on district tickets, and on

ward tickets. They have been elected to serve without pay and with pay, but under no system have satisfactory results been permanently achieved. Honorable exceptions there always are, but I speak of the bodies as a whole. It is easy to say that better results might be achieved if the representative were not compelled to reside in the district he represents, but it is not easy to point out an effectual remedy in the presence of American political habits for the restrictions which this demand imposes. Neither is it at all clear that under existing conditions men widely different in type from those to whom we are accustomed could be secured here by such a change. It has been suggested that a large body, say of one hundred members or thereabouts, might prove better than a small one, provided that none other than deliberative duties were demanded of it. The decision of such a body on matters requiring discussion might be more free and more intelligent, and less easily subject to manipulation from outside, than the decisions of a smaller body similarly composed. On the other hand, any attempt to secure good executive work from such a body would be worse than fruitless. This body ought, however, to have unlimited powers of inquiry, and the mayor and all other city officials ought to be obliged to answer any questions concerning the public business which such a body might be disposed to ask. It probably would work well to make it the duty of the mayor and of all other executive officers to attend the sessions of this body, to give to it such information as might be helpful in the conduct of its business, and to answer questions.

FINANCIAL METHODS.

On the financial side of organization a system has been devised for New York and Brooklyn which has successfully overcome many of the evils from which those cities formerly suffered. At one time the common council had substantially complete control of the accounts. They could transfer balances from one account to another; they could increase appropriations at any time during the year; and they could authorize the incurring of debt with a free hand. The result was that favorite departments of the city government would be gorged and those not on good terms with the aldermen would be starved. The power to increase appropriations at any time resulted in wasteful extravagance, and the authority to borrow money was used to keep the tax rate down, while postponing the payment of current expenses through the issue of bonds. At the present time, in these two cities, there is a board of estimate consisting of three or four of the principal officers of

the city. This board annually prepares a budget for the ensuing year. The meetings of the board of estimate are public, and they have authority to summon before them for explanation of any estimate all city officers. This budget when prepared cannot be increased by the common council. In New York that body has no authority over it whatever. In Brooklyn the common council may reduce any item, but they cannot enlarge any item, neither can they introduce any new items. Obstruction of the public business, which the council, in former times, was inclined to resort to, by declining to approve any budget at all, has been made impossible through the provision that unless the common council act by the first Monday in October, the budget stands finally as submitted by the board of estimate. All authority has been taken from the common council to transfer money from one account to another, and all funds raised for administrative purposes are under the control of the head of the department without interference on the part of the common council; neither is there any power left anywhere to provide for current expenses otherwise than through the tax levy. The operation of this system has been good at every point. It has shown, among other things, that a very large part of the annual tax levy in these cities arises from items beyond the reach of a board of estimate, such as interest on the city debt, the State and the county taxes, although the provisions of the same system have been extended to the details of estimates for the two counties. On the other hand, as to those parts of the budget which are within the control of the board of estimate, a wholesome sensitiveness prevails that no extravagance shall be justly charged to the members of that board. The principle of responsibility has been brought to bear here with most wholesome effects. The board of estimate in Brooklyn, for example, consists of the mayor, the comptroller, and the city auditor, with two others representing the county, all of whom are elected officials, and every one of whom in case of renomination is liable to be compelled to defend his attitude in the board of estimate. Another good effect has been largely to relieve the executive departments from a kind of interference on the part of the common council which tended only to a division of responsibility and a loss of efficiency. This system and the beneficent results which have followed it are a striking commentary on what has been already said as to the failure of the representative body in cities to show itself worthy of any considerable deposit of power. It is to be remembered that this situation has grown up, not by intention, but by taking away from the common council, one after another, powers which it had abused. In Brooklyn only

two considerable powers of a financial character are left with that body: the first is the duty of ordering unusual work to be done, such as the extension of the water-works, or the erection of a building after the money has been raised for that purpose; the second is the right to grant franchises. In New York City the common council has been shorn of almost every power, in part even of this last. Since the scandal concerning the Broadway railroad it is now the law that all charters shall be sold at public auction. It is not entirely clear that either city would suffer, under existing conditions, by the abolition of its common council. It is certainly pitiful that this should be so, because the useful functions which such a body might discharge, if only it were competent and trustworthy, are many and various. In the matter of city franchises one radical change ought to be made. At present the attitude of the city in granting franchises is entirely negative. The city is allowed to give or to withhold consent to something which somebody wants to do. The proper attitude for the city is just the reverse of this. Its officials should determine what the city's interests demand, and be enabled to offer at public auction a perfected right to supply that demand. Such a sale should be, in fact, a lease for a term of years not exceeding twenty. The new Rapid-Transit bill for New York happily illustrates the proper course. It is mournful to reflect upon the opportunities for relieving the tax levy which have been lost in all our cities through the system of parting permanently with public franchises. It may be too late to remedy the evil as to franchises already granted, but it is not too late to change at once the policy of our cities for the future.

EXECUTIVE METHODS.

THE organization of the city on the executive side ought to proceed on parallel lines to those which prevail in other successful business organizations. The two principles bearing on this question which appear to be sustained by human experience are these: first, that responsibility must go with power; second, that for executive work one man is better than three men or any larger number. The second principle is merely a detail of the first. The reason why one man is more efficient in executive work than a larger body is that the one man can be held entirely responsible, while as to a larger number responsibility cannot be fixed. It is a curious and instructive fact that in the largest cities of the country the original charters have been in this respect the most radically changed. At first the effort was made to govern these cities through representative bodies to which were given great powers, while the mayor was made

little more than a figurehead. With the passage of time the mayor has become an officer of very great power, while the process which has already been described has stripped the representative body of its most important functions. The power of appointment lodged in the mayor was everywhere subject until recent years to confirmation by the common council. Theoretically such a check might have been expected to produce good results; practically, it has developed, very generally, if not everywhere, either dead-locks or deals; that is to say, the confirming power has either obstructed public business or it has demanded a share at least in the right of nomination. The result has been a loss of responsibility on both sides, the mayor claiming that he nominates the best men who can be confirmed, and the confirming body on the other hand claiming that they could confirm no better officials because none others were nominated. In the presence of this experience, pretty uniformly developed, the city of Brooklyn and some other cities have given to the mayor the absolute power of appointment. With this power ought also to go the power of removal. Certainly these are great powers, but if they are bestowed under such conditions as to maintain side by side with the power a corresponding responsibility, the result is believed to be safer than the situation that preceded it. For another strangely significant fact has been characteristic to a greater or less extent of every large city. Through the operation of party machinery one man from time to time has become so dominant in the councils of the majority party as really to be not merely the dictator of nominations but actually the controller of city officials. As a consequence there has been often seen in our cities the singular spectacle for democratic communities of one man entirely irresponsible to the citizens becoming in fact complete master of the city officials. In more cities than one the people have come to feel, in the presence of this persistent fact, that if under popular suffrage a single man must needs exercise so great power, that man had better be the mayor of the city and responsible to the people than some one entirely out of their reach. It may be claimed that even under this system the mayor may suffer himself to be guided in all important matters by the party autocrat. This is true; but in that case the responsibility of the mayor for such a failure to realize what is becoming cannot be shaken off upon somebody else, and through the mayor the autocrat can be dethroned. The mayor, under this system, is responsible for the administrative side of the city government. But it is important to the successful application of this principle that it should be followed logically to its conclusion.

In New York City the mayor is given the absolute power of appointment, but the officials he appoints serve for terms longer than his own. Such a system gives power without responsibility, and through its incompleteness is open to just and severe criticism. In Brooklyn, on the other hand, the mayor appoints absolutely all the executive officers of the city for a term coterminous with his own. As a consequence, every incoming mayor has an opportunity to make a city government in sympathy with himself, for which he not only may be asked to be responsible, but for which he must be responsible. This situation achieves another result of the utmost consequence to successful administration; it compels the city government to be operated as a unit. The importance of this will be made clear by a single illustration. The police department is expected to enforce ordinances which are essential to the effective administration of the department of city works, the health department, the fire department, and the building department. These departments, therefore, ought to work in harmony with one another. If the heads of these departments are appointed by the mayor, and are all responsible to him, this result follows as a matter of course. Under other systems every city has felt the loss of efficiency springing from feeling, which may range all the way from indifference to open hostility, between the different departments of the city administration. This is one of the great reasons why heads of departments should not be elected; because officials who receive their authority from a direct vote of the people are inclined to feel entirely independent of one another, and to look upon the popular vote as to a certain extent an authority to do what they please. The so-called "boss" sometimes has been the only force in a city to compel cooperation between the different city departments. It is far better that this cooperation should depend upon a common responsibility to the responsible head of the city than upon the unifying power of an irresponsible party magnate. In other words, the granting to the mayor of the power to appoint absolutely all the executive officers of the city for terms coterminous with his own has in substance no other effect than this, that it gives to a man who is responsible to the citizens the powers which have been exercised over and over again through other forms by individual men who were not responsible to the citizens.

POPULAR CONTROL

THIS system also places the city government under the control of the people to an extent not otherwise attainable. Under such a charter, when the mayor is to be elected, the people

understand that they are determining the whole character of their city government. The incoming mayor has an opportunity to make the city government, on its administrative side, completely in harmony with himself. Under the usual system the people may elect a mayor, and yet succeed in accomplishing very little besides changing the incumbent of the mayor's chair. In the city of New York last year had Mr. Grant been defeated for reelection, a number of the largest executive offices within the city would still have remained for several years under the control of Tammany Hall, and out of sympathy in that event with the executive elected by the people. Under the system pursued in Brooklyn, on the other hand, no such miscarriage can follow an election by the people. Their will as expressed on election day is effective not only in the mayor's office but through every executive office within the city. Experience has demonstrated, furthermore, that while there are certain things which a public vote can do, there are other things which it cannot do. It is mighty to overthrow any official, no matter how firmly he may be entrenched, but it is not capable of electing one officer after another through a long series of years with a consistent movement towards a definite end. In other words, questions to be decided by the vote of an immense mass of men must be simple questions. The best informed men in the city, outside of those directly concerned with politics, have almost no knowledge of the bearing of one election upon another. The same system, therefore, which produces unity and responsibility of administration on the part of the mayor when he is elected, brings the entire city government into a more genuine responsibility to the people than any other system. The old idea in American communities was that safety is to be found at the hands of government through division of power. As applied to great cities it is not too much to say that this idea has broken down completely. One reason for the breakdown clearly is that the work of the city is in fact business more than it is government. The division of power has developed a loss of efficiency. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated over and over again that under any conceivable division of power there has been power enough left to do harm, even though there has not been sufficient positive power anywhere to accomplish much good. In other words, the absence of responsibility has shown itself more harmful and more dangerous under the conditions existing in large cities than the contrary policy which is here advocated. It may be urged that the experience of the new system is not extended enough to justify final conclusions. Possibly not; but this at least would

certainly be borne out by any intelligent citizen of Brooklyn, where the system has prevailed for eight years, that no one would willingly return to the former methods of city administration. It is not pretended that under any conditions perfection has been attained, but it will not be denied that the new system has shown a capacity for benefiting the city that could not possibly have been found under the old system; neither has the city realized evils as great or as burdensome as those which befell it when both power and responsibility were divided in the search for safety.

HONESTY IN EXPENDITURE.

ONE great problem before every city is to secure a dollar's worth for every dollar that is spent. To this end the system of giving large power to the executive, under conditions which compel him to accept corresponding responsibility, is an immense step forward on the line of correct organization. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the community at large is responsible for some of the evils which betray themselves in city government. So long as the city chooses its officials on party lines, it must expect to have officials with whom the interest of the party is first and the welfare of the city second. It is not reasonable to suppose that men who, as candidates, have found the citizens themselves completely indifferent to the city, but warmly interested in party success, can, as officials, successfully adopt and act upon precisely the opposite view. The best city government is not to be had until in the minds of all officials the city is the first thought. The spoils system, as applied to the administration of the city, is fatal to any high degree of efficiency. It is frequently said that the police force and the fire force in the city of New York are notable for their efficiency; certainly they have never failed the public in an emergency. It is worth while noting that in those two forces the tenure of place is secure. No man can be removed from the police force or from the fire force except upon charges and conviction on trial. It is pitiful to witness efficient clerks discharged from the service of the city because of their opinions. The spoils system is merciless. Not only clerks, but office-boys—all places that carry salaries—are considered fair game for the victors at the election. In pretty much every department some one man will be

kept whose training is essential to the performance of any sort of work by the department. But except for some such reason as this, no one is spared; not even the sick and the feeble and the destitute escape the consequences of this system. Nurses and physicians and matrons, storekeepers, and every one else hold their places not by reason of efficient service rendered to the city but by the chance of being on the winning side at the election, and it may even be added, on the further chance of being in with the dominant faction of the successful party. It is not reasonable to expect more than passable results in a business conducted under a system like this. Our people must be willing to accept longer tenure of office for subordinates, and security of position in return for faithful discharge of duty, before employees of the city will look upon the city government as an object of regard, entitled to their willing and best service.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THERE are many in these days who think that the range of municipal action could be beneficially extended; who believe that a bad tenement-house system deserves the consideration of the municipal authorities; that many evils connected with this system, and many other abuses, can be removed only by the agency of municipal authority. In every direction the opportunity for a city to benefit its citizens by a government able to command complete popular confidence is beyond description. All who so think, and all who believe that a city government unworthy of trust is a demoralizing influence in the community, ought to join hands in demanding the abolition of the spoils system in its application to the inferior places in the city departments. The heads of departments, and, if they wish it, their deputies, might reasonably change with the change of mayor; but changes carried below that point are certain to do harm unless they are changes made for cause. The day may even come when successful administrators at the head of a department will be rewarded by reappointment at the hands of a new mayor; but whether that day should come or not, the political evils of the system would be reduced to small proportions if the effects of victory were to be shown only in changes in positions such as these.

Seth Low.





"THE BOATS WITH WING-LIKE MOTION."

A PAINTER'S PARADISE.

PLAY IN PROvence.

When Peace descends upon the troubled ocean,
And he his wrath forgets,
Flock from Martigues the boats with wing-like
motion,
The fishes fill their nets.



NE burning hot day in August we left the limited express at Arles to take the slowest of slow trains. It carried us in a gentle, leisurely fashion across the wide plain of La Crau and between the dark cypress avenues which line the embankment, stopping every few minutes, at one station for half an hour for a cargo of grapes, at another for three-quarters to let a fast train pass.

But we did not mind. We had now fairly begun the voyage of discovery which we had been planning for a year or more. We were on our way to discover the Étang de Berre and Martigues, the chief city on its banks, but one absolutely unknown to fame, apparently to the guide-book, and even to Mistral save as a peg on which to hang two beautiful lines. And as for the Étang de Berre, probably a thousand people go by it every day on the express between Marseilles and Lyons, but who ever looks at it except, perhaps, to wonder vaguely what this

great stretch of water is that follows the railroad almost from Marseilles well on to Arles? From our carriage-window we watched its olive-clad shores and its beautiful islands; we saw the towns upon its banks, perched up, as in medieval pictures, on high hilltops, or nestling low down on the very water's edge. And at last we came to Pas de Lanciers, where we once more had to change cars.

Again we set out, at a still more leisurely pace, through endless olive orchards. We stopped oftener. The stations degenerated into mere sheds, and at each women took the mail, collected the tickets, smashed the trunks; was this, then, a land of women's rights? And all the time we were talking of the lovely little town, like another Venice, which we were about to claim as our discovery, for already, one summer, I had been there to spy it out and had seen its loveliness. Just before we started we had read in *THE CENTURY'S* "Topics of the Time" that there was no place left in the world to be discovered. But that was true geographically, not pictorially; Martigues might be found on the map, but not in paint or in print; and we were in high spirits at the prospect.

It was dusk when the train finally crawled into Martigues. We were worried about our



AT THE FISH-MARKET DOOR.



ZIEM'S STUDIO.

baggage, uncertain whether, in so primitive a place, any one could be found to carry our heavy trunk and traps from the station to the hotel. We tried to consult our one fellow traveler, but he could speak only an unknown tongue, the Provençal, which some travelers have found phonetically intelligible, but of which we could hardly understand a word, and Martigues seemed more out of the world than ever. The train stopped; we got out, gave up our tickets, and passed through the station. At once three men wearing caps emblazoned with the names of hotels fell upon us, and each asked if we were not going to his house. Two stages and a couple of carriages were waiting in the little open square. No one to carry our trunks into the town indeed!

In our surprise we stood there a minute undecided. But a brisk little man with short black beard bustled up and took J——'s big white umbrella and camp-stool out of his hands.

"You must come to my hotel," he said; "it is there that all the painters descend."

And he helped us into the stage, hunted up our trunk, lifted it to the driver's seat, got in after us, and before we realized what had happened we were being jolted over the cobbles of narrow, dimly lighted streets.

"I can give you a room," he said, as we were driving along. "I am the *patron* [the proprietor]. Only yesterday six painters left me. I can give you the room a monsieur from Marseilles and his wife had."

Six painters! We had planned a brilliant pictorial discovery; was it possible that we were to find instead merely another popular painters' settlement? The blow was crushing.

There was no doubt about it when we reached the hotel, for the hall into which we were ushered was strewn from end to end with easels, and canvases, and all the usual studio litter, leaving but small space for the black brass-bound boxes of the commercial traveler. Madame, who at once bade us welcome, told us our room was not quite ready, but we could make our toilet for dinner here in the corner. And as we washed our hands at the big brass fountain or sink that stands in the hall of every French commercial hotel in came a man with pointed soft felt hat on the back of his head, a white umbrella under

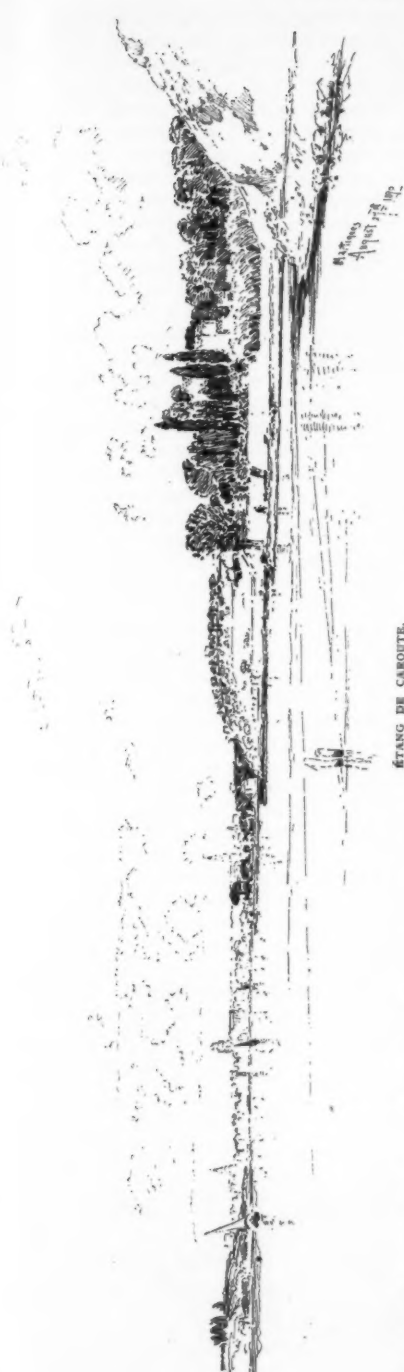
one arm, a sketch-book sticking out of his pocket. Six painters had gone, but how many were left in Martigues?

We found that out very quickly the next morning when, after our coffee, we started to explore the town. In the walk of the 4th of September, in the long shady *Place* on which the hotel stands, the first person we met was a tall, good-looking man, in striped red and black jersey and huge straw hat, walking with military step, at whose heels followed a small boy in one of the funny little aprons all French boys wear, almost bent double under a load of canvas and camp-stool. And when we wandered to the canals which, as at Venice, run through the town, and when we crossed the bridges, we saw at every turn an easel, and behind it a man in white Stanley cap or helmet painting the very houses and water and boats which we had come to discover. And after our midday breakfast, when we went to the café next door to the hotel, there at a table under the trees were half a dozen helmets and Stanley caps, and a huge pile of canvases and umbrellas, and outside, playing leap-frog with a crowd of other urchins in aprons, was the little boy whom we had met earlier struggling beneath his burden. The proprietor of the café was sitting with the helmets, but he joined us presently, and asked if we were painters too.

"We always have painters here," he said;



YOUNG SAILORS



ÉTANG DE CAROUTE.

"they come even in winter. There are so many *motifs* for them in Martigues. Monsieur has not begun to see it yet. You must go this afternoon to the Bordigues, where every painter who comes to Martigues makes a picture, or else, perhaps, to the Gâcherel, where all these gentlemen," waving his hand to the helmets under the trees, "are at work in the afternoon. Yes; the *motifs* are many."

As we walked from the café down towards the water, J—— with a sketch-block under his arm, a little toddling child who could scarcely talk lisped "pinter" as he passed, as though, instead of being unknown in Martigues, the painter was one of the first objects to its children, his name the first on their lips. Before we had gone very far along the shore of the great lake that stretches between Martigues and the Mediterranean (the Étang de Caroute it is called on the map), we came to a little building with huge window opening upon the dusty road and facing northward, and in the garden beyond was something white and shining. A man was superintending some work close by, and we asked him whose house this was, for the window looked mightily like a studio.

"Don't you know?" he said in amazement. "It is there M. Ziem lives."

We had thought M. Ziem dead for years, and here he was alive in Martigues, which he had discovered before we were born.

"Here," the man went on, "he has painted all his Venices, and Constantinoples, and Cairos. Here is the Nile, or the Adriatic, or the Bosphorus, as he wishes, flowing past his doors. There on the near hillsides are the stone-pines and cypresses of the south and east; on the water beyond lies Venice; and in his garden are the mosques of Constantinople. *Allez!*"

We went and looked closer then, and we saw that the little white shining thing was a toy mosque with dome and minarets, that oriental pots and jars were scattered about in the garden, and that two or three men were putting up another and larger mosque, the framework of its dome and minarets lying with the stones and mortar below its unfinished walls.

Still farther down the road a man breaking stones by the wayside stopped to point out the Gâcherel, the great farm upon the lakeside, with beautiful cypress grove and sunlit garden, where the vines overshadowed an old stone well, and there, under the cypresses, were the easels and helmets in a row.

There were painters wherever we went: painters walking slowly down the blindly white road under white umbrellas; painters staring at the sunset from the lower hilltops; painters under the olives; painters in the hotel



FISHING FROM BOATS.

dining-room. It was a town of painters. Where was our discovery? Was this the little city lying forgotten and unsought in a watery wilderness that we were to be the first to make known for the pleasure of all the world and our own great glory—this southern seacoast Barbizon?

Of course it was a disappointment. Fancy if in the heart of the African forest Stanley had met not pigmies but another Emin Relief Expedition. But now that we were there we might as well make the best of it. Though the explorer had been in Martigues before us, there was no reason why we should not enjoy the artist's life led in this remote painter's paradise—this paradise without drains or sewers, but a paradise for all that. On the surface there was an Arcadian simplicity in the painter's daily existence that was very charming. We began to talk about Murger's Bohemia, and Barbizon in the days before it had been exploited, and by our second morning we were really glad that, instead of making a pictorial discovery, we had found a well-established artist colony. We were quite ready to be friendly.

At first we thought the artists were too. After our second breakfast M. Bernard, our landlord, stopped us in the hall.

"These gentlemen, the painters," he said to J—, "are eager to do all they can for a colleague. There is one who offers you his boat; it is at your entire disposition. Among brother artists it is always so; take it when and where you want. There is another who wishes to fraternize with you; he will show you about Martigues; he knows it well, and Monsieur is still a stranger."

What could have been kinder?

"Where can I see these gentlemen to thank them?" asked J—.

"Oh," said M. Bernard, "be sure they will give you the chance at once. One Monsieur goes to the Café du Commerce, the other

to the Cascade. You will always find them there. And there are many painters still in my hotel. They, too, will wish to know and talk with Monsieur."

We were on our way to the Cascade when he stopped us, and now we hurried there all the faster, gay and smiling, prepared to meet the gentlemen, the painters, half way. The helmets and Stanley caps were under the same tree, but they stared vacantly over our heads as if they did not see us. It was not easy to go up and ask, "Which of you gentlemen is the one who would fraternize with me?" But we sat at a near table to give him every chance, and when the dog of one of the party came running up to us we patted it and fed it with sugar, though only the minute before we had seen it snapping at the tail of the pet goose of the café and at the legs of small boys in the street, and we should have preferred keeping it at a respectful distance. But no fraternal greeting had passed between us when the gentlemen, the painters, buckling on their knapsacks, and with wild, loud cries of "Black! Brosse! Black! Brosse!" for the dog and the little black-aproned boy, started in the hot sunshine for the Gâcherel.

In the evening, after dinner, we went to the Commerce. We wanted to thank the friendly artist who had offered us his boat. The café was crowded; men in fishermen's jerseys, men in velveteens, men in alpaca coats, were drinking coffee and playing dominoes. We sat down at a table in strong light and waited. No one noticed us; and here, if we were to make the first advances, we should have to begin by asking, "Which of you gentlemen are artists?" For at this café were no helmets and Stanley caps, no canvases and camp-stools, not so much as a piece of paper or a lead-pencil.

We waited quietly all the evening, but no fraternal sign was given. We waited the

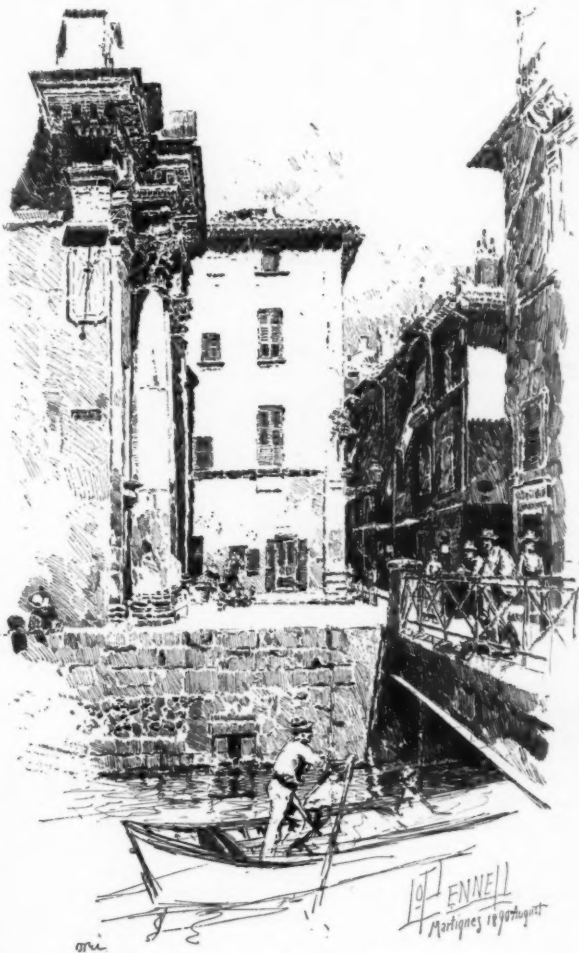


A FAVORITE MOTIVE.

next day, and the next, and the day after that. We waited a week, two weeks. At the hotel the man in the big hat occasionally wished us a cold and non-committal "*Bon jour*" or "*Bon soir*"; the others never paid the least attention to us. On the streets and in the café the Stanley caps and helmets persistently stared over our heads. The owner of the boat modestly refused us the chance to thank him. We were left severely to ourselves. What would Murger have said to the good fellowship of this modern Bohemia?

However, though we were cast upon our own resources, there was much that was pleasant to see and to be done. Martigues, though it had not waited for us to discover it, was as picturesque as if none but its native fishermen had stepped upon its sea-washed shores. It was really the Provençal Venice, which we had not the satisfaction of being the first to call it. For scarcely had that too aggressively appropriate name occurred to us than we saw it in big letters on an old stage, and next on a café; while M. Bernard was quick to ask us if we did not find his town "*Vraiment une Venise Provençale?*" Lying, as it does, just between the Étang de Berre and the Étang de Caroute, where their hill-girt shores draw close together and almost meet, the sea water runs between its white houses and carries the black boats with their graceful lateen sails to its doors. And only a step from its canals you wander through the silvery olive orchards of Provence, or climb the sweet lavender-scented hillsides, or follow a smooth, white road past an old red-roofed farmhouse, or a dark cypress grove, or a stone-pine standing solitary, or else a thick hedge of tall, waving reeds. And even while in the town you cannot help seeing the country as you never do in Venice. As the fishermen drew up their nets on canal-banks there would come rattling by the long Provençal carts drawn by the horses that wear the blue wool collar and high-pointed horn which

makes them look like some domestic species of unicorn. Or in the cool of the summer evening, after the rest during the day's heat, a shepherd, crushing a sprig of lavender between his fingers as he walked, would drive his goats and sheep over the bridges and start out for the long night's browse on the



LOOKING DOWN THE GRANDE RUE.

salt marshes by the lake or on the sparse turf of the rocky hillsides, or in the morning, just as the white-sailed boats were coming home, he would leave his flock huddled together on the church steps or in the little square.

But you could walk from one end of Martigues to the other without stumbling upon a single architectural or historical monument



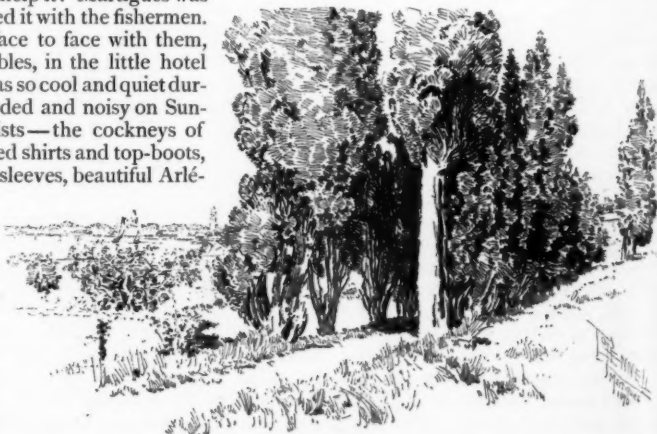
GOING TO THE GÂCHEREL.

worth mention in the guide-book. It is not a place for the tourist. Even if its beauty alone could attract him, its unspeakable dirt would quickly frighten him away. And the blue waters of its canals reflect no palaces and churches which a Ruskin would walk a step to see; there is no St. Mark's, no piazza, no fair Gothic house like that of Desdemona. The only buildings with the slightest pretense to architectural distinction are the church, with the fine but florid Renaissance portal, which the architect would call an example of debased rococo, and the great square *hôtel de ville*, massive and simple as an old Florentine palace. The only building with the slightest suggestion of history or legend is a lonely little gray chapel which, from the highest hilltop near, overlooks the white town and its blue lakes; but when we asked about it, one man thought a monk lived up there, and another knew he had been dead for years, and all traces of its past had been lost with the keys of its several doors. Martigues may have a history, but we made no further effort to learn it.

All this time we saw a great deal of our brother artists, as M. Bernard pleasantly called them. How could we help it? Martigues was small; they alone shared it with the fishermen. Twice a day we sat face to face with them, though at separate tables, in the little hotel dining-room, which was so cool and quiet during the week, so crowded and noisy on Sundays, when excursionists—the cockneys of Marseilles, cyclists in red shirts and top-boots, peasants in their shirt-sleeves, beautiful Arlésiennes in the *fichu* and coif of Arles—descended upon it to eat breakfasts at M. Bernard's. Regularly we passed the same easels on our morning walk through the town, at the hour when women were bravely pretending to sweep away its

hopeless dirt, or making their own and their children's toilets on the doorsteps, or going with stone jars to the well, or marketing under the sycamores in front of the *hôtel de ville*; while the stage from near Port de Banc came rumbling over the bridges with loud blowing of bugles, followed, if it were Sunday or Thursday morning, by the street-car which, with its three horses, gave Martigues for a few minutes quite the air of a big town. As likely as not we chanced upon a white umbrella and an unopened sketch-book on the drawbridge over the main canal, where I loved to linger to watch the fishermen unloading their nets of the huge fish that looked so absurdly like pasteboard, raking up the bottom of the canal for mussels, and posing statuesquely with their *fichonaro*, as they call it in their impossible Provençal, the long pole, with row of sharp iron teeth at one end and string at the other, with which they spear the fish that escape the nets, bringing them up bleeding and writhing. And always at the Cascade, after breakfast, we found the same group under the trees, in striped jerseys and white Stanley caps or helmets on hot days, in overalls and straw hats when a light breeze freshened the air, in blue flannel and derby hat when the mistral blew—they were perfect little men of the weather-house!

Their arrival at the café was the great event in our square in the interval between the Sunday ball and the Thursday opera, which was so comic even when it was meant to be grand. The tall painter led the way, Madame at his side; at his heels two dogs and the small black-aproned boy laden with his tools; then came the short, fat gentleman, the painter, all his traps on his own stout shoulders, walking with his head thrown back, his fat little stomach

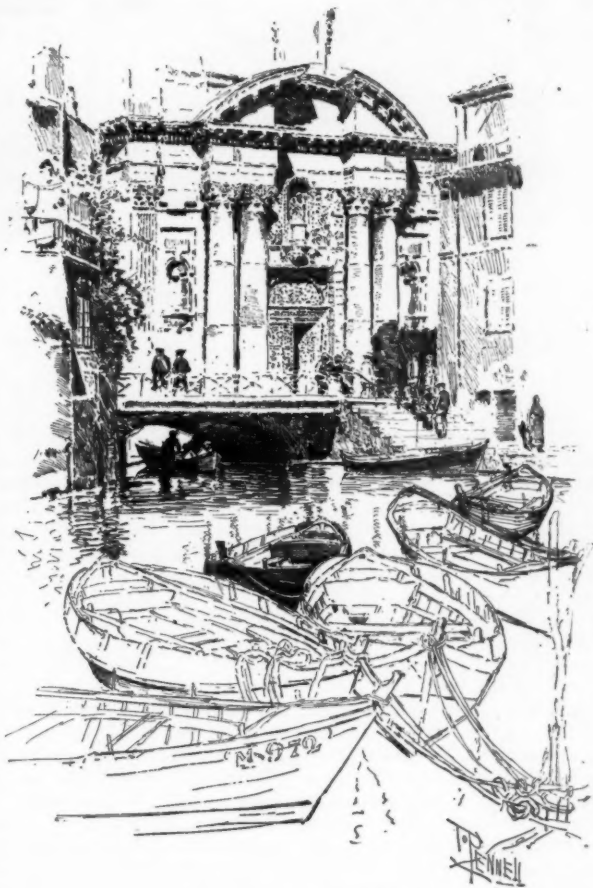


THE GÂCHEREL.

thrown forward, as if he carried with him wherever he went the consciousness of Salon medals to come and Albert Wolf's dearly bought puffs; then his thin, tall, gray-haired father-in-law, his stool and canvas, for variety, slung over one arm; then another manly back erect under heavy load; and on many days there were no less than six in this impressive party. But it was the setting out for afternoon work that we waited for with delight, even after we had drained our glasses of the last drop of coffee, and I had read every word of the four serial shilling shockers published in *Le Petit Provençal* and *Le Petit Marseillais*. For there would be first the wild, loud shouts of "Black! Brosse! Black! Brosse!" until the setter and the black apron would rush from some unseen haunt back to the café gate; there would be the buckling on of knapsacks, the lifting up of burdens, and then the brave march, three, four, five, or six, abreast, down the wide street to the lake in all the glare of two o'clock sunlight. At the foot they passed out of sight in the direction of the Gâcherel. Whoever chose to follow them would find them there still three, four, five, or six, abreast, easels set up under the shadow of the cypresses, six, eight, ten, or twelve eyes turned to where the white walls and red roofs of Martigues rose from the blue water. But the greatest sight of all was when a new canvas, on an arrangement that looked like a section of a four-posted bedstead, was borne in triumph by Brosse and two assistants in front of the procession. Who, after seeing that, would ever again say that the painter's life is all play?

During our afternoon rambles we usually had all to ourselves the olive orchards and the lavender-scented hillsides that looked seaward. But at the hour of absinthe, when, from the western ridge of hills beyond the lake, cypresses and olives rose black against the light, and all the bells of the town were ringing out the angelus, and the swift boats were sailing home-

ward along a flaming path across the waters, then we would again meet the party from the Gâcherel, their backs turned resolutely to the sunset, once more on their way to the Cascade; and we would overtake the white umbrellas, now folded, while their owners, sketch-



THE PORTAL OF THE CHURCH.

books sticking out of their pockets, hands behind their backs, strolled slowly towards the Mediterranean, gazing westward.

But, often as we saw our brother artists, they always passed us by on the other side.

I do not know how long this would have lasted if it had not been for Black, the dog we had fed with sugar. His master went away to near Avignon for a day or two, and poor Black was left tied to the café gate, while the goose cackled derisively just beyond his reach, and the small boys played leap-frog just within his sight. His eyes followed us so wistfully



THE HARBOR.

when we came in or out, that one morning I unfastened the strap and took him for a happy walk. That very evening his master returned to Martigues. J—— and I were sitting on the little bench in front of the hotel, alone as usual, when Monsieur, on his way to the Cascade, his only dissipation, stopped with Madame.

"I thank you, Madam," he said to me in excellent English, but with a charming accent, "for your kindness to my dog. You are very good."

"Vous êtes bien aimable!" ("You are very amiable") chimed in Madame, and we were friends on the spot.

And now, as Mr. Black would say, a strange thing happened. For one by one all the other gentleman painters began to speak to us. And, stranger still, all spoke in English, just as all wore English clothes, though it was only J—— in a French hat and necktie, always talking French,—even to a stray sailor who told him reproachfully, "Why, I thought you was an Amurrican!"—who was ever mistaken for an Englishman. And strangest of all was that they understood their own English so much better than ours that when it came to a conversation we had to fall back upon French, no matter what they talked.

It had been quite plain to us all along that something more than the length of the walk separated the artists of the Café du Commerce, whose sketch-books never left their pockets, from those of the Cascade, whose canvases were never put away. No one could have stayed in Martigues a week without seeing that

beneath the Arcadian surface of its artists' life all was not exactly as it should be. Sometimes we had thought it must be a matter of dress—a question between brand-new helmets and conspicuous Jerseys on the one side, very shabby ordinary hats and coats on the other—which kept the two groups as wholly apart as if their cafés represented the rival Salons. But now that both were equally cordial to us we saw into the true state of affairs quickly enough. Had we been more curious, we need have asked no questions. We had only to listen while they talked.

"Bah!" said one of the Commerce one evening as we walked together past the Cascade and saw the helmets over their absinthe—"Bah! the tricolorists! They always paint red roofs, white houses, and blue sky and water. But *que voulez-vous?* They see nothing else. They want to see nothing else. They make the grand machine! When sea and sky are most beautiful they go to the café. They care not for nature. But it is the way with the painters of to-day. They are all blind to nature's most subtle, most delicate effects. They come to a place; they wait never to learn its beauties, to know it really. They take out their canvas, and they make their picture *en plein air*, and think it must be fine because it is painted so, with nature before them for model. No good work was ever done like that."

"But Claude Manet?" we suggested.

He shrugged his shoulders. "But did even Claude Manet set up his easel in the morning at nine and paint steadily the same effect un-

til twelve, though shadows had shortened and the sun risen high in the heavens? Did he think the afternoon light the same as at five? No; I don't understand the modern school. When I was in Paris such masters as Rousseau, Corot, Ziem were respected, not triflers like Manet. And what their methods? They studied nature, they communed with her, they watched her every change, they saturated themselves with her. And then, with all this knowledge, all these memories, they went into the studio and composed a great picture; they were not content to make a painted photograph."

We had almost reached the Gâcherel by this time. Far out beyond the two lights of

tion seizes me. I must paint. I shut myself in my studio. I wrestle with color! That is art; not to cover so many inches of canvas every day, to use brushes for so many hours by the clock, as if I were but a weaver at his loom. *Allons au café!*"

The next day at noon we were drinking coffee with our friends at the Cascade.

"And your big picture?" we asked of one.

"It marches. Two weeks more, working every morning, and I shall have finished it. I begin another this afternoon at the Gâcherel; I must give it all my afternoons. It is my Salon picture. Every year I have had my Salon pictures on the line, every year I have sold one to



OLD HOUSES ON THE HARBOR.

Port de Banc the afterglow was just beginning to fade, the dusky grays were gradually creeping westward, a great rift of pale faint green showed beneath a ridge of still-flaming clouds. "Look at that!" he cried, standing still and pointing with arm extended to the west, while chattering girls from the washing-place, and children singing "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*," and laborers starting homeward after their day's work, and priests out for their evening walk, passed down the road. But no one noticed him; he and the sunset were everyday occurrences at Martigues. "Look at that! Can I bring my canvas and paint here an effect which is gone in five minutes? No; but I come evening after evening at this hour. I look, I regard, I study, I learn. The inspira-

tion seizes me. I have always had a medal whenever I have exhibited. Albert Wolf has written about me. Reproductions of my paintings you will find in the Salon catalogues."

One from the Commerce sauntered by, his big white umbrella up, a fan in one hand, his tiny sketch-book, as usual, in his pocket.

"They never work, these men," the helmet said with a shrug; "and what can they expect? They stay in Martigues, they do not come to Paris, they do nothing. You never see them with paint or canvas. They never work out of doors; they are not *fin de siècle*. And then they do not like it when others get the good places and the medals. They think no one to-day does good work, no one after Corot, and Daubigny, and their eternal M. Ziem!



"IT IS AS GOOD AS VENICE."

They abuse everybody else. They loaf and talk only of themselves. *Mon Dieu*, it is two o'clock! We must be off. Black! Brosse!"

And down the wide street marched the procession of brave workmen, while over at the Commerce the idlers sat for a couple of hours playing with their dogs and talking about the greatness of art before the coming of the modern artist.

We heard much of this talk. Many an evening poor Désirée, carrying the soup from the kitchen to the dining-room, would have to force his way through the group listening to an impromptu lecture on true artistic methods; many a morning a little crowd assembled under the sycamores of the walk for a lesson in true artistic perspective without the aid of camera. And daily we watched the progress of the big canvases, and learned of the strifes and struggles of the artist in Paris, where the spoils of the art world must be intrigued for as are political spoils at home, and where a good coat and a swell studio are the artist's highest recommendations, even as in London or New York.

Art for art's sake was the creed held at the Commerce; art for a medal's sake at the Cascade.

I was glad that we were allowed to hold a neutral position, to be neither tricolorist nor romanticist, but independent, like the young painter who gave lessons to all the pretty girls in Martigues, and the old professor of drawing who sang such gay songs over his wine after dinner. I liked the methods of the communers with nature; to spend morning and evening studying her among the olives and from canal-banks, to do nothing and call it work, what could be pleasanter? And yet success is sweet, and successful artists do not always do the worst work. Was not Velasquez a courtier? and did not Titian live in a palace?

However, if all the ways of Martigues were

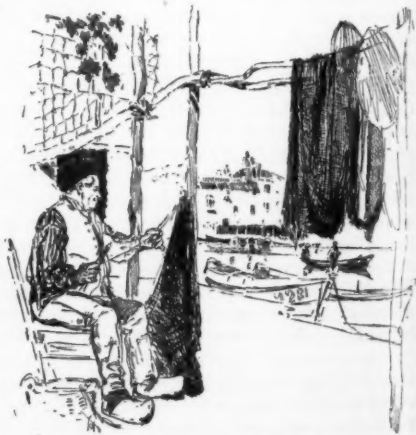
not peace, at both cafés it was agreed that the town was a real painter's paradise.

"It is as good as Venice," they would say at the Commerce. "We have the boats, the canals, the fishermen, and the sunlight; in the morning even Port de Banc in the distance is as fine as the Venetian islands. And yet it is so much more simple. The effects at a certain hour are the same every day — every day. It composes itself; it is not too architectural. And it is small; you get to know it all. You must not always be studying new *motifs*, new subjects, as in Venice. That is why M. Ziem likes it better than all the other places where he has painted."

"It is as good as Venice," they would say at the Cascade, "and so much nearer for us. We lose less time in coming. And people who buy paintings and go to exhibitions are not fatigued with looking at pictures of Martigues, as they are with those of Venice. Every painter has not worked here."

And they might have added that it has not been exploited and ruined like the village on the borders of the northern forest, or the fishing town on the Cornish coast. It is not filled with aggressive studios, it gives no public exhibitions, it has no old men and women falling into position as the artist passes, no inn parlor with picture-covered walls. The only signs of the painter's summer passage is an occasional unfinished sketch stuck up on a shelf in a fisherman's kitchen, or a smudge of paint on a bedroom wall.

Those were very pleasant days, the last we spent at Martigues. We were no longer alone when we strolled by the canals where the brown



A MARTIGAU MENDING NETS.

nets hung in long lines and the boats lay finely grouped, and where young girls in Rembrandtesque interiors and old men out in the sunshine chanting about "*pauvre Zozéphine*" made or mended nets and sails. We were no longer alone when we walked towards the sunset, no longer alone when we drank our midday coffee at the Cascade, or J—— smoked his evening pipe in front of the hotel. A space was found for his stool at the Gâcherel in the afternoons; Black followed Madame and me over the hills and under the pines. And we had made many other friends in the town: the builder of the mosque, who often consulted us about his dome and minarets—"what was the true Turkish form"; the shopkeepers, who would lean over their counters and call me "*Ma Bella*" when they asked what I wanted; the women who offered J—— a chair when he worked at their doors; the fishermen who invited us on their boats and into their kitchens. A little longer and we

should have been on intimate terms with all Martigues, even though we could not understand its language.

But the summer painting season came to an end with September. One by one the helmets deserted the Gâcherel and the Cascade; one by one the white umbrellas and fans disappeared from the shores of the lake. Gradually the studio litter was cleared from the hall of our hotel.

"These gentlemen, the painters, go now," M. Bernard said, when he would have induced us to stay on, "but others soon arrive for the winter. The house will be gay again."

Only over at the Commerce one or two remained faithful, waiting for the coming of their master, M. Ziem.

But we could not wait to see the great man nor to share the winter gaiety. We had had our summer in Paradise; the time had come to turn our faces northward from the sunshine of Martigues to the fog of London.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

FRANCIA, 1450-1518.

(FRANCESCO DI MARCO RAIBOLINI.)



THE name by which this painter was and is still generally known is not well accounted for, but is supposed to be simply the abbreviation of his christened name, Francesco, assumed afterward in all probability as a surname to distinguish him from some other Francesco, the recognition of the family name, except in noble families, not being customary in Italy till a late period, and in some regions not being habitual even now. His pictures are signed F. Francia Aurifex, or simply Francia Aurifex, and sometimes with the addition of *Bon* or *Bonomiensis* (of Bologna), showing that he did not himself recognize the family name, and that in his own day he was better known as a goldsmith than as a painter. He is indeed the most remarkable instance of that versatility in the practice of the arts which arose from the broad and thorough method of education in general principles on which the art of the Renaissance is based. He was one of the most successful medalists of the time, and head of the mint of Bologna under the Bentivoglio family, the tyrants of that city; the medals and coins issued from its mint under his direction of it are amongst the most admirable that we possess. The art of the goldsmith was generally considered as extending to all branches of design, and the passage of the

pupil from the goldsmith's *bottega* to that of a painter was common at all times in the best period of the arts in Italy, as is shown by the example of Botticelli, Verocchio, and the Pollainoli. Vasari says that Francia, having known Mantegna and other painters, determined at a mature age to try his hand at painting. His training as a gold-worker, and the continual demand for the small figures which formed a great part of the more important works in gold and silver in an age when devotion combined with luxury to make the goldsmith the most important artisan of the epoch, made every apprentice of talent practically a sculptor, while the rules which directed the painter in all the stages of his work were so well settled, and the processes so systematic and direct, that they were acquired without the slightest difficulty by any good draftsman. What was most important was that he should draw with certainty, and the habit of working in metal with the graver is certainly the best of all trainings for this. With this general knowledge of all that art had to do, he was thrown into contact with Mantegna, who, being of all men of his time in the highest rank amongst painters, united with the gifts of the painter the feeling for form of the sculptor and the fertility of decorative design of the goldsmith, and was therefore probably the most sympathetic with the tenden-

cies of Francia of all his great contemporaries. Master in painting he cannot be said to have had, for while one authority attributes his instruction to Marco Zoppa, another assigns it to Lorenzo Costa, whose style his more resembles than that of any other of his early contemporaries. But in 1490 he was already recognized as one of the ablest draftsmen of that part of Italy to which he belonged. Bologna had in fact developed but slight artistic feeling in comparison with the Venetian or Tuscan regions, and the stimulus of a strongly artistic atmosphere was wanting to develop his tendencies. As was to be expected under the circumstances, he came under the influence of the most individual school amongst those around him, and this was the Umbrian. Cavalcaselle attributes to Perugino the shape which painting took in the hands of Francia as soon as he had determined his style.

The revolt of the Bolognese, or perhaps more properly the conquest of Bologna by Julius II., was a grievous loss to Francia, to whom Bentivoglio had been a patron and a friend, for though he remained as die-maker to the Pope, the new Lord of Bologna, the far-away encouragement of a sovereign who had the whole of Italy to draw from for his art was a slight recompense for the position he held under the Bentivoglios. But Italy was no longer so divided in its provincialism as it had been in the earlier days of art, and the fame and works of masters of one school were known and recognized in the others more frankly than in the century before. Pictures had become more a subject of private acquisition, mainly through the higher cultivation of the nobility and the encouragement given the painters through the purchase of panels for the decoration of their palaces, but also through the change wrought in the character of the works of art through the introduction of oil painting, which led to the greater attractiveness of the works themselves to the general amateur. It had become the practice for the wealthy to order pictures for their palaces from celebrated painters, as we have seen in the cases of Mantegna and Bellini at Mantua, and though there is no evidence that Francia ever left Bologna to study elsewhere, it is known that pictures of Perugino and Raphael went to Bologna; ¹ and both in their turn influenced the manner of Francia.

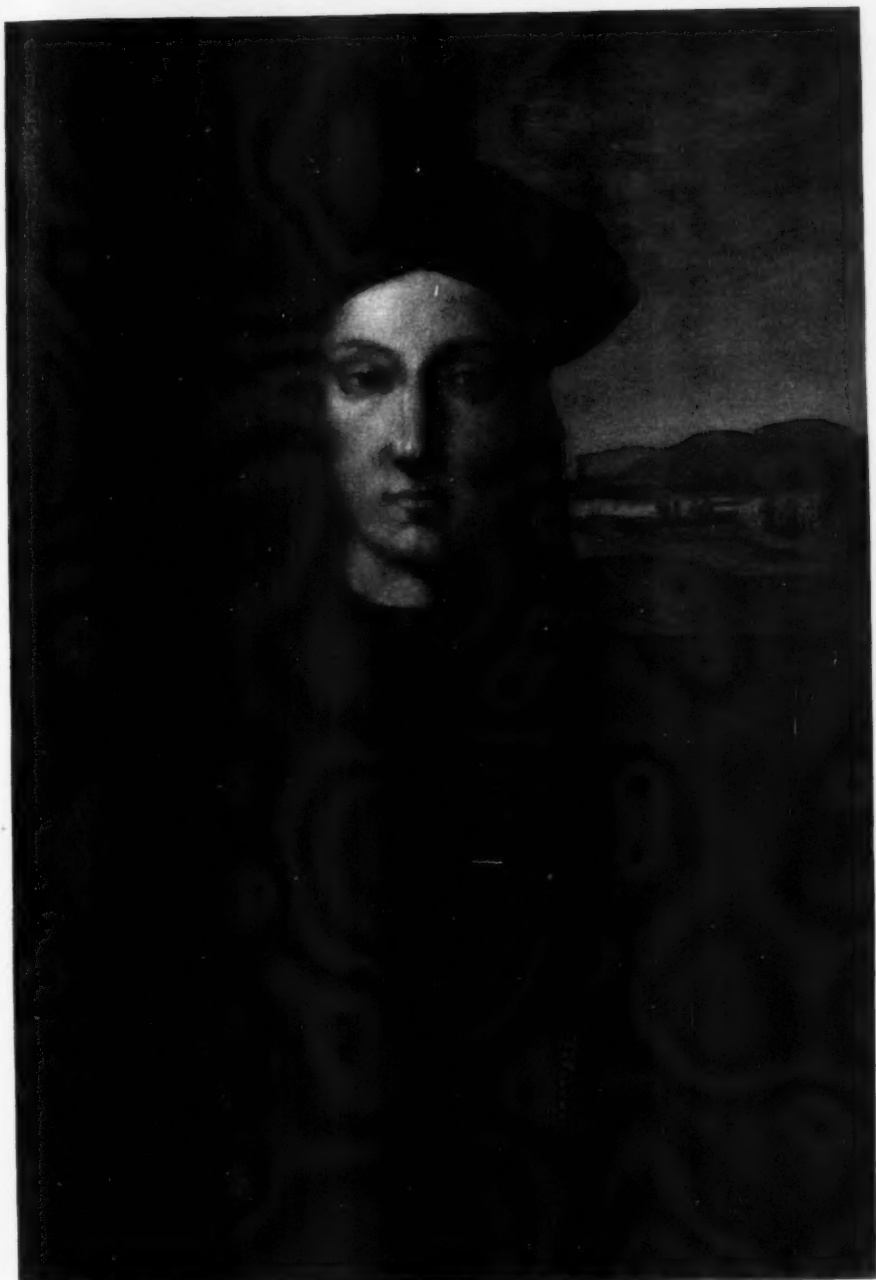
The way in which Francia's acquaintance with Raphael began is not known, but it is likely

to have occurred through sight of the works of the latter, just as had been the case with Perugino. But Timoteo Viti, whom we now know to have exercised a great influence on Raphael, came from Urbino to Bologna in 1491, to study the art in which Francia was first in that city, and remained until 1495, when he returned to Urbino and settled there. It is probable that the pupil of Francia brought the work of his fellow Urbinate to the knowledge of his master, for it is certain that Giovanni Bentivoglio had a picture of Raphael, and that a correspondence was carried on between Raphael and Francia, and that they exchanged portraits. Writing in 1508 Raphael acknowledges the receipt of the portrait of Francia, promises his own, and sends a drawing, desiring also to receive one from Francia. He adds that "Mon-signor the Datario and Cardinal Riario were both expecting their Madonnas, which no doubt would be equally beautiful and well done as the previous ones." When we come to examine the dates of these occurrences we get a good light on the relations that must have existed between the two painters. Francia had begun painting about 1485, probably, as we find his style formed in 1490, and at the latter date he was forty years of age and Raphael was seven. At the date of the exchange of portraits, then, Francia was fifty-eight and Raphael twenty-five, both in the prime of their powers, but the elder painter had already surrendered himself to the influence of the divine Urbinate and from this he never emancipated himself. Raphael had been painting seven years as an independent master, and had already made his ineffaceable impression on the world's art; it was not surprising that Francia should have been carried away by him. The warmth of appreciation on the part of the younger and greater master will easily be accounted for by the flattery of imitation, which to ingenious natures is a proof of superiority.

Francia painted till 1515, and died three years later on the 5th of January, leaving several sons, two of whom were painters of little importance. Of his frescos only two remain, in a much retouched condition, in the oratory of St. Cecilia at Bologna. His easel pictures and portraits in oil are numerous, and show the Peruginesque and Raphaellesque tendencies respectively so strongly that some of them have long been attributed to one or the other painter.

¹ Cavalcaselle. "From the day on which his [Francia's] name first emerged into notoriety he showed a distinct Umbrian character in the form of his art, and it has been justly said by Vasari that his panels and those of Perugino 'displayed a novel spirit and softness.' Of the mode in which this new spirit expanded

in Perugino, we have had occasion to speak; it was the fruit of a happy combination of Florentine and Umbrian habits. How it expanded in Francia would be a mystery if we did not know that towards the close of the 15th century the pictures of Perugino were carried to Bologna."



TCOLE S. FIRENZE

AN UNKNOWN MAN, BY FRANCA.



NOTES BY T. COLE ON THE FRANCIA PORTRAIT.


THIS portrait of "An Unknown Man" by Francia is one of his very finest. It hangs in the Sala dell'Iliade of the Pitti Gallery, Florence. It is life size, painted on wood, and measures $27\frac{1}{4}$ inches high by $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. It is wonderfully subtle and delicate in treatment, simple in its variety of tones, and mellow in coloring. The landscape background is warm and tender. The sky in color is something between a greenish blue and a warm gray, becoming of a golden hue toward the horizon. The distant hills are of warm bluish and greenish tones. The middle distance is warm and yellowish, grading down to the foreground into brown-

ish tints. The background of the other side of the head is of a soft neutral brown. The hat and cloak of the figure are black, but of a soft grayish tone—the hat being of the darker shade and having a velvety richness. The trimming of the cloak suggests gold. The flesh is pale and yellowish. The hair is reddish brown.

What a poetical personage it is—so tender, thoughtful, and serious! One cannot fail to be impressed by the portrait. And what a fine conception of a half length! It fully justifies Francia's reputation as a portrait painter.

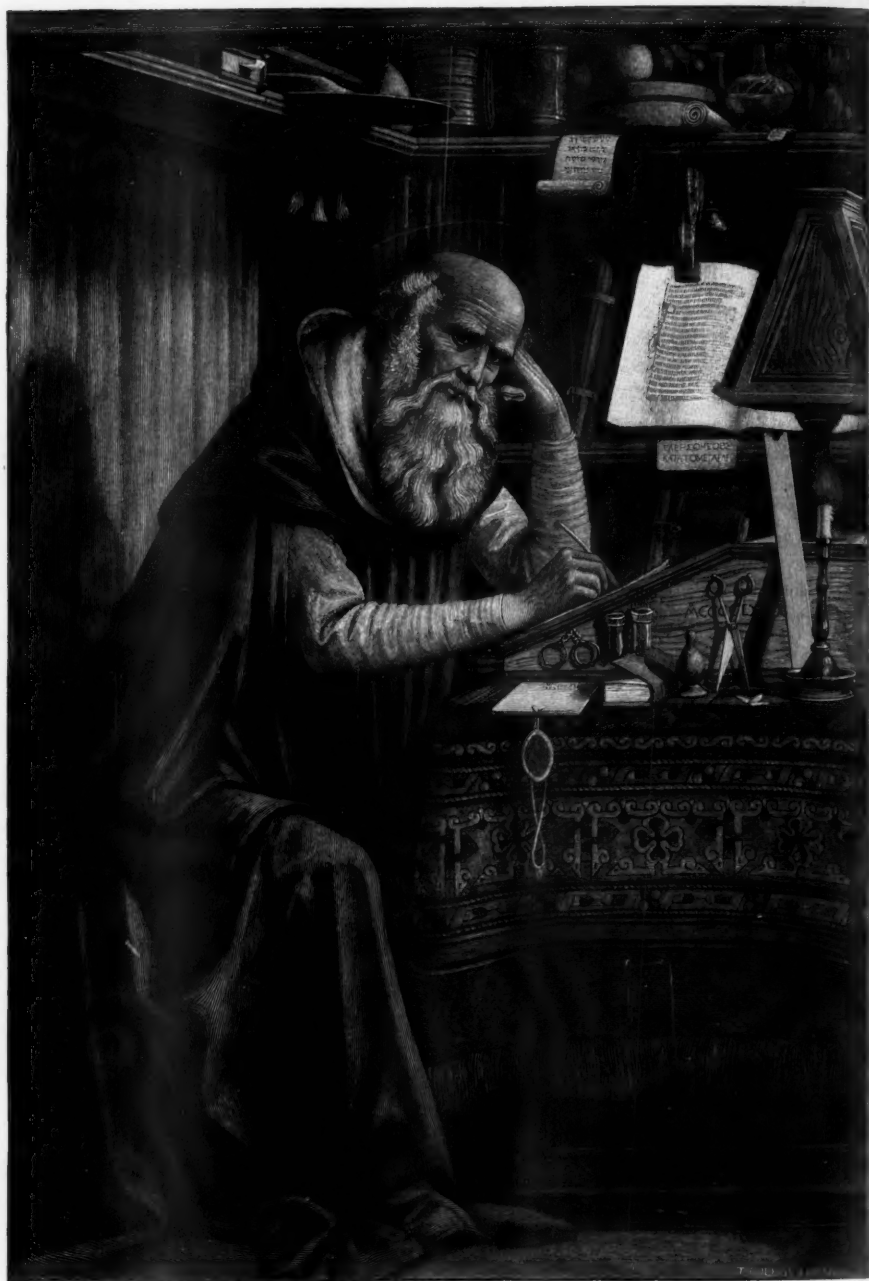
GHIRLANDAIO, 1449-94.

(DOMENICO DI TOMMASO CURRADI DI DOFFO BIGORDI.)



THE career of Ghirlandaio must be considered one of the most brilliant of the Renaissance. Though educated in the midst of art influences, and probably always more or less given to the pursuit of some of its forms, his father being of that jeweler's craft which was the school of so many of the best artists of the time, he seems to have been slow to seek an independent career. The father's title *Ghirlandaio*, the garland-maker, was due to his distinction as a maker of the jeweled garlands which the fine ladies of Florence were in the habit of wearing, and not, as Vasari supposed, to his invention of them, for they had been the subject of sumptuary laws in the earliest and heroic days of the Republic. His being singled out for this title of distinction may be taken as proof of his supremacy in that branch of art, the more as it clung to his descendants, unlike the generality of those epithets. The qualities of the son are such as to show that he must have had early training in drawing and possibly in gold-work; for the facility and certainty of touch which are his distinguishing traits could not have been acquired late in life. We hear that he was put in his father's shop in boyhood, but that to his trade he preferred catching the likenesses of passers-by and customers, so that at length his father put him to the study of painting under Master Alessio Baldovinetti, where he must have progressed slowly, but where he acquired that solid and certain method which more than any other art-quality distinguishes him amongst his fellows of the Renaissance. At the age of thirty-one he is described by his father in an income-return preserved in Gaye as "without any fixed place of abode," which probably means that he had not yet set up a *bottega* of his own, nor was he recognized as a master until after he had executed the frescos in the church of the Ognissanti in 1480.

His pictures in the Vespucci chapel of the Ognissanti in Florence are destroyed, but there are others in the church which have been protected, and of which the St. Jerome, engraved by Mr. Cole, is an excellent example, though not a work of great pretension like the frescos in Sta. Maria Novella in the same city. The "Last Supper" in the refectory of the Ognissanti is considered the earliest composition we have by him. It is in the traditional form of the subject, the long table with two wings and with Christ in the middle, the grouping varied more than in the conventional representations by prior artists. A group on the left seems to be eagerly listening to the Saviour's words, and Peter points to Judas as if he would say: "Behold the villain who shall be our ruin!" There is an immaturity in the work as compared with the Sta. Maria Novella frescos which does not appear in the simpler subject of the St. Jerome, possibly painted afterward; but even the latter shows the hardness of a severe and painstaking student, and the precise execution of a methodical painter, rather than the power of a great master. It is, considering the epoch, a singularly elaborate work, and the accessories are rendered with a fidelity which is quite unique. Minute detail in design we have in earlier painters, especially in Mantegna and Gentile da Fabriano, though not in fresco; but here the effort for realistic fidelity is simply for the sake of detail, not of his own designing, and strikes one as somewhat mechanical and unfeeling. The firmness of hand is there, but the mastery of the larger qualities of art is not. About this time, and probably immediately after the Ognissanti frescos, he was commissioned to paint the story of S. Paolino in Sta. Croce, as well as a series of subjects in the Sala dell'Orologio of the Palazzo Vecchio; and other work for the Republic seems rapidly to have increased his reputation,



(ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE OGNIBANTI, FLORENCE.)

ST. JEROME, BY GHIRLANDAIO.

so that he was sent by the Pope, Sixtus IV., to assist in the decoration of the Sistine chapel. Before going to Rome, however, he painted at S. Gemignano in the oratory of S. Giovanni. The visit to Rome must have been about 1484, but how long it lasted, and whether it was a single visit or was repeated, is not ascertained. As, however, he seems, from the record of the work on the Palazzo Pubblico at Florence, to have drawn pay for every year from 1483 to 1485, inclusive, he could hardly have been away continuously for a year; and as in that interval he painted a second fresco for the Sistine, now destroyed, and decorated a chapel for the Tornabuoni family in Sta. Maria sopra Minerva in Rome, also destroyed, he probably made various visits as the state of the work he happened to be engaged on permitted. The frescos in Rome having been completed, as we must conclude, about 1484, he next undertook the decoration of the chapel of Sta. Fina at S. Gemignano, in which, as probably in most or all of his painting of this period, he employed the services of his brother-in-law, Sebastiano Mainardi, whose hand the discrimination of Cavalcaselle detects through the most important passages of it. Without some such coöperation it would indeed have been impossible for any painter to have executed so many important works as Ghirlandaio crowded into his short life. He repeated in S. Marco of Florence the subject of his "Last Supper" in the Ognisanti, of which Cavalcaselle says:

Less favorable in its impression on the spectator is the "Last Supper" in the convent of S. Marco at Florence, where Ghirlandaio, repeating the arrangement carried out at Ognisanti, gives evidence of his progress in the production of relief, but less happily renders animation and movement. Yet the dim tone and roughness of surface caused by time and damp may have a part in diminishing the sympathy that might otherwise be felt for this work.

I cannot in all cases accept so readily the esthetic judgments of Cavalcaselle as his technical opinions, but in general it can hardly be admitted that the damages of time can affect our sympathy with a work of art; and I am not disposed to accept with less reserve the great expert's estimate of the relative importance of the Sassetti chapel frescos. The condition, however, in which they are now seen, much covered with dust and otherwise obscured, may make my judgment less favorable than it might be if the conditions for their study were as satisfactory as is the case in the choir of Sta. Maria Novella. The former work has been for some time made difficult

of access by the restorations in progress in the church of the Santissima Trinità. Of these subjects Cavalcaselle says:

Seen from the necessary distance, the Sassetti chapel not only shows a complete unity of decoration, but charms beyond all other works hitherto carried out by Ghirlandaio, because, in addition to the known features of his style, a greater harmony of color is apparent, and because the just value of tones in contrast creates an impression almost equal to that produced in the same sense by the frescos of Masaccio. A surprising reality is represented, with the breadth and grandeur attained by Masaccio and Raphael, in the portrait of Sassetti, whose form and bald head are not more finely given than those of his wife [*sic*]. The treatment in the former is such that Ghirlandaio appears to surpass himself in the handling of the impasto, and disdains the usual minuteness of stippling. The simple flow of a lake-red drapery of solid stuff, the manly frame and fleshy hands, are nature itself.

The value of the chapel thus considered as an integral work in which the distinct compositions are only parts must be estimated differently from that of the compositions themselves. The intellectual and artistic power of the man are shown to much greater advantage in a work of this complexity carried out successfully than they could be in an individual picture, no matter how remarkable. In this, which may be considered a different type of genius from the simply artistic type as we have seen it in Bellini or Masaccio, there is something of the architect, and Ghirlandaio has shown the same quality in a similar combination in the Palazzo Pubblico of Florence, of which Cavalcaselle says: "Florentine artists have seldom been more happy in laying out architectural space than Ghirlandaio in this instance—the whole is distributed with such excellence of proportion, adorned with such taste, and realized with such a successful application of perspective, that nothing remains to be desired." But the estimate of the artist as a painter of a story, and as a decorator and architectural composer, must not be confounded. In the latter capacity he may be classed with Giotto perhaps, in the class at least, if not at the height; but in the former I cannot agree with some of the critics who have studied Ghirlandaio.

The execution of this great work was followed by the commission to paint the choir of Sta. Maria Novella, by his treatment of which he will probably be finally judged as a painter. The choir had been painted by Orcagna, but the rain filtering in from the roof had so damaged the frescos that "many enlightened citizens of Florence desired either to have these interesting works renewed or to see the choir adorned anew by some painter worthy of the

task. But the family of the Ricci, who had a proprietary right in this part of the church, which was considered as their chapel, were not only unwilling to incur the cost themselves, but even refused to allow others to do it for them, fearing lest their coats-of-arms and shields should be removed and their hereditary claims to the choir (the patronage of it, as Vasari states, *i. e.*, the nomination of the attendant priests) should be subsequently disputed." The difficulty was finally adjusted by the Tornabuoni, who promised the Ricci that their arms should be put in the most honorable part of the choir, and that they should be recompensed in some other way. And to this effect a "contract and instrument very rigorous," as Vasari has it, was drawn up, by which Giovanni Tornabuoni engaged Ghirlandaio to paint the chapel anew, "with the same stories which had been there before," and Tornabuoni was to pay 1000 golden florins (not 1200, as is said by Vasari), and in case of their giving complete satisfaction the painter was to receive a bonus of 200 more. The work was done in four years, according again to the historian; but he has given the date of finishing in place of that of commencing—that of the year after he had painted the fresco at the Sistine chapel, 1485—and Vasari says that he never stopped till the work was complete. Tornabuoni seems to have been a slippery customer; for he not only, while avowing his complete satisfaction with the decoration of the church, begged to be released from the payment of the bonus (which Ghirlandaio, "who esteemed glory and honor above riches," readily forgave), but he evaded his promise to the Ricci, putting their arms in an honorable place, it is true, for they were painted on the frontispiece of the tabernacle of the sacrament, but under an arch and in an obscure position and light, while he had his own arms and those of other branches of his family put on the pilasters and in other most prominent positions. Vasari proceeds, "And the fine part of the affair was on the opening of the chapel, because the Ricci, seeking with much clamor their arms and not finding them, went to the magistrate of the Eight with the contract. Whereupon the Tornabuoni showed that they had been placed in the most evident and honorable place in the chapel, and although the others exclaimed that they could

not be seen, it was said to them that they were in the wrong, and that the arms having been put in so honorable place as the neighborhood of the most holy Sacrament they ought to be satisfied; and so it was settled by that magistrate that the matter must stand as it does at present." It is almost impossible to determine the amount of credit to be given respectively to Ghirlandaio and to his brother David and his brother-in-law Mainardi, for they worked in such complete harmony and persistency that Domenico may almost be said never to have been alone in his work. Besides these his many pupils contributed to swell the immense amount of painting which is credited to him by the chroniclers, but of which of course the greatest part was done by his assistants, the cartoons being probably his own in all cases, as was the practice in the schools. His activity seems to have abated in the last years of his existence, the actual date of his death being March 25 (1493), 1494.¹

Ghirlandaio does not appear to have painted after 1491, and Vasari says that he devoted his time in the following years to mosaic. He was to have painted an altar-piece for the Franciscans of Falco, but it was done by Filippino; and Vasari tells also of a "Visitation," now in the Louvre, which was originally ordered for the church of Cestello, having been left unfinished. He went to Siena and Pisa for the mosaic work, but the story of Vasari that he was to have 20,000 ducats from Lorenzo dei Medici appears to be a fiction, for the documents show that not Lorenzo but Massaino di Goro Massaini was the patron who commissioned the work, and for a much smaller sum than that mentioned, but how much Milanese does not inform us. That he went to Pisa at that time is evident, and that he was ill there; for Tornabuoni sent him a hundred florins on account of his being ill and in need. There is no clear evidence of his having done anything after 1491. A single mosaic known to be his is that over the north side door of the Duomo of Florence, and the probability is that in the mosaics which were executed under his influence the work was really done by his brother David, who is ascertained to have worked on the Duomo of Orvieto and that of Siena in 1492-93. Ghirlandaio is said never to have employed oils, but many pictures were sent

¹ NOTE FROM MILANESI: In the register of the deceased brothers of the Company of St. Paul there is this mention of him: "Domenico, son of Thomas, son of Corrado Bigordi, painter, called the Grillaudio, died Saturday morning, the 11th of January, 1493, of pestilential fever, according to the report, because he died in four days; and those who had charge of the pestilence desired that the dead body should not be visited and that it should not be buried in the daytime. They buried him Saturday night between twenty-four [*i. e.*, the hour of sunset] and one o'clock; and may God forgive them.

It was a great loss [or perhaps the author of the note would have said "great shame," alluding to the obscure burial without the honors due to the dead, the words employed being *grandissimo danno*], because he was a man highly esteemed for all his qualities, and there was great general mourning." The date 1493, by the change of the beginning of the year from the 25th of March to the 1st of January which took place in 1750, becomes 1494. This change has, of course, nothing to do with the change of style from Greek to Gregorian of twelve days, commonly known as the change from old to new style.

out from his *bottega* painted in tempera, a process which suited far better the system of procedure to which he in common with the masters of his time adhered, namely, that of preparing a cartoon and then passing it over to the assistants to be traced and painted according to established practice, all the steps being prescribed, the qualities of execution being the same with all the pupils, and the color being almost conventional with all the men of the time. These various processes are laid down in the book of Cennini, who describes them as the settled practice of "good fresco" and tempera from the time of Giotto. Of the tempera pictures from the *bottega* of Ghirlandaio, that which is the most easily to be seen and studied, and is at the same time considered by the admirers of Ghirlandaio the best, is the "Adoration of the Magi" at the Lying-in Asylum of Florence known as the "Innocenti," which is not only far more brilliant in color than any other of the frescos of the school, but seems to be more directly the production of the master himself. He is reported to have said to his assistants that they were to refuse no commission, not even for the hoops by which the women carried their baskets (*cerchi da paniere di donne*)—an expression which Crowe, who is responsible for the English of the English edition of Cavalcaselle, translates "lady's petticoat panniers," not knowing that the practice of wearing hoops under the petticoats was centuries later than Ghirlandaio, and not stopping to reflect that it would have been absurd to ornament with painting hoops so worn even if they had been in fashion. This detail must not be taken to indicate avarice, but good nature and the desire to satisfy all demands on his art; for other incidents show that Ghirlandaio was not avaricious, as in his release of Tornabuoni from the bonus for the work at Sta. Maria Novella. Nor was he more inclined to exalt himself. He is reported by Vasari to have said to his brother David that he desired him to take charge of all the business details, so that he himself might be left free to devote himself to his work; "for now that I have begun to understand the manner of this art it vexes me that I cannot be commissioned to paint the entire circuit of the walls of Florence"—notwithstanding which we know that David was one of his most active assistants in the actual painting.

In estimating the art of Ghirlandaio, I feel a certain diffidence in putting my opinion beside those of Burton and Cavalcaselle, the latter of whom considers him the greatest of the painters of the fifteenth century. If we take art simply from the side of its technical qualities, the management of the broad surfaces of fresco, and the facility of composition involved in the decoration of the chapels in Florence, with the

precision of execution and certainty of his drawing, such an estimate of his relative rank as that of Cavalcaselle might be accepted without much hesitation, for as a composer of great stories, as the sacred subjects were then called, he had no superior between Giotto and Raphael. But when Cavalcaselle says, "The spectator's memory involuntarily reverts to the false and capricious extravagance of Filippino, the overcharged richness of Botticelli," and contrasts their efforts with "the purity exhibited here by Ghirlandaio," I am obliged to dissent from the standard of art implied, and I quote the remainder of the sentence to demonstrate what I consider the mistaken estimate of the Italian critic: "The whole is distributed with such excellence of proportion, adorned with such taste, and realized with such a successful application of linear perspective, that nothing remains to be desired." All this being admitted proves only that Ghirlandaio was a great master, perhaps a greater master of the learned side of the art of painting—of its academical qualities, for which a scientific acumen is indispensable—than were Filippino and Botticelli; but in the true passion of art, in that which lies beyond and behind technic and a simply correct eye, both those painters were superior to him, in common with many others of the long line from Giotto to Michelangelo. He had profited well by all the art before him and all that was being done around him, and his system, cold, intellectual, and correct, merits in the sense in which it can be applied to such work the epithet of masterly; but the unexpected discoveries, the enchanting underthoughts, the inspiring imaginative felicities of the others, he had not. He was not in the true sense of the word an imaginative painter, nor does his power touch the heart any more than his color the musical sense. His portraiture is not so affectionate or complete as that of Gozzoli, nor has he the tender expression of Mantegna; his work is rather composition than invention, great and harmonious and impressive in line and the distribution of masses, but simply learned.

The comparison of his "Death of St. Francis" in the Sassetti chapel with that of Giotto in Sta. Croce will illustrate what I mean more clearly than can any abstract comparisons. It will do so the better from the fact that Ghirlandaio's subject is borrowed in the main from Giotto. The general distribution of the groups and most of the figures are the same, and the composition is one of the noblest of the master in both cases. But in that of the pioneer of modern art there is a dramatic concentration, an imaginative unity which is wholly lacking in the later work. The additions are almost without exception variations which weaken the impression. In Giotto

the soul of the saint is seen carried away into the blue heavens above, and the only spectator who is not absorbed in the pathetic and awe-inspiring flitting of the soul of their master is one who has his spiritual vision open to see the apotheosis; all the others are intent on the face of the saint—one closely watching the face with a look of rapture in sympathy with the serenity of the dead, and three behind him awe-struck apparently by the glory; one at either hand and foot kissing the stigmata in them, while the abbot looks at the wound in the side as if to assure himself that it was there; but all, even the stolid attendants, three at the head to read the prayer, and three at the foot to hold the cross and tapers, all are intent on the face of the saint. In the composition of Ghirlandaio the general disposition is the same; the three at the head of the couch are the same except that the central one has become a bishop or abbot, but the three at the foot are looking all ways; the friar who is watching the face of the dead regards it not with Giotto's look of rapt wonder, but approaches his head closely with an expression which it is not too much to call a grin. Yet this grin, but for a knitting of the brows, as if of pain, in the monk who holds and kisses St. Francis's left hand, is the only expression of any kind to be found in the whole picture; the abbot who in Giotto's picture is looking at the wound in the side as if he meant to see it, is a layman, who from the further side of the bed puts his hand over the body and touches its side with an action of no significance whatever, unless it be that he is supposed to be a doctor feeling if the heart still beats; Giotto's monk who kisses the right foot has become a page in the costume of Ghirlandaio's time, who stands behind the attendants at the foot of the bed, so that the feet may be seen by the spectator, and all the other assistants are disposed in various and studied attitudes, with utter disregard of the dramatic unity of the subject, but with constant study of the effect of

the lines of the composition. While in the earlier picture the figures are all those of ecclesiastics, in that of Ghirlandaio half, nearly, are laymen, introduced probably to allow the painter to flatter his patrons by immortalizing their portraits. Giotto's open sky and its ecstatic vision of the flying soul and its attendant angels has given place to an elaborate architectural background of renaissance structure. Not only is the composition in all its main features borrowed directly from Giotto (which is however, *per se*, no fault in Ghirlandaio, for this was in accord with the recognized practice of the time), but the number of figures is the same, showing deliberate adaptation. In almost every case, however, the significance of the figure is lost—ignored so completely as to show that the dramatic insight of Giotto was thrown away on the later painter. All the greater refinements of grouping and line, all the added subtlety of naturalistic knowledge, all the higher mastery in technic are only so many more proofs that the copyist was insensible to the finest and rarest qualities of his original. Instead of the dramatic intensity of Giotto, he has given us only a masterly and refined *pose plastique*.¹

It is thus restricted, then, that we must accept the eulogiums of the contemporaries of Ghirlandaio and of his modern admirers, that as master of the academic qualities of the art of painting he surpassed all his predecessors and contemporaries, and even his successors, until Raphael. He was the master of Michelangelo; but I am disposed to doubt if he exerted any great amount of influence on his development, and, if he did, whether it was not merely to strengthen the scientific element already in excess in the character of his pupil. In all that is spontaneous, incommunicable, inexplicable in art; in what is the gift of the good fairy at birth, and which education may stifle or foster but cannot impart, Ghirlandaio was the inferior of many others in that greatest of all epochs of painting.

W. J. Stillman.

¹ The engraving of this subject by Mr. Cole in THE CENTURY for January, 1889, is so subtle even in its fidelity to the apparently rude execution of Giotto that it may be studied with the same confidence as the original. There is not a shade of expression on the faces of the actors in the scene which is not rendered with absolute truth. The rigidity of the draperies, the insistence on the expression in some of the faces of the attendants, and the naïveté of the effect of the

whole, are rendered with unswerving conscience. Those who wish to follow out the parallel I have drawn between the identical motive in the hands of the greatest masters in their respective veins in the development of Italian art can do so by a comparison with the photograph of Ghirlandaio's St. Francis, by Alinari of Florence, which shows the composition in the chapel of Sta. Maria Novella much more clearly than it can be seen in the original.



TREATMENT OF PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON.

I. A REPLY TO "COLD CHEER AT CAMP MORTON."

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
INDIANAPOLIS, June 13, 1891.

WE, the undersigned committee, appointed by a resolution passed by the Department Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at its last session at Indianapolis, April 10, 1891, to investigate the statements contained in an article entitled "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," written by John A. Wyeth, and printed in the April number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, have examined the evidence contained in a reply to said article, written by W. R. Holloway, entitled "Treatment of Prisoners at Camp Morton." Most of the witnesses quoted by Mr. Holloway are personally known to us, and the remainder are men of high character, who enjoy the confidence of the communities in which they reside. We therefore indorse and approve the article written by W. R. Holloway, entitled "Treatment of Prisoners at Camp Morton."

JAMES R. CARNAHAN,
JOHN COBURN,

CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN,
M. D. MANSON,
E. H. WILLIAMS.

LEW. WALLACE,
JAMES L. MITCHELL,

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
OFFICE OF DEPARTMENT COMMANDER, INDIANAPOLIS, June 10, 1891.

THE committee appointed by order of the Twelfth Annual Encampment of the Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic, to investigate the charges made against the official management at Camp Morton in the treatment of prisoners of war confined therein during the years 1862 to 1865 carefully examined, in my presence, the paper prepared by Col. W. R. Holloway in relation thereto, and verified all documents and data referred to in said paper, and found them to be correct.

I. N. WALKER, *Department Commander.*



THE April CENTURY contained an article entitled "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," written by John A. Wyeth, which charged that the rebel prisoners confined in Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, during the war were starved and subjected to other inhuman treatment or neglect. It has long been a matter of pride to the people of Indiana that they gave freely of their time and goods to relieve the distresses of the half-clad and half-famished prisoners who were sent to Indianapolis for safe keeping during the Rebellion. They have asked no thanks for their humanitarian efforts, but they have the right, I think, to claim exemption from such acts of ingratitude as take a publicly defamatory form.

Mr. Wyeth's paper begins with a misstatement, viz., that the writer had been guarded after capture by a company under the command of his cousin Thomas W. Smith, of Jacksonville, Illinois (an officer who by the way had resigned sixteen months before that time), and ends with the libelous assertion that the 1763 deaths which occurred in Camp Morton were due largely to starvation and other inhuman treatment. If we may accept a statement made by an uncle of Mr. Wyeth, and now preserved in the files of the War Department, Wyeth, when confined in Camp Morton, was "not quite eighteen years old" and "rather delicate naturally." Young Wyeth had three aunts residing

at Jacksonville, Illinois, one of whom visited him at Camp Morton. Wyeth's uncle, Captain J. M. Allen, Provost Marshal of the Fifth District of Illinois, requested the Commissary-General of Prisoners that the boy "be removed to his care, or to the prison at Rock Island, which was near his home." But he adds: "If he cannot be removed as I suggest, I would be glad to have him kept and not exchanged. The dangers of the field service are much more than those of the camp." If prisoners were being starved, frozen, or cruelly maltreated at Camp Morton, it is not likely that this last request would have been made, particularly as young Wyeth would have disclosed such treatment to his aunt.

Young Wyeth seemed to forget that he was a prisoner of war, and was apparently much surprised to find that Camp Morton was not a hotel upholstered in modern style. With his long catalogue of inconveniences—floorless barracks, hard beds, lack of complete bathing appliances with hot and cold water attachments—I have nothing to do. These are the implied incidents of war, whether in the field or in the prison, and are not feared by those who think they are fighting for a principle, and should be kept in view in reading Mr. Wyeth's article. But against his charges of starvation and cruelty I set an explicit denial.

Mr. Wyeth's statements are purely *ex parte*, and abound in general assertions which are fortified neither by names nor dates. He has a case to plead. "The Southern side of prison

life has not yet been written. The reputation of the South has suffered, not only because the terrible trials of Northern prisoners in the Southern prisons have been so fully exploited, but because the truth of the Confederate prisons has not yet been given to the world." At last he consents to tell his "tale of woe," evidently thinking that he has only to speak to convince. If it were true, as he charges, that rebel prisoners confined in Camp Morton were deliberately starved to death, or otherwise inhumanly treated, the facts could not have been secreted during a quarter of a century; like the horrors of Andersonville, they would have obtained scandalous notoriety at the beginning. During the year 1862 the prison was a State institution, and was under the supervision of Governor Morton, its immediate superintendents being Colonel Richard Owen and Colonel D. G. Rose. I need not vindicate the reputation of the war governor of Indiana—a man who has been sanctified in memory as "the soldiers' friend." His nature was brave and generous, and his heart was as tender as that of a woman. The Union soldier was his peculiar care whether in the field, in the barracks, or in the hospital; and his solicitude extended to his captured foes as well, as many letters written to him by grateful ex-prisoners attested. Colonel Owen, who was a brother of the late Robert Dale Owen, the distinguished philanthropist, was the first commander of the camp, and was uniformly beloved by the Confederates under his charge. On June 10, 1862, his regiment was ordered to the front, and he was succeeded by Colonel D. G. Rose, who discharged his responsible duties with entire satisfaction. In August, 1862, a general exchange was effected, and soon after the camp was closed as a prison. In the following year it was reopened under the auspices of the general Government, but in the interim it was occupied by our troops as a barracks. The first commander of the prison in 1863 was Captain D. W. Hamilton, of the 7th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, a well-known resident of Indianapolis. He served until November, 1863, when he was relieved at his own request and to the regret of many of the prisoners, by whom he was well liked. His successor was General A. A. Stevens, of the 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps. General Stevens was a man of high character and a brave soldier. As lieutenant-colonel of the 3d Michigan he was in all of the battles of the Potomac in 1861-2, was severely wounded, and was promoted for bravery to the colonelcy of the 21st Michigan Volunteers, when he was transferred to the Army of the Ohio. He was wounded at Perryville and at Murfreesboro, and was afterwards assigned to the Veteran Reserve Corps. The comman-

ders of the military district for Indiana were General H. B. Carrington, General O. B. Willcox, and General A. P. Hovey. The five gentlemen just named are still living, and will speak through me in the succeeding pages.

As private secretary of Governor Morton until June, 1864, and residing in Indianapolis during the war, it was a part of my duty to visit all of the camps and to learn something of their management. I talked with the prisoners in Camp Morton almost daily, visited their barracks, and ate of their food. I saw the bread baked in the bakery. Save the new arrivals at Camp Morton, most of whom were ill and ragged, the prisoners were in good health and comfortably clothed. If they were hungry, cold, or maltreated, they made no complaint to me, nor to any one of whom I ever heard. Any prison-house, no matter how well conditioned, will become irksome to those confined in it, although be it said the prisoners at Camp Morton were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. They fared as well as the Union soldiers who guarded them, if not better, and surely this is all that could have been expected. Homesickness, as superinducing other ailments, and lack of occupation were leading causes of mortality in Northern prisons. Whenever opportunity offered work was given to the prisoners. They assisted in building the new barracks and hospitals, and in digging a ditch to prevent themselves from escaping—a labor which Mr. Wyeth seemed to regard in the light of a hardship. But as a rule the prisoners were indisposed to labor. In many cases they refused even to nurse their own sick, for which they were disciplined by being compelled to take wheel-barrows and assist in the sanitation of the camp.

The most efficient causes of death in Camp Morton were the insufficient food and the exposure from which the rebel soldiers had suffered *before they arrived at the prison*. Mr. Wyeth says he slept on the ground during his first night in the camp, that he was seized with a chill which resulted in pneumonia, and that he was sent to the hospital on the following day. Just why Mr. Wyeth was not assigned to quarters upon his arrival is not clear. With the incoming of himself and his associates, there were only 1819 prisoners in camp, although there were accommodations for 3945, and General Stevens says that he does not remember that prisoners were ever compelled to remain without shelter or cover over night, faring much better in this respect than soldiers in the field. But, accepting Mr. Wyeth's story as true, the statement of his illness should be read in connection with the fact that when he was captured, ten days or two weeks before,



THE GATE, CAMP MORTON, FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

his wardrobe was "slim and ragged"; and that rather than sleep in a stable he asked his captors to permit him to sleep in the open air even "without blankets." He says, also, that while confined in the State penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn., he was placed in a "narrow stone cell, which was damp and chilly, and being without blankets, bed, or heat was uncomfortable enough." In other words, he came to Camp Morton with the seeds of disease in him. No physician of Mr. Wyeth's acquaintance will say that pneumonia is likely to come on immediately after one night's exposure. What was true of Mr. Wyeth was true of hundreds of other prisoners. Of those who came from Fort Henry and Fort Donelson five hundred were immediately put into the hands of the surgeons, and the sick-list for some time increased rapidly. Says the report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Indiana :

Ample hospital arrangements were made. Everything that kindness or humanity could suggest was done to alleviate the distressed condition of the prisoners. The citizens of Indianapolis, as well as of Terre Haute and Lafayette, responded to the calls of the authorities, and did all that was possible to be done in furnishing suitable nourishment, delicacies, and attention. Many estimable ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services as nurses and attendants, and prominent members of the medical profession were particularly kind and attentive. Buildings were rented outside the camp and converted into infirmaries, with every convenience and comfort required by the sick. Despite all these efforts, the mortality was frightful during the first month or two. . . .

The prisoners themselves, very generally, were profuse in commendations of their treatment, and when the time came for their exchange, many of them preferred to take the oath of allegiance, remaining North, than to be sent back to fight

against the government that had manifested such kindness and magnanimity towards them.

A report from the War Department shows that 2684 prisoners of war were released upon taking the oath of allegiance at Camp Morton, and that of this number 620 enlisted in the United States service.

CAMP MORTON.

CAMP MORTON was a splendid grove adjoining the city of Indianapolis on the north, containing thirty-five acres, instead of twenty as stated by Mr. Wyeth. It was fitted up for the Indiana State Fair in 1860, but was used for that purpose during only one week of that year. It was occupied by the Union troops from the breaking out of the war until the 16th of February, 1862, when General Halleck, commanding the Department of the West, telegraphed to Governor Morton, asking how many prisoners he could provide for. The answer was 3000. The only place in the State well suited for the accommodation of the captives was this camp. It was located on high ground with good drainage and a light and porous soil. There was an abundance of pure water, supplied by a rapidly running stream which flowed through the camp and by a number of good wells. The camp was excellently shaded with walnut, maple, elm, and oak trees of the original forest, and it had formerly been a favorite locality for Methodist camp-meetings. There were a number of good and commodious buildings on the ground which had been erected for the exhibition of machinery, farm and garden products, and such articles as are usually under shelter at agricultural fairs. Captain James A. Ekin, U. S. Quartermaster, converted the existing buildings, which were

8ox30 feet, into pleasant quarters. Bunks were arranged on the sides for sleeping, and long tables were placed in the center for the serving of rations. Stoves were set every twenty feet, and straw and blankets were furnished to make every man as comfortable as possible. The halls being insufficient to accommodate more than 2000 persons, other barracks were constructed out of the stock stalls adjoining the northern fence of the camp, and all were white-washed inside and out. Mr. Wyeth leaves the reader to infer that he was quartered in one of these stock stalls. Such was not the case. The barracks which he describes were the halls; but, in any event, be it said that the stalls had been occupied by our own troops and were considered comfortable. They were re-modeled for the prisoners so as to give six apartments for sleeping and one for eating purposes, the latter being made by throwing two stalls into one with the table in the center. The usual garrison equipage and cooking utensils, with regulation rations, and plenty of dry fuel — precisely identical with what was issued to our own troops — were furnished and were so disposed as to be convenient for messing. The barracks were closed at the sides with planks and the cracks were covered with strips. If any of the strips fell off or were pulled off by prisoners to make ladders by which to escape, no complaint was made to the authorities, and there was no reason why the prisoners should not have nailed others on. There were plenty of nails, tools, and materials at headquarters, and a number of prisoners were frequently employed in assisting to build and repair barracks, being paid for the same by the Government. In spite of inconsiderate or wilful mischief done by the prisoners there never was a time when the buildings occupied by them were not equal to any occupied by our troops who were guarding prisoners or who were quartered in the various camps near by.

HOSPITALS.

MR. WYETH spent several months in the hospitals in Camp Morton, and bears witness to the conscientious attention and kindly treatment accorded himself and comrades by the physicians and hospital authorities; but he says that "up to the fall of 1864 the facilities for treating the sick were wholly inadequate, and many deaths were doubtless due to the failure to provide the necessary quarters." He was taken with a chill during the morning after his arrival, and was admitted to the hospital at 2 o'clock P. M. He surely had no just cause for complaint. No deaths from disease are reported to have occurred in the barracks. He does not mention the city hospital, where the worst cases were sent from Camp Morton, when

there was room. The city hospital [see page 762] was an unoccupied building when the war broke out, and was taken possession of by order of Governor Morton, and continued during the war with Dr. John M. Kitchen, a leading physician, who still resides at Indianapolis, as surgeon-in-chief. Doctor Kitchen says:

Governor Morton ordered that there should be no distinction made between the Union soldiers and prisoners of war. All were treated alike; they had the same beds and bedding, clean underwear, nursing, and medical aid, food, etc., etc. No complaint was ever made of bad treatment of prisoners in the city hospital so far as I know, and I have letters from ex-prisoners, written since the war, expressing their gratitude for kindness and attention shown them while under my care. I removed the guard from the hospital, and only two prisoners embraced the opportunity to escape. The wooden addition to the building was built for the purpose of accommodating the prisoners. I also remember that when the prisoners were exchanged, their condition was better than that of the men who had guarded them.

The hospitals within the inclosure at Camp Morton were in charge of Dr. P. H. Jameson and Dr. Funkhouser (the latter is dead), from the time they opened until 1864. Colonel Charles J. Kipp, who now resides at 534 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., took charge of the hospitals inside of the camp January, 1864, and remained until June, 1865. He says:

During 1864 new hospitals were built after my own plans, with room for five hundred patients. The hospitals were furnished in the same style as the hospitals for our own men, and were provided with everything necessary for the proper care of the sick. The diet was the same as that given in the military hospital to our own men, and delicacies were given to all whose condition required them. The patients were under the care of skillful physicians, and were nursed by men selected from among their comrades by reason of their aptitude for their work. All army surgeons who visited us pronounced the hospital a model one.

General Stevens says:

I gave the hospitals my personal attention, and they were run on the best possible plan, and had the reputation of being the cleanest in the country outside of Washington.

Mr. Wyeth acknowledges that the hospitals were humanely and skilfully conducted, and inasmuch as the hospitals and barracks were under one management, it is inconsistent to impugn the policy governing the one and not that governing the other. It is absurd to suppose that the authorities made the prisoners alternately ill and well, and that any inconveniences which the prisoners may have suf-

ferred could have been otherwise than merely incidental and accidental in a well-intentioned management.

Mr. John A. Reaume, a well-known resident of Indianapolis, who was hospital steward at the city hospital, says :

In our hospital, so far as I ever knew or heard, the prisoners were delighted with their treatment. I often meet some of their number, especially in Kentucky, and they never fail to refer with gratitude to their treatment at our hospital.

COLD WEATHER.

MR. WYETH complains that he and his associates had no straw, and yet the official records at Washington show that during the months of February, March, October, November, and December, 1863, and January and February, 1864, 78,792 pounds of straw were issued to the prisoners at Camp Morton, and that the total amount issued during the winter months to the prisoners confined there was 234,272 pounds.

He says further : "The only attempt at heating this open shed [barracks No. 4] was by four stoves placed at equal distances along the passage-way, and that up to Christmas, 1864, I had not felt the heat of a stove." The building being eighty feet long, and the stoves being but twenty feet apart, it follows that the farthest a man could get from a stove was ten feet! Dr. P. H. Jameson, Surgeon-in-chief of Camp Morton, and still one of the most prominent physicians of Indianapolis, says :

I remember those stoves. They were of the regulation camp kind, large cast-iron box affairs taking in a four-foot stick of wood. There was a plentiful supply of wood in camp all the time. Prior to January 1, 1864, I went through those barracks often and had no difficulty in getting as close to the stoves as I wanted to, sometimes closer. When Wyeth came into camp he had the pneumonia as had hundreds of his comrades, and the seemingly high death-rate at that time was owing to that fact, as the high death-rate at Denver, Colorado, is owing to the fact that persons go there with the seeds of the disease in their systems so far developed as to render cure impossible.

Mr. Wyeth says : "A number were frozen to death, and many more perished from diseases brought on by exposure added to their condition of emaciation for lack of food. I counted eighteen dead bodies carried into the dead-house one morning after an intensely cold night."

In this statement he evidently refers to what is remembered in Indianapolis as "the cold New Year's day," viz., January 1, 1864. From

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the "Indianapolis Journal" of January 5, 1864, I take the following :

The morning of New Year's day presented us with the coldest weather ever known here. On Thursday, December 31, at one o'clock P. M., the thermometer was 40 degrees above zero, at which time it began going down rapidly until it reached zero before eleven o'clock and 20 degrees below before daylight on New Year's morning. The most moderate temperature on New Year's day was 12 degrees below zero, and it did not rise above zero until Saturday afternoon, thus being more than 36 hours below zero.

The "Indianapolis Journal" of January 2, 1864, stated :

There was a rumor that several of the union soldiers belonging to the veteran reserve corps, who were guarding the prisoners at Camp Morton, were frozen to death on the night previous. Governor O. P. Morton requested General H. B. Carrington, United States Army, then on special duty in this State, to visit all of the camps and hospitals in and around the city, to inspect and report as to their condition and the amount of suffering that had resulted from the intensely cold weather. The following is an extract from his report :

"Troops on duty, the Invalid corps, Colonel Stevens. No deaths or serious injury from the extreme cold. All reports to that effect are without foundation. The guard is relieved hourly, and as much oftener as the soldier advises the corporal by call that he suffers in the least. Hot coffee is served to the men when relieved, and pains are taken to prevent suffering and needless exposure. . . .

"Among the prisoners there is less sickness than usual. I visited nearly every barracks and the hospitals. The men were cheerful and thankful ; in fifty letters sent out nearly every one spoke kindly of their treatment. One prisoner said to me, 'It would be extravagant to ask for anything else.' Seven hundred extra blankets and many shoes had been issued. They lacked for nothing indispensable to their personal health and comfort."

The "Indianapolis Journal" of January 4, 1864, says :

We are pleased to state that the item in Saturday's journal relating to soldiers freezing to death at Camp Morton is incorrect. Although the late cold snap has been very severe on the guards on duty there, and quite a number have had their ears, noses, and feet nipped by the icy winds of the past few days, no fatality has resulted therefrom.

There was issued to prisoners at Camp Morton during January, 1864, 600 cords of wood, and in February of the same year 560 cords. There was issued in all 11,641 cords.

Mr. Wyeth was afflicted with double vision when he "counted eighteen dead bodies car-

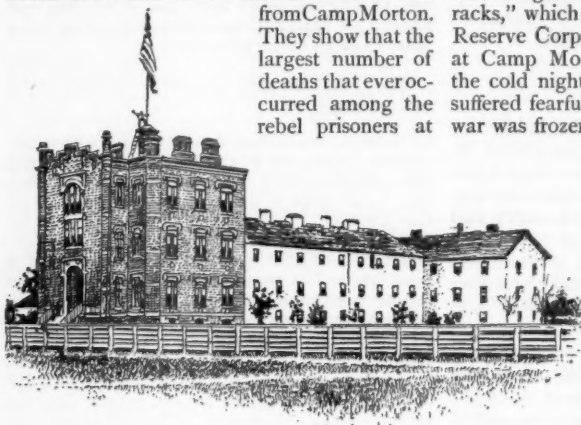
ried into the dead-house." The coldest weather during his imprisonment was in the months of January and February, 1864. A letter from the War Department says that "during the months of December, 1863, and January and February, 1864, the records show that the mortality among the prisoners on no one day was greater than nine deaths. No one died from freezing." This statement corresponds with the books of the undertakers who buried the dead

from Camp Morton. They show that the largest number of deaths that ever occurred among the rebel prisoners at

Mr. Elijah Hedges, a reputable citizen of Indianapolis, who resides at 305 East New York street, and now the oldest undertaker in the city, was an employee of the firm who buried those who died at Camp Morton. He says "there never were eighteen dead bodies in what was called the dead-house at one time."

Dr. J. W. Hervey, one of the oldest and most respectable physicians in Indianapolis, was surgeon-in-charge of "Burnside Barracks," which were occupied by the Veteran Reserve Corps, the principal guards on duty at Camp Morton. He says: "I remember the cold night, January 1, 1864. Our guards suffered fearfully, but no soldier or prisoner of war was frozen to death."

A. E. Winship, of the 60th Massachusetts Volunteers, now the editor of the "Boston Traveler," says: "There used to be some tall swearing by the sentries on those nights, as in their loneliness they braved the weather, while the prisoners were comfortably freezing to death, shut in by the high fence, amply protected by the barracks, with four stoves, and under three blankets."



OLD CITY HOSPITAL, INDIANAPOLIS. FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

Camp Morton in one day was nine, on the 25th day of January, 1864.

General A. A. Stevens says:

I remember the cold January very well, and worried a great deal about the men. Without authority I made a requisition on the Quartermaster for several hundred blankets. I was liable to be hauled over the coals for doing it, but something had to be done. Indianapolis never had such weather before nor since, and we were not prepared for it. I was so worried about the condition of the prisoners that I could not sleep and almost froze myself. They suffered no more than the rest of us after the new order for blankets was given out.

REGULAR RATION.

Hard Bread	14 oz., or	
Soft Bread	18 oz., or	
Corn Meal	18 oz.	
Beef	14 oz., or	
Bacon or Pork	10 oz.	
Beans or Peas	6 qts. for each 100 men.	
Hominy or Rice	8 lbs. " " " "	
Sugar	14 " " " "	
Rio Coffee, ground	5 " " " "	
Tea	18 oz. " " " "	
Soap	4 lbs. " " " "	
Candles—adamantine	5 " " " "	
Candles—tallow	6 " " " "	
Salt	2 qts. " " " "	
Molasses	1 " " " "	
Vinegar	3 " " " "	
Potatoes	30 lbs. " " " "	

THE RATION.

MR. WYETH says that at no period during his imprisonment was the ration issued sufficient to satisfy hunger, and that he knew from personal observation that many of his comrades died from starvation. He does not give the name of a single person who died from starvation nor offer a particle of testimony to substantiate his remarkable statement. During the first half of his imprisonment the prisoners received the full army ration. But this being in excess of the needs of inactive men, it was slightly reduced June 1, 1864. The two rations are herewith subjoined, and each reader may de-

REDUCED RATION.

Hard Bread	14 oz., or	
Soft Bread	16 oz., or	
Corn Meal	16 oz.	
Beef	14 oz., or	
Bacon or Pork	10 oz.	
Beans or Peas	12½ lbs. for each 100 men.	
Hominy or Rice	8 " " " "	
} only issued to sick or wounded.		
Soap	4 lbs. for each 100 men.	
Salt	3¾ " " " "	
Vinegar	3 qts. " " " "	
Potatoes	15 lbs. " " " "	

termine for himself whether men who should receive the reduced ration would starve or suffer from hunger.

A letter from the War Department says:

The difference between the ration as above established and the ration allowed by law to soldiers of the United States army constituted the "savings" which formed the "prison fund." With this fund was purchased such articles not provided by the regulations as were necessary for the health and proper condition of the prisoners, as well as table furniture, cooking utensils, articles for policing, straw, the means of improving or enlarging the barracks, hospital, etc.

That the Government did not intend to stint the prisoners is shown by the fact that the difference in the cost of the two rations was credited to the "prison fund," and that a ration about equal to the full army ration was given to such prisoners as were employed upon the public works, and by regulation No. 3: "If the ration of soap, salt, or vinegar is found to be insufficient, it will be increased in such proportion as may be deemed proper by the commanding officer of the post, not to exceed in quantity the ration allowed soldiers of the United States Army."

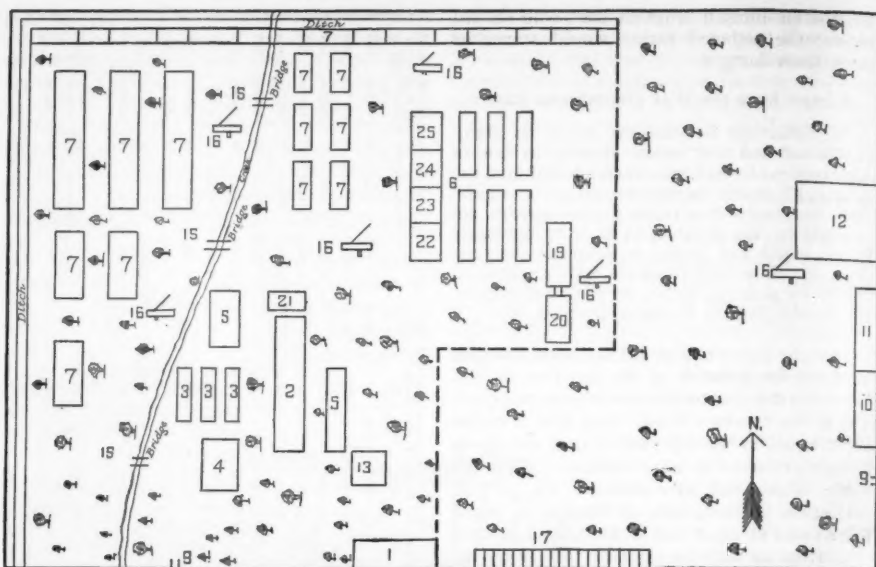
Tables prepared by Wm. H. Hart, Third Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington, D. C., in whose office the accounts of commissaries of subsistence are filed and settled, show that the whole number of rations issued to prisoners of war at Camp Morton from February 22, 1862, to July 31, 1865, was 2,626,684. I herewith append, as a sample exhibit, a statement for the year 1864, which shows in detail the kind and quantity of rations issued.

Mr. Wyeth states in a note that "it would be interesting to discover how many times the contract to feed the prisoners at Camp Morton was sublet. I have no doubt the Government intended to issue to each prisoner the regulation prison ration above given as official, but I know it never was received. I believe (in fact I heard while there) that it dwindled away under the contract system."

It is, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Wyeth did not make this charge more definite. It is no credit to his ability to judge what was done in Camp Morton, or to his subsequent information about army matters, to assert, or not to know that the Government did not let contracts to feed its soldiers or the prisoners of war. The Commissary of Subsistence for this department was required to advertise every sixty days for bids for such articles as he desired, and to let all contracts to the lowest responsible bidder. These goods were to be received and delivered at such times and places and in such quantities as the Commissary should direct. Every article

ABSTRACT OF SUBSISTENCE STORES ISSUED TO REBEL PRISONERS AT CAMP MORTON, DURING THE YEAR 1864, BY CAPT. L. L. MOORE AND CAPT. NAT. SHURTLEFF, A. C. S.

REMARKS.																											
Daily average of Re- ceiv- ing month.	Total No. of Days.	Name of Prisoner.	Rank.	Bread.	Soft Bread.	Flour.	Hard Bread.	Corn Meal.	Beans.	RATIONS OF										Lbs. Tea.	Lbs. Sugar.	Pine- apple, per week.	Cider, per week.	Soap.	Salt.	Pepper, Black.	Misc. articles.
										Pulse, etc.	Rice.	Hon- ey.	Coffee, Roasted.	Yer- ba-mate.	But- ter.	Grease.	Wine.	Beer.	Wine.								
9918	99493	31	Jan. 1	2148	35,066	51,096	88,160	26,332	7,807	5,948	9906	875	4437	536	13,995	904	1131	3619	3392	263	201	201					
9919	80,108	28	Feb. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	12,016	13,110	5904	2467	4673	288	12,016	801	1001	3004	3004	200	201	201					
9920	79,904	31	Mar. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	11,884	12,008	4670	2466	4670	288	12,016	801	1001	3169	3972	278	278	278					
9921	79,904	31	Apr. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	10,334	10,068	4670	2466	4670	288	10,334	801	1034	2708	2534	168	168	168					
9922	79,904	31	May 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	9,097	9,097	4670	2466	4670	288	11,134	795	662	3181	2973	169	168	168					
9923	79,904	31	June 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	3,966	14,467	9914	9914	584	1,635	720	97	2462	3002					
9924	79,904	31	July 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	6,108	33,72	33,70					
9925	79,904	31	Aug. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	5,466	3962	3344					
9926	79,904	31	Sept. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	4,775	3484	3485					
9927	79,904	31	Oct. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	8,244	..	9527					
9928	79,904	31	Nov. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108	8,467	..	5182					
9929	79,904	31	Dec. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9930	79,904	31	Jan. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9931	79,904	31	Feb. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9932	79,904	31	Mar. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9933	79,904	31	Apr. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9934	79,904	31	May 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9935	79,904	31	June 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9936	79,904	31	July 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9937	79,904	31	Aug. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9938	79,904	31	Sept. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9939	79,904	31	Oct. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9940	79,904	31	Nov. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9941	79,904	31	Dec. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9942	79,904	31	Jan. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9943	79,904	31	Feb. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9944	79,904	31	Mar. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9945	79,904	31	Apr. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9946	79,904	31	May 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9947	79,904	31	June 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9948	79,904	31	July 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9949	79,904	31	Aug. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9950	79,904	31	Sept. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9951	79,904	31	Oct. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9952	79,904	31	Nov. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9953	79,904	31	Dec. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9954	79,904	31	Jan. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9955	79,904	31	Feb. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9956	79,904	31	Mar. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9957	79,904	31	Apr. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9958	79,904	31	May 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9959	79,904	31	June 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9960	79,904	31	July 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9961	79,904	31	Aug. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9962	79,904	31	Sept. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9963	79,904	31	Oct. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9964	79,904	31	Nov. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					
9965	79,904	31	Dec. 1	26,071	46,071	51,096	70,108	30,108					



PLAN OF CAMP MORTON. (COMPILED FROM SKETCHES BY SEVERAL PERSONS WHO WERE ON DUTY IN THE CAMP WHILE THE PRISONERS WERE THERE. THE GROUND IS STILL INCLOSED AND USED AS STATE FAIR GROUNDS.)

1. Headquarters. 2. Old Hospital building. 3. Hospital tents. 4. Sutler's store. 5. Hospital buildings—built in 1863. 6. New Hospitals—built in 1864. 7. Barracks. 8. Hospitals. 9. Gates. 10. Quartermaster's office. 11. Commissary of Subsistence. 12. Bakery. 13. Base-ball grounds. 14. Creek—"The Potomac." 15. Bridges. 16. Pumps. 17. Sheds for officers' horses. 18. Ditch. 19. Dining-room. 20. Kitchen. 21. Dining-room. 22. Consulting room. 23. Reception room. 24. Engineer's office. 25. Prescription and supply room. Guard line.

contracted for was to be the best in the market, and all goods received were to be carefully inspected, and if found to be below the standard were to be rejected. Were these requirements obeyed? Let us see. The rations for Camp Morton were issued by Captain Thomas Foster, now of Greenbrier, Tennessee, and Captain Joseph P. Pope, the present Quartermaster-General for the State of Indiana, and a resident of Indianapolis. These officers issued supplies direct to Assistant-Commissaries John J. Palmer, 60th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, now a resident of Chicago; W. C. Lupton, 54th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, long since dead; Captain L. L. Moore, now connected with the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., and Captain N. Schurteff, of Peoria, Illinois. The rations were issued by these officers direct to the heads of the various divisions—who were prisoners—upon the order of the commander of the camp, who compared each requisition with the morning reports, to ascertain the number of prisoners present at roll-call. The following is an extract from a card published by Captain Foster in the "Nashville (Tennessee) Banner," April 8, 1891:

I was, during the most of the war, commissary-in-chief of the military district of Indiana and Michigan, and was stationed entirely at Indianapolis, where I had United States commissary warehouses, from which, on regular requisitions,

I issued the usual army rations of provisions to both the National troops and the Confederate prisoners. They fared exactly alike. The rations to each were the same in quality and quantity. There were no differences made between the prisoners and National troops in the field; the Camp Morton prisoners had even better fare, for instead of hardtack, a well-equipped bakery on the spot furnished them soft and fresh baker's bread daily, my commissary depot supplying a prime article of flour for the consumption of the bakery. The best bacon and fresh beef were issued to the prisoners, and coffee, sugar, beans, hominy, and rice. . . . Neither the troops nor the prisoners could consume the liberal rations furnished by the Government, and both made large savings, and the United States Commissary of Prisoners, in his frequent periodical rounds, was not slow to demand of me promptly in cash the value of the prisoners' savings, which he expended in getting them tobacco and various other comforts not in the line of regular rations. It is within my knowledge that the winter quarters and bedding were about as good as were enjoyed by the National troops in the camp who guarded them, and who really suffered hardships from the winter severities when mounted as sentinels on the high platform near the top of the fence of the corral. . . . Governor Morton was not the man to tolerate any but the most humane treatment of prisoners under his care and watchful eye, as were those of Camp Morton. . . . It is true the prisoners' camp was not a paradise—it was not a parlor, nor were feather-beds issued to them by the Quartermaster's Department, but they were made comforta-

ble, had plenty to eat, pure water to drink and for washing, and were urged to keep themselves in good health by athletic sports and ball-playing, which I have seen them engaged in and apparently much enjoying. Some of the prisoners thought trustworthy and honorable were allowed to go out on parole [returning at night] and to engage in pursuits by which they earned a little money to send to their families. I employed one or two clerks of this kind myself.

Captain Joseph P. Pope succeeded Captain Thomas Foster as Commissary of the Department of Indiana during the summer of 1864. Captain Pope says:

My purchases were made through public advertising every sixty days. The supplies bought were not surpassed in quality anywhere. The issues of flour reached one hundred barrels per day, which was made up in one-pound loaves of soft bread, unsurpassed in quality by any private family or public bakery. Samples of the baking were sent to my office daily. The bakery was within the inclosure where the prisoners were confined, and was under charge of State authorities, and to General Stone, who was directly in charge, there was paid by me from \$6000 to \$8000 every month for and on account of the "savings" on flour alone. This money was expended for supplies not furnished by the Government, and these supplies thus purchased were issued to the rebel prisoners as well as to the Union forces, including the guards. The rebel prisoners received better supplies than our own soldiers, owing to the fact that almost daily their "friends" were bearers of large hampers of provisions, etc., not embraced in our purchases or furnished by the Government, and these baskets of supplies were delivered to them. The only complaints ever reaching my ears came from our own soldiers in not receiving "outside supplies" in comparison.

Full rations were issued daily. The best quality of fresh beef was issued every other day, and it is a well-known fact that the "poor, emaciated" rebel prisoners left Camp Morton fat and in good condition. I was in this camp many times, and can testify to what I saw; there was no complaint of want of food; there were immense sugar caldrons into which the best quality of fresh beef by quarters was cut up and placed, making soup by the one thousand gallons. Potatoes by the carload were purchased and issued.

It is a significant fact that every officer connected with the subsistence department at Camp Morton during the war was then and still is a poor man, and no one has ever dared to impugn the integrity of any of their number.

General Stevens says:

I went to Camp Morton November 1, 1863, took command immediately, and remained there until the end of the war. The food was good and there was plenty of it. It is true the prisoners were not given ice-cream and pie, but they had bread, pork or bacon, fresh beef, beans or peas,

hominy, potatoes, besides vinegar, salt, and soap. We never heard any complaints of lack of food. There were no cases of starvation. The rations were served regularly, and every prisoner received his share. Wyeth tells of a man who used to eat out of the swill-barrel. There was such a case, but the man was a low-lived sort of a fellow, and the other prisoners when they found it out ducked him in the barrel. There was one instance of rat-eating, and I also heard of the men eating a dog-stew, but these cases were similar to that of swill-eating. We had thousands of prisoners, and among them were many of the dirtiest and lowest specimens of humanity possible to imagine.

Dr. Charles J. Kipp says:

I know that the refuse material of the swill-barrels of the hospital was often carried away by the prisoners. I reported this fact to the officers, and was assured by them that the men who did this had either sold their rations or lost them through gambling.

General A. P. Hovey, the present Governor of Indiana, was in command of this district from August 25, 1864. He says:

My headquarters were at Indianapolis, and Camp Morton, containing from 3500 to 4500 rebel prisoners, was under my command during all of that period. I visited and inspected the camp once or twice a week during the time of my command. The food of the prisoners was ample, and I never heard any complaint of the scarcity of provisions, or that the prisoners suffered from hunger. They fared better than our soldiers in the field, and many luxuries were sent them from their friends.

General H. B. Carrington, United States Army, a part of whose duty was to inspect and report on the condition of the camps and hospitals at Indianapolis, says:

There never was any restriction upon the prisoners receiving favors from friends nor upon correspondence except what was necessary to prevent plots to escape. There never was a time when a reasonable complaint as to rations or treatment was rudely or wrongfully disregarded. There never was a time when the rations were insufficient or unwholesome. The bread was of the best. No prisoner was either starved or frozen to death. On one occasion I made a visit to every barracks, and half a day was spent in inquiry as to their condition and wants; not a single complaint was made, except a suggestion, which was acted upon. . . . The complaint most common outside was that the prisoners were permitted too many favors from friends.

William J. Robie, a well-known and prominent citizen of Richmond, Ind., was a member of the 60th Massachusetts Volunteers, and a guard at Camp Morton. He says:

I talked freely with the prisoners, and never heard them complain that they did not receive the full ration ordered by the War Department.

No one suffered from hunger or starved while I was there. I often saw men go about with three or four loaves of bread under their arms, offering to exchange them for tobacco. Hungry men would not trade off their rations in such manner. The story of Mr. Wyeth is absurd and untrue, as every one connected with Camp Morton during that period knows.

Captain Jordan M. Cross, ex-City Attorney of Minneapolis, Minn., and now a resident of that place, was an officer of the 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, on duty at Camp Morton. He says:

The general appearance of the prisoners was that of men well fed, so much so that visitors and our own men often compared their condition to the well-known starved condition of our prisoners in the South. No prisoner at Camp Morton ever died from starvation. I often inquired of prisoners if their rations were good, wholesome, and sufficient. They never complained except at rare instances that they would like some delicacies, or possibly a greater change of diet.

Elijah Hedges says:

I was in Camp Morton almost every day during the time it was occupied as a prison. I talked with the prisoners a great deal, and I never heard one complain of not having sufficient to eat. Before the coffee ration was cut off by what was known as the retaliatory order, prisoners frequently offered to sell both myself and the driver of the dead-wagon whole buckets full of good coffee that they had saved from their rations, then worth from \$3 to \$4, for fifty cents. I remember how dejected, emaciated, and forlorn the prisoners looked when they arrived, and how fat and saucy they became long before they were taken away to be exchanged.

Captain James H. Rice, of the 5th Veteran Reserve Corps, now a retired officer of the army and a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, says:

No prisoners at Camp Morton between October, 1863, and May, 1865, died of starvation or were frozen to death. It is true that some of the prisoners traded their rations for tobacco and then gambled, using the tobacco as money; and to such an extent was this done that it became necessary to issue rations to those men, and then to see that they not only received but ate them under the supervision of the guards. There was a surplus of bread and no occasion for prisoners to be hungry, except from their own carelessness.

Mr. Wyeth omits all mention of the bakery in the prison. In September, 1862, Governor Morton ordered General A. Stone, Commissary-General of Indiana, to take charge of the bakery at Camp Morton that had been erected by the State some time before for the purpose of furnishing bread to the prisoners, guards, and troops in and about this city. It had been pre-

viously managed by a board of officers with indifferent success. Flour was furnished on requisition by the Commissary of Subsistence to prisoners, guards, and other troops at this point, as shown by the morning reports. The soldiers and prisoners being unable to prepare their own bread, the State issued to them one pound of bread instead of flour. A given number of pounds of flour will furnish an equal amount of bread and leave a surplus of say 33 1/3 per cent. of flour on hand. This surplus the Commissary of Subsistence purchased of the State at a price fixed by the flour contract then existing between the Commissary and the party furnishing it. The capacity of the bakery when General Stone took charge of it, in 1862, was between six and seven thousand loaves daily, but it soon was increased to eleven or twelve thousand loaves per day. The bread ration was much better, was subject to less waste, and in every respect was much more acceptable to the soldiers and prisoners than the flour ration. The money value of each loaf was six cents, and no man or officer who knew anything about Camp Morton can ever be made to believe there ever was any real scarcity of bread or food in that camp.

Charlton Eden, for thirty years a prominent builder in Indianapolis, says:

I had the contract for building most of the barracks and hospitals in Camp Morton, during the time the prisoners were there. I had formerly resided at Paris, Kentucky, and soon became acquainted with several prisoners whose homes were at or near Paris, including the sons of William Mitchell, Daniel Hilder, and William and Younger Churshire. . . . William Mitchell wrote me to supply such of the Kentucky boys as he named with whatever they might desire and draw on him for the amount. I furnished them a number of high top-boots that cost sixteen dollars a pair, soft hats, and excellent suits of clothes for which Mr. Mitchell honored my draft. The prisoners knew I was authorized to furnish them anything they needed, but not one of their number ever asked for anything to eat.

During the 1865 session of the Indiana Legislature, rumors reached Governor Morton that certain sympathizers with the South who were members of that body were circulating reports that the prisoners at Camp Morton were being badly treated, only half fed and clothed, and the sick were not properly cared for. Governor Morton, on the 14th of February, sent a communication to the Senate and House of Representatives, calling the attention of the members to said reports. He asked them not to appoint a committee of investigation, but to go in a body to Camp Morton and make a personal examination. The invitation was accepted, and the next morning at nine o'clock

every member of the House and Senate who was in the city visited Camp Morton, and remained there until 12 o'clock M. R. M. Lockhart, for several years President of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, and now a resident of Waterloo, Indiana, and a member of the Legislature, speaking of that visit, says :

After our arrival inside the camp permission was given and the members were urged to visit every part of the grounds and talk to the prisoners without restriction. We visited the hospitals, sleeping quarters for the prisoners, and investigated the arrangements for furnishing provisions as well as the quality of food provided. Three hours were spent by us in camp, and at the conclusion of our visit not a single member had a word of censure for the management, or manner in which they found Camp Morton. The prisoners did not complain of their treatment, or of the want of food. From that date until the close of the session in March, we heard nothing more of bad treatment of the prisoners in Camp Morton.

Captain D. W. Hamilton says :

While I was in command of the camp, in addition to the regular rations, vegetables were often purchased from the prison fund, something our own soldiers did not get except when they purchased it with their own money. I permitted a gardener to drive into camp each day with vegetables, which the prisoners either purchased or exchanged their surplus rations for. A number of the prisoners had money in my hands sent by their friends, which I allowed them to draw at the rate of \$2.00 per week, with which sum they used to make such purchases as they desired.

Mr. Wyeth says: "During the first four or five months of our life in Camp Morton, prisoners who could obtain money from friends outside were allowed to purchase certain articles from the prison sutler. . . . We never ceased to regret the order which closed this source of supplies."

The records of the War Department show that the order closing the sutler's store in Camp Morton was issued December 1, 1863; but they also show that it was reopened March 3, 1864.

CLOTHING.

CLOTHING was issued to prisoners of war immediately upon the opening of the camp, as shown by the following extract from the report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Indiana :

When the fact was brought to the knowledge of Governor Morton that about 300 of the Fort Donelson captives were deficient in clothing, he telegraphed the Secretary of War for orders to have their wants supplied by the United States Quartermaster at Indianapolis, and the order was promptly given. After that, whenever a prisoner needed clothes, shoes, or whatever else was es-

sential for his health or comfort, the Government supplied it.

Under the twelfth paragraph of the rules governing the prison we read :

The commanding officer will cause requisition to be made by his quartermaster for such clothing as may be absolutely necessary for the prisoners, which requisition will be approved by him after a careful inquiry as to the necessity and submitted for the approval of the Commissary-General of Prisoners.

In reply to a letter addressed to J. N. Patterson, the Second Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington, D. C., for a detailed statement of the amount of clothing, number of blankets, shoes, etc., issued by the Quartermaster's Department to prisoners of war at Camp Morton, I am informed that "all returns for clothing, etc., covering the period of the late war have been disposed of as waste paper, under a provision of a recent Act of Congress"; hence I am unable to show what was issued. There is abundant evidence, however, that large quantities were given to prisoners. I find from an examination of the reports of the Quartermaster-General, for the years 1862-63-64-65, that there was disbursed by that department "on account of transportation and supply of prisoners" the sum of \$786,893.96. What portion of that sum was expended for clothing I am unable to determine. Captain D. W. Hamilton says: "Just before I was relieved a large number of blankets was issued to the prisoners. These I personally handed to those who needed them. A number had blankets and comforts of their own."

Mr. Wyeth says: "We had no way of letting those ready and willing to send us food know of our wants. Every line written was scanned by the Camp Post-office Department, and a letter containing any suggestion of the lack of food, or maltreatment was destroyed." The eighth rule of the order for the control of prisoners read as follows :

All articles contributed by friends for the prisoners, in whatever shape they come, if proper to be received, will be carefully distributed as the donors may request, such articles as are intended for the sick passing through the hands of the surgeon, who will be responsible for their proper use. Contributions must be received by an officer, who will be held responsible that they are delivered to the persons for whom they are intended.

Mr. John H. Orr, who was the agent for the Adams Express Company during the war, which company did the largest business between this city and the South, says :

I remember that there was scarcely a day that we did not have boxes and packages for prisoners at Camp Morton; they were delivered at the camp,

and I do not remember of ever having received a complaint that they were not received by the persons to whom they were addressed.

CRUELTY.

A NUMBER of charges of extreme cruelty and murder are made against the guards and non-commissioned officers. Mr. Wyeth reports that in January, 1864, in an attempt to escape two men were killed, one wounded, and four captured. As the official record shows but one prisoner was killed in January, 1864, this statement is incorrect. He also says the four men captured were tied up, their backs to a tree, the rope lashed to their wrists, and arms at full length above their heads, all through the remainder of the night. "I saw them taken down the next morning in a most pitiable condition of exhaustion," etc.

Mr. William J. Robie, one of the men who guarded the four prisoners, says :

They were not tied with their hands above their heads, but simply with their arms behind the tree. My orders were to make them "mark time" until further orders. I was on guard from the time of their capture each alternate two hours until they were relieved in the morning. We did not compel them to mark time steadily, gave them frequent rests, and plenty of water to drink. They did not seem especially tired when released, but did seem to feel that they had gotten off very easily. There had been a large number of tunnels started, and several completed. The officers were determined to put a stop to it, and when these prisoners were released the officer in charge told them that they must quit tunneling or the next one would be caved in on them. I remember the break that occurred when some fifty prisoners escaped. It was about 6 P. M., and I was in the guard-house near by. When the rush was made the guard fired one shot and called for help. The prisoners went over the fence like cats, and started down the bank for the woods. I was out all night hunting them. We did not use bloodhounds. Thirty-five men were reported captured and returned that night and the day following. There were only one or two prisoners wounded, as the guards could not fire either way without the danger of hitting our own men. The first one up the ladder was wounded in the knee by a bayonet, and another was knocked off by a blow. Not one of those captured was punished. I never heard of such a thing as a prisoner being shot for coming too near the dead-line. Some of the men were very vicious and were in the habit of throwing stones, bottles filled with water, or anything else they could get hold of, at the guards after night, and it is not improbable that some stray shots went flying around when they should not have done so.

General Stevens says :

There was no disposition on the part of the officers to misuse the prisoners. What they did

was in the way of discipline, that had to be enforced as it was everywhere in the army. If any of the prisoners suffered, it was either their own fault or the fault of their fellow-prisoners. It can be easily imagined that all did not belong to the best society. Some of them were as tough and depraved characters as I ever saw. The officers as a rule were sent to Johnson's Island, an officers' prison; that left us a bad lot.

Dr. J. W. Hervey, Surgeon-in-charge of the Veteran Reserve Corps, says :

Some of the prisoners were very insulting to the officers and men over them. They would pelt the guards with stones and broken bottles after night, several being severely injured. The only prisoners that were ever shot were those who attempted to escape and who did not stop when they were commanded to halt.

Captain James H. Rice, 5th Regiment, Reserve Corps, says :

I was officer of the day every sixth day and a part of the time every fourth day, and the statement that two prisoners were "deliberately murdered" and another "brutally murdered" bears evidence of its untruthfulness on its face. I know of no case where prisoners were killed except in attempting to escape. I had charge of five hundred prisoners taken to Aikens' Landing near Richmond, Virginia, in February, 1865, for exchange. There were no half-starved prisoners in the lot. I delivered them in good condition, and with the exception of about thirty sick whom I took with me at their special request, all were ready for field duty, and I have no doubt were sent to their regiments at once. I met men who had been in Camp Morton as prisoners, at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1866-67; the manner of their treatment was discussed, and it was admitted that they had no just cause for complaint.

Captain James Todhunter, Assistant-Quartermaster, now a resident of Indianola, Iowa, was present at Aikens' Landing, Va., when these Camp Morton prisoners were exchanged, and says :

The rebel prisoners were in good condition as to clothing and health, but of all the distressed, filthy, ragged, poor, starved-looking men I ever saw, were the Union prisoners received in exchange. Many of them had neither hat, cap, shoes, nor socks, and a number had their feet tied up with rags and were unable to walk and had to be assisted.

In a letter written to General Winder by Colonel Robert Ould, Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners, March 17, 1863, the latter says :

The arrangements I had made for exchanging prisoners work largely in our favor. We get rid of a lot of miserable wretches and receive some of the best material I ever saw.

Colonel John H. Gardner, who now resides at 1624 Wilmington street, Philadelphia, an officer of the Veteran Reserve Corps, who was on duty at "Camp Burnside," adjoining Camp Morton on the south, says:

I had charge of 500 prisoners from Camp Morton, who were exchanged at Fort Delaware, Delaware Bay. They were the most debauched and demoralized set of men I ever saw; they had reduced themselves almost to the level of brutes, they were inveterate gamblers, and when they had nothing else they would gamble their rations away.

General Carrington says:

There may have been individual guards who were rude, but it was rare. The officers could scarcely ever visit the prisoners' quarters without rude reception by some, who in their security as prisoners indulged in irritating words at least. Against such temptations to be stern in reply, rigid orders were enforced never to answer back and never to use force except when violence was threatened. There never was a substantial departure from this rule worthy of notice. The police and guard reports were made daily and regularly, and reported fully upon the entire condition of men and quarters.

Mr. Wyeth relates an instance of how "five prisoners who were accompanying a garbage wagon to a creek outside of the camp by a preconcerted signal seized two guards, disarmed them, and escaped. At another time one of the detail broke away and was killed. On another occasion two prisoners who did not attempt to escape were mortally wounded by a ball, the assassin doing his work so well that the bullet went through both bodies." Wyeth says: "One of the wounded men in dying declared that they had made no effort to escape, and that he and his comrade had been deliberately murdered."

Now for the facts. The following order will show the course required to be pursued in all cases where prisoners were shot:

Office of Commissary-General of Prisoners, Washington, D. C., March 17, 1864. Colonel A. A. Stevens, Commanding Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Indiana. Colonel: By direction of the Secretary of War you will hereafter, when a prisoner of war is shot by a sentinel for violating the regulations of the post, immediately order a board of officers to investigate all of the circumstances of the case to show that the act was justifiable, a full report of which will be forwarded to this office with your remarks. It is necessary that both the guard and prisoners should be fully informed of the regulations or order by which they are to be governed, and when a sentinel finds it necessary to fire upon a prisoner he must be able to show that he was governed strictly by the orders he received, and that the prisoner, or pris-

oners, wilfully disregarded his cautions or orders. Rigid discipline must be preserved among the prisoners, but great care must be observed that no wanton excesses or cruelties are permitted under the plea of enforcing orders. Should a prisoner be wounded by a sentinel he will be immediately taken to the hospital, where he must have proper attention from the surgeon-in-charge. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, William Hoffman, Colonel 3d Infantry, Commissary-General of Prisoners.

The shooting referred to above occurred April 16, 1864. The prisoners were James Beattie, Company B, 4th Florida, and Michael Healy, Company B, 30th Mississippi. Beattie was instantly killed, and Healy lingered until the next day, when he died. Mr. William H. H. McCurdy, a reputable and well-known resident of this city, was clerk of the district court-martial that tried the prisoner. He says:

Several prisoners guarded by two members of the Veteran Reserve Corps, one of whom was William H. Allen, were sent out with a garbage wagon. Allen was a young and excitable man who had seen but little service. He was walking behind a detail of prisoners, who were required to march in the rear of the wagon. The prisoners stepped out of the road to the left and moved quickly up to the side of the vehicle. The guard ordered them to fall back to their places, and at the same time brought his musket to a "charge bayonets," cocking it with his thumb as he brought it down. He claimed that in the excitement of the moment his thumb slipped off the hammer and the piece was discharged. The two prisoners were in line with the track of the bullet, which went through both with the result noted above. The guard was arrested and tried for murder. The record was forwarded to the War Department, where the matter was investigated by the judge advocate, who decided that the evidence "did not sustain the allegation; that the homicides occurred at the hands of the accused, but that he shot the men while they were deliberately disobeying an order to halt, after he had commanded them to do so; and that a standing order had been given to fire on all prisoners who did not halt when commanded to do so."

The records of Camp Morton show that only seven prisoners of war were killed by sentinels between October, 1863 and September, 1865: Goacin Arcemant, January 16, 1864; James Barnhart, February 11, 1864; James Beattie and Michael Healy, April 16-17, 1864; Henry Jones and R. F. Phillips, September 27, 1864; George T. Douglas, about October 1, 1864. They also show that in each instance the soldiers who did the shooting were ordered before the board of officers, who investigated the facts and circumstances that made it necessary for the sentinels to resort to such means.

Mr. Wyeth says: "I saw one Baker (every

person in Camp Morton, up to the time of this cruel man's death, will recall his name) shoot a prisoner for leaving the ranks after roll-call was ended, but before 'break ranks' was commanded, to warm himself by a fire a few feet distant."

General Stevens, in referring to this man, says:

I recollect Baker, who was a corporal, but I never heard of his shooting a man. I should have heard of it had it occurred, so I am not inclined to believe that he did. Baker had a pretty severe time with some of the prisoners. There were isolated cases of what might be looked upon as cruelty, but I don't see how they could have happened, as Mr. Wyeth claims, without an investigation.

A letter from the War Department says:

Corporal Augustus Baker, of Company G, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, who formerly served in Company A, 2d Indiana Cavalry, and as corporal of Company G, 5th Regiment, Reserve Corps, was on duty at Camp Morton during the period that his regiment was stationed at that camp. There is no record that he was tried for any offense, that he shot, or that he was accused of shooting, or of cruel treatment to, prisoners of war during his term of service.

Mr. Wyeth says: "Two men, for an infringement, were compelled to 'mark time' for more than one hour in the snow. One man's feet were frost-bitten; he lost both feet from gangrene, and died from the effects of this inhuman punishment while *en route* for exchange in February, 1865, and was buried just west of Cumberland, Md."

As no name is given, the statement cannot be verified, but the official report of the surgeon-in-charge of that particular exchange, while it mentions the deaths and names of nine persons who died *en route*, viz: six from chronic diarrhea, two from pneumonia, and one from dropsy, makes no mention of a prisoner dying from gangrene, nor is there any record of a death near Cumberland, Md.

General O. B. Willcox, U. S. A., now Governor of the Soldiers' Home, at Washington, D. C., writes:

I have read the Wyeth article in THE CENTURY. I am sure no such state of things existed at Camp Morton while I was in command of the district which included Indianapolis though not the prisoners' camp. This period was a part of the summer and autumn of 1863 during the Morgan raid.

There were a number of "trusties" in the camp who were permitted to visit the city, and even attend the theater, in company with non-commissioned officers. Persons who were known to be loyal, or who presented letters from persons personally known to the officer in charge of the camp, were permitted to visit the same at will. Newsboys visited the camp regularly with the leading daily papers, and many of them did a good business in purchasing the rings made of cannel-coal, and breast-pins made of bone, as well as small and curious articles carved out of wood by the prisoners, which they sold outside of camp, as relics. The prisoners played baseball, and had good dramatic and glee clubs, and gave entertainments in the dining-room of the largest hospital. Amusements of all kinds were encouraged by the officers, and everything possible was done to make the prisoners contented.

Mr. Wyeth seems to have been particularly unfortunate in his army career, having been twice captured and compelled to spend most of the term of his enlistment in prison. This half-frozen, half-starved, emaciated youth, whose mother and sisters were unable to recognize him upon his return to Georgia, after his exchange, was able to reënter the Confederate army within a month, and has lived to attempt a vicarious vindication of the horrors of Andersonville and other Southern prison-pens.

I regret that the space at my disposal will not permit the use of extracts from letters written by the Hon. A. J. Warner, the well-known member of Congress from the Marietta, Ohio, district; Colonel A. D. Streight; Hon. S. A. Craig, an ex-member of Congress from the Brookville, Penn., district; Judge L. W. Collins, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota; General Allan Rutherford, ex-Third Auditor of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.; Dr. G. C. Smythe, ex-President of the Indiana State Medical Society, Greencastle, Ind.; Captain J. B. Harris, Secretary of the Terre Haute Gas Works, Terre Haute, Ind.; Colonel E. J. Robinson, of Bedford, Ind., and Geo. Wagner, of Philadelphia, both of whom served as adjutants at Camp Morton; Captain E. P. Thompson, postmaster of Indianapolis; J. B. McCurdy, of Oskaloosa, Iowa; J. Gilford, of Minneapolis; Captain Robert Sears, of Indianapolis; Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Fredrick, Omaha, Neb.; Captain W. E. O'Haver, Lafayette, Ind.; and Captain H. C. Markham, Mount Ayre, Iowa.

W. R. Holloway.

II. REJOINDER BY DR. WYETH.



Of all the United States soldiers held in prison by the Confederacy there died 153 for each 1000. Of all Confederate soldiers held in prison at Camp Morton 146 of each 1000 died—only a difference of 7 in each 1000. These are not my figures, or Southern figures, but are taken from the war records of the United States Government. Those who deny the truthfulness of my article on Camp Morton hope to weaken the force of these statistics by asserting that the Confederate soldiers, when brought to prison, were in such wretched physical condition that with “homesickness as superinducing other ailments and lack of occupation” they sickened and died!¹ And yet these men came direct from the battle-field to prison. Broken down, forsooth, the men who went with Pickett at Gettysburg or swept Rosecrans’s gallant veterans from the field of Chickamauga!

Even the apologist of Camp Morton corroborates much of my narrative, and where he fails my comrades, as it will be seen, make the proof of its truthfulness positive and complete. These survivors, scattered over a vast territory without the possibility of collusion, give the one experience of hunger, cruelty, and suffering for lack of clothing and proper protection from the rigors of the Northern winter. That the prisoners ate refuse matter from the hospital swill-tubs is acknowledged, for Dr. Kipp, the surgeon-in-charge,—a man whom every prisoner respects for his humane conduct,—is quoted as follows:

I know that the refuse material of the swill-barrels of the hospital was often carried away by the prisoners. I reported this fact to the officers, and was assured by them that the men who did this had either sold their rations or lost them through gambling.

General Stevens, commander of the prison, knew of “such a case” and “one instance of rat-eating,” and he “also heard of the men eating a dog-stew.” Can any one believe that men with a full prison ration would feed on decomposing slops and devour rats and dogs? The commander further shows how little he knew of the welfare of his prisoners when he

says: “I recollect Baker, who was a corporal, but I never heard of his shooting a man. I should have heard of it had it occurred!” On the other hand, I myself saw the pistol fire and the man fall, and I have the testimony of more than a dozen men who also saw this monster do this crime, and yet it was concealed. I have the proof that he shot a second prisoner after this; yet the commanding officer never heard of either case. What more proof is needed to show that we were hedged in from all hope of relief? Nothing is known of the poor fellow who was murdered in the tunnel. How easy to conceal cruelties and minor indignities inflicted on helpless prisoners when greater crimes were so successfully covered up. The statement that we had the privilege of communicating with our friends concerning affairs of the prison is untrue. My uncle, an officer in the Union Army, was not permitted to see me. He so informed me after the war. The aunt allowed to visit me in the hospital where I was ill was only permitted to converse with me in the immediate presence of an officer who could hear every word she said. Every line written was scanned, and of course, if it told of our sufferings, destroyed. I did not see a newspaper during the fifteen months of my imprisonment, and yet we are told that “newsboys sold papers in the camp every day.” Fitting absurdity to declare that the prisoners “fared as well if not better than the Union soldiers who guarded them.”

Equally absurd is the description of the barracks, which are called “good and commodious buildings” and “comfortable quarters.” Here is the report of the United States surgeon who inspected these “commodious quarters.” It is official, and can be found in the medical volume (part iii.) of the “Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion,” issued from the Surgeon-General’s Office, U. S. A. They are described in July, 1864, as “nine dilapidated barracks.” “There were also two hundred and ten condemned tents in use. Nevertheless the quarters were much crowded, there being only sixty to eighty cubic feet per man in the barracks. This crowded condition continued until September, 1864,” etc.

Great stress is laid upon the prison ration. If the “regular ration,” or even the “reduced ration,” printed in the foregoing article had been daily given to each prisoner, no word of complaint would have been heard. With that quantity of food we could have withstood

¹ At Andersonville, Georgia, 333 Union prisoners, and at Elmira, New York, 245 Confederates out of every 1000 perished (War Department records).

cold and cruelty. With that ration the death-rate would have been materially lowered. *The Government issued it; the prisoners never got it. Where did it go?*

The "Buffalo Courier" of April 6, 1891, commenting editorially on my article, says among other things:

Painful as it is to admit, the presumption is in favor of the truth of his narrative. The ration for which the Government contracted and paid was sufficient and all that military prisoners had a reasonable right to expect, but, as Dr. Wyeth asserts for Camp Morton and Mr. Carpenter for Johnson's Island, the prisoners did not get it. And there never was a class of men who could be robbed with more impunity. Enemies in a strange land, their protests were easily suppressed. If any one inclines to disbelieve that men could be starved for profit under the United States Government, here is a bit of evidence. A gentleman now a resident of Buffalo was in the summer of 1863 one of 8000 Union soldiers in parole camp at Alexandria, Virginia, almost under the shadow of the Capitol. They had been prisoners, and released but not exchanged, and were awaiting exchange before being returned to their regiments. Here were Union men in Union hands; yet for two months they were nearly starved. They addressed petition after petition to the War Department, but got no redress. They became riotous and were suppressed by an armed guard.

And here is a bit of evidence from Indianapolis:

During the early winter of 1864, the grocery firm of P. M. Gapen & Co. of this city [Indianapolis], of which I was the senior member, purchased, through parties now deceased, twenty bags of coffee at twenty-one cents, twenty barrels of sugar, ten barrels of rice, and not less than forty boxes of candles at correspondingly low figures. Later, larger quantities were offered my firm at similar reductions from current wholesale prices. I then inquired where those goods came from, and was informed that they came from, or were supplies for, the prisoners at Camp Morton, and declined further offerings.

P. M. GAPEN.

In the limited space accorded me I will give a part of the corroborative testimony received from fellow-prisoners. The Hon. S. Pasco, U. S. Senator from Florida, says:

. . . I was sent to Camp Morton in May, 1864. I was first in the prison hospital and afterwards in Barracks No. 4, where I spent the winter. This building was little more than a shed. . . . Some of the incidents of cruel and inhuman conduct which you mention occurred before my residence there, but were among the current traditions of the camp. I often heard of them from those who were in the prison; others of later date came under my personal observation. I was a prisoner in all seventeen months, and no clothing was ever issued to me. Scanty food, harsh

and brutal treatment, and insufficient shelter during the winter months were doubtless the cause directly or remotely of the large percentage of deaths which occurred during the ten months of my confinement in the camp. Your article is truthful, wholly free from exaggeration, and moderate in tone. As you have been attacked I feel bound to say this in the interest of truth. But I would gladly have remained silent, and wish I could wholly forget the misery and suffering and inhumanity which I saw and a part of which I experienced at the hands of the prison authorities.

Hon. C. B. Kilgore, Member of Congress from Texas, says:

I was a prisoner of war at Camp Morton for a few weeks in the winter of 1863-64. You have drawn a very moderate picture of the horrors of that horrible pen. I was in prison fourteen months in all, part of the time at Camp Morton, Camp Chase, and Fort Delaware.

Controversies which tend to engender bad feeling are much to be deplored, but exact justice should be done to both sides. Every ugly phase of the Southern prisons has been frequently made public. They were bad enough in all conscience, and neither side can scarcely justify the treatment given to prisoners of war.

Statement of Dr. W. P. Parr, Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army:

Your picture of the suffering of the prisoners falls short of the horrid reality. My blood gets hot, even at this remote day, when I recall those scenes of cruelty and cowardly brutality.

I was assigned to duty at Camp Morton February 12, 1864, and served till March, 1865, when I resigned. The prison barracks were boarded with planks nailed on upright, and these having shrunk left cracks through which the wind, rain, and snow blew in upon the men with freezing effects, as they had nothing to cover with but thin army blankets, with the hard boards beneath them. I asked those in authority to have the cracks closed by strips and plenty of clean straw put into the bunks, which would have made the men comparatively comfortable, but the reply was, "Damn them, let them freeze." And they did freeze; how many I do not now remember, but I do know that a great many of the frozen dead bodies were carried from their bunks to the dead-house, while many others died soon after they were brought into the hospital.

I felt then, as I do now, that it was a lasting shame upon our country that human beings, prisoners of war, should be thus forced to occupy a position where they must freeze to death, while ample means to prevent it were close at hand. When clothing was sent to the prisoners it was the practice to mutilate the coat by cutting off the skirt at the waist, allowing the owner to have the upper part. Boxes of provisions sent by friends to the hungry, half-naked prisoners were often not delivered.

One cold morning as I entered the camp I saw a lieutenant who had tied a prisoner by the thumbs

with a cord and suspended him by the cord being attached to a spike driven into a tree just high enough for the tips of his toes to touch the slanting roots of the tree. The poor fellow hung there till the pain caused him to swoon, when his whole weight broke the cord and he fell to the frozen ground in an insensible condition. This brave officer was preparing to hang him up again when I remonstrated with him so earnestly that he desisted. I was sent for to attend one of the men who was shot by the single guard. Talking with the poor fellow, his dying declaration was that they had committed no offense whatever. I believe he told the truth. It was a cold-blooded murder, so revolting and atrocious that the soldiers about camp would have lynched the miscreant if he had not been placed beyond their reach. This occurred just outside the camp as the prisoners were on their way to Fall Creek near by to load wagons with gravel. On one occasion the prisoners had completed a tunnel. One of their number turned informer, and a guard was secretly placed at the opening outside. As the first man put his head above ground the guard blew his brains out, instead of capturing and returning him to prison as a brave, humane soldier would have done.

To speak of the minor cruelties, such as "bucking and gagging," "marking time," carrying heavy pieces of wood till the men were ready to fall from fatigue, would fill a good-sized volume. I remember the shooting into the barracks at night and the wounding of prisoners as stated by you in *THE CENTURY*.

It was my privilege to help those under my care by lending them small sums of money to obtain articles for which they were in great need. In all this amounted to a considerable sum, and I never lost one dollar of the money thus loaned. I mention this fact to demonstrate the high sense of honor that characterized these men, surrounded by all the adverse circumstances and demoralizing influences calculated to tempt them to acts of dishonor.

Mr. C. S. S. Baron, of Portland, Indiana, lately of the Baron Manufacturing Company of Bellaire, Ohio, "for whom the works were named,"¹ appointed in 1877, by Governor T. L. Young of Ohio, colonel of the 2d Infantry, Ohio National Guard,² preludes his statement with this remark:

Like my honored old commander General James Longstreet, I have been a warm Republican ever since the war, believing that the reconstruction of the States and Government would be best accomplished by the party which had fought the war to a successful issue.

Continuing, he says:

I read your article in *THE CENTURY* to my wife, and it so closely resembled what I have been telling her for years that she declared you and I must

have been messmates. Arrived at Camp Morton late in autumn of 1863; when we filed in the cries of "Fresh fish!" came from a thousand throats all over the prison grounds as there came a mighty rush of prisoners around us. I took a look at this crowd and my heart began to sink. Although at the beginning of winter, very few had sufficient clothing, many had no coats, the pantaloons of many were greatly dilapidated, and with many the shoes were worn to such an extent that the feet were not protected. I know our army had hard times, but in the worst regiment I had ever seen in the Confederacy I had never seen such squalor as this. Before being distributed to the barracks we were searched, and about \$120 in United States currency was taken from me and my comrade. I succeeded in concealing \$24 in the waistband of my pantaloons. In our bunk we found a thin coating of straw, and as we were at that time pretty well clothed and each had a good blanket, we did not suffer for a while. There were two stoves for burning wood in our shed, and one of these was not far from our bunk, so considering all we did not start out badly. For a while the issue of flour, beef or bacon, with occasionally potatoes, while not a full army ration, seemed to be sufficient for our wants, considering that we had no work to do and took but little exercise. The tyranny of one Baker was at all times manifest. He would compel us to stand in line at roll-call in the coldest weather, not only until every prisoner was accounted for, but until he could go to headquarters and make out his report and return. One bitter cold morning in the winter of 1863-64, while we were nearly freezing in ranks waiting for Baker's return, one of the prisoners very poorly clad and shod slipped out of the ranks to warm by a fire in the yard near by. Baker, coming down from headquarters, keeping the barracks between him and the prisoners, came upon the poor wretch as he was crouching over the fire, drew his revolver, and with "Here, d— you, what are you doing out of line?" shot him. The poor fellow rolled over, and as he was carried off I am not sure what became of him. I see it stated that clean, fresh straw was issued with great frequency, which before God and man I pronounce untrue. Early in 1864 the falling-off in rations became very perceptible. About this time my money gave out. My friend B— grew peevish and irritable, and driven by hunger would sometimes eat the piece of bread I had saved for my supper.

During the period when the men were being vaccinated I saw a big brutal sergeant knock a prisoner down, place his knee on the man's chest, and present his revolver at him, because he protested against being vaccinated.

In 1864, one very cold night a prisoner of our barracks, who was in ill health, went to the stove to warm. He was discovered by the guard, who came up to him saying, "I'll warm you," and with this expression shot him. The poor fellow rolled off the box he was sitting upon. I do not think he even groaned.

One of the most brutal deeds I ever witnessed was that of Lieutenant or Adjutant D—. There was a small issue of condemned clothing,

¹ "History of Belmont and Jefferson Counties."

² Report of the Adjutant-General of Ohio, 1878.

a few light blouses, pantaloons, and shirts. Drawn up in line were from 75 to 100 men almost naked, one a boy of about 17 years, thin and delicate. Some wretch informed the adjutant that this boy had a jacket hid away in his bunk. The officer, a large man, jerked the boy out of line and threw him sprawling on the frozen ground. Terrified and hurt, the boy could only give stammering and incoherent answers to the officer's questioning, who unmercifully kicked and stamped him so that he was unable to walk to his quarters.

I think the two men you mention as being fatally shot through from behind were the two from my mess who met with that fate. They were detailed one morning for work outside the prison. They were brought in about noon and taken I think to a hospital tent, where some hours later they died. Knowing they were mortally wounded, they said that one of the guards made a threat to kill a rebel because a relative of his had been killed at the front by the rebels. Becoming alarmed, they complained to the sergeant that they were afraid that this man would do them harm, who however assured them there was no danger. The guard, awaiting his opportunity, got them in line and fired a ball through both.

As to eating rats, your statement can be sworn to by any survivor of that horrible pen. Every rat that was caught in Camp Morton was killed, cooked, and eaten by the prisoners. Was the dog your mess ate the adjutant's dog for which a number of men were tied up by the thumbs? This was December 27, 1864. On this day my father, looking out of headquarters, saw those men tied up by the thumbs to trees in the yard, just standing on the tips of their toes, and in great agony. Their shifting about, their groans, and their livid faces shocked him horribly. He had just arrived with a special pardon and order of release for me, signed by the immortal Lincoln at the intercession of Secretary Stanton, my father's schoolmate at Steubenville, Ohio. That is how I remember the date so well. My father lived then in Bellaire, Ohio. He was very poor, and could send me but little money. In September, 1864, I wrote him that my clothes, shoes, and hat were about gone. My mother sent me a coat, pantaloons, two shirts, two pairs socks, a pair of shoes, and a hat. They allowed me to have one shirt, the pantaloons, one pair of socks, and the shoes. The hat, coat, and other pair of socks I never got. When I entered Camp Morton I weighed 180 pounds. On the night of my arrival home I weighed 123 pounds. I had no disease; it was starvation pure and simple. For years past my weight has been over 200 pounds. The infernal mania for shooting into the barracks at night I could not understand. In closing let me say that if the good people of this country could have been convinced of the truth of one half of the tyranny, starvation, cruelty, and murder going on inside that fence, they would in their righteous wrath have leveled the whole thing to the ground, and probably would have visited lynch law upon those who were concerned in this great wrong.

Statement of Dr. J. L. Rainey, a practising physician of Cottage Grove, Henry County, Tennessee:

"The attempt to refute your narrative, 'Cold Cheer at Camp Morton,' will be utterly futile. There are yet living hundreds of men who know that your statement falls short in details of many cruelties inflicted upon prisoners there by soldiers and officers, and many privations which were maliciously inflicted. As an individual I had little cause to complain (as I was made a dispensing clerk in the hospital), but I am bound in honor to say that no man can prove that there is a shadow of falsehood in your statement.

I well remember the man who, for attempting to escape, was tied up to a tree by a cord around each thumb, standing on tip-toe. The surgeon came in next morning and ordered him cut down. The man could not move his arms after he was cut down, until he was rubbed and stimulated. I was in the presence of the two men who were shot from behind and mortally wounded with the single ball, and heard the statement made by one of them that they were murdered. George Douglass, of Columbia, Tennessee, member of my company, who was nearly blind, was taken out on detail and shot. The guard said he tried to escape. He was so nearly blind that he could not have gotten home without aid had he been set at liberty. I examined the body at the dead-house. He was shot in the back, and it was murder.

The man shot in No. 7 for making a light to give a sick comrade some medicine had his arm amputated at the shoulder, and died. I was in the room when the operation was done.

The dire extremity to which some were reduced caused them to steal and to resort to the slop-barrels. I saw a poor, ragged, and emaciated prisoner ravenously devouring pieces of meat out of the slops, so rotten that it was thick with maggots. The eating of rats and dogs was well known.

I am not willing that it should be thought that all were like Baker, who to my knowledge did many more cruel things than you mention. Dr. Charles J. Kipp on taking charge made many valuable improvements in the care of the sick. I shall ever respect him as a kind, able, and honorable physician. Drs. Todd, Parr, Dow, Bingham, and Lindsey I remember with gratitude. Lieutenant Haynes, a one-armed officer, would not tolerate cruelties when he was on duty. I was released October 25, 1864, by order of President Lincoln, at the request of Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee.

Statement of Dr. W. E. Shelton, a practising physician of Austin, Texas:

I was confined at Camp Morton about June 1, 1863. In July or August I was assigned to duty as physician to the sick in quarters. My duties consisted in going through the barracks, prescribing for those not sick enough for the hospital, and sending the seriously ill to the wards. The sick were well treated. The treatment of prisoners in a great many instances was brutal and inhuman.

1 Dr. W. P. Parr. See Dr. Parr's statement.

During one very cold spell several prisoners froze to death, and many others died from the effects of cold. I have read "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," and am prepared to swear that it is true.

The Rev. W. S. Wightman, pastor of the Southern Methodist Church, Bennettsville, S. C., writes:

I read with feelings of peculiar interest your most graphic description of the indignities, sufferings, and deaths that make up the history of that dreadful camp. I was taken to Camp Morton in July, 1864, and left there for exchange March, 1865. How I managed to stand the starvation and cold of that awful prison is something wonderful to me. My emaciation when I reached home was so great that my family scarcely recognized me. I can substantiate what you say in your article — the harsh treatment, the brutality, the horrible meanness. I suffered the pangs of hunger protracted through weeks and months, and of cold in those dreadful sheds for lack of bedding and clothes. I am witness to the fact that many a poor fellow perished from cold and starvation.

The Rev. W. H. Groves, a Presbyterian minister at Lynnville, Tennessee, who was in Camp Morton in 1864 and '65, says:

Dr. Wyeth graphically and truthfully describes Camp Morton. Every paragraph has the impress of truth, and will bear the scrutiny of the searcher of hearts. Think of men emaciated and exhausted by hunger, many of them with no clothing but the thin suits in which they were captured, standing that bitter winter cold — the long hours from dark till daylight, with only a single blanket, upon a bed of planks in an open cattle-shed. To strike a match to look at a sick or dying comrade was to be shot by the guards. Our rations were so meager that men became walking skeletons. No bone was too filthy or swill-tub too nauseating for a prisoner to devour. The eating of rats was common. I knew one of our men who was hung up by the thumbs for eating a dog. Some of the officials were very cruel, Baker in particular. God removed him, and we trust that he is in heaven. My feet were so badly frozen that I suffered intensely and could not wear my shoes for over a year. Our food was excellent in quality, at least the bread. We only got a small loaf a day. The meat was given in small quantity. We got about one third enough to eat. The mortality in consequence of short rations was very great. *Two of my mess of five died.* Dr. Wyeth has written no fancy sketch. It is what every living Confederate who was in Camp Morton the last year of the war will corroborate and which God will witness as true.

W. V. Futrell, orange-grower at Ozona, Florida, writes:

I can indorse all you say in regard to prison life at Camp Morton. Was there about twenty-three months, and suffered from hunger constantly. I was witness to the murder of one prisoner and the wounding of another by Baker. I saw dog-meat served at fifteen cents' worth of tobacco per pound. Many were frozen to death for want of proper clothing and cover. *My partner froze at my side one night, and I did not know he was dead until next morning.* The eating of rats and of scraps from the swill-tub at the hospital was of common occurrence. I have peeled potatoes for the hospital cook just to get the peelings to eat. I harbor no feeling of malice to any one, yet the officers and guards at Camp Morton were very cruel and allowed prisoners to starve.

The Rev. Samuel Tucker, preacher in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Arkansas, says:

Was confined in Camp Morton from March, 1863, to February, 1865. I can fully corroborate your statements concerning the treatment of prisoners. There were fifty-one men in the squad I arrived with, and thirty-two of these perished there. I have seen the prisoners struggling with each other to devour the dirty matter thrown out of the hospital kitchen. Rats were eaten, and I have seen dog-meat peddled out by the prisoners. The murdering of prisoners, clubbing, tying them up by the thumbs was known to all there. I could put the entire piece of meat given me for a day's allowance in my mouth at one time.

The vast bulk of testimony, which fully sustains the charges of criminal neglect on the part of those whose duty it was to treat prisoners of war humanely, I cannot publish here for lack of space. The statements of Messrs. B. P. Putnam, Tullahoma, Tennessee; B. F. Erwin and T. W. Cowan, Gadsden, Alabama; S. H. Russell, Huntsville, Alabama; J. T. George, Clerk of the Court of Graves County, Kentucky; James A. Thomas, Nashville, Tennessee; John F. Champenois, ex-Mayor and County Commissioner, Shubuta, Mississippi; N. M. Smith, Caswell, Mississippi; R. M. Guinn, Alvarado, Texas; I. C. Bartlett, Louisville, Kentucky; J. N. Ainsworth, Smith County, Mississippi; A. W. Baxter, Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee; G. T. Willis, Greenville, South Carolina; S. W. Jacoway, South Pittsburg, Tennessee; J. A. Guy, Childersburg, Alabama; W. H. Carter, White County, Tennessee, and T. E. Spotswood, Fairford, Alabama, are, among others, important and interesting, and with much other valuable material will be reserved by me for future publication.

John A. Wyeth.



COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN."



THE one thing about country newspapers that seems to be always true is that they are never satisfactory to the people who support them. Yet there is nothing so hard to kill as a country newspaper, however unpopular it may be. A paper that really does not amount to much ordinarily may amount to a good deal if an intruder comes into its field, and gentlemen looking for locations should be careful of starting new papers in towns for no other reason than that the people encourage them.

An ordinary business is rated a failure if it does not pay. There are plenty of country papers that have not made a dollar in twenty years, but the publishers hold on with foolish stubbornness, though they might succeed in some other calling; they seem to imagine that a little red man will wriggle up through their office floors some day, and make their "good will" as valuable as they believe it to be. I have heard many men say they were certain they could not succeed as doctor, lawyer, merchant, dentist, or what not, but I have never heard one say he could not succeed as an editor, particularly as a country editor. Really good newspaper men are scarce in the country, for a business man and a writer must be combined to insure success; but there is no lack of newspapers, and as half the people seem to be waiting to give the business a trial, I feel certain that the supply will always be considerably greater than the demand.

Although as a nation we are supposed to have unusual confidence in newspapers, I shall always believe that there is a strong undercurrent of opposition to them among our liberty-loving people. If all the papers in a town unite in favoring a measure, a large proportion of the people are sure to oppose it. The three papers of a certain small city once united in opposing a candidate for an important office, but the people elected the candidate by the largest majority ever heard of in that region. The candidate was elected to fill an unexpired term, and when he came up for the same office a year later, the papers all agreed not to mention his name, and the objectionable candidate was defeated. I have known so

many editors to fail in forcing the people into a particular way of thinking, that I am inclined to believe it is safest modestly to follow the best public sentiment. One of the best newspaper men I ever knew, and who had the reputation of being always original, once confessed to me that most of his matter was gleaned from others. He cultivated the bright men in the community, and his note-book was oftener used in taking down opinions and suggestions than in gleaning news items. I have heard of a bright fellow who went to Dakota with a printing outfit, but being unable to find a suitable town, he took up a claim. The crops failed, and he issued a small weekly paper from an imaginary town, giving it a name, and creating men and women, and institutions. His comments were very breezy, as I can well believe, since he was responsible to no one; somehow it is so much easier to say, "It serves him right," than it is to say, "It serves you right." He criticized imaginary plays at imaginary theaters; he criticized imaginary judges of imaginary courts; he ridiculed an imaginary society, and generally hit off popular delusions so well that his paper attracted attention, and a town was finally built on his farm. But this is a very rare case, even if it be true. The newspaper usually follows civilization, and the newspaper usually follows public opinion.

The longer a saying has been accepted and used, the greater the likelihood that it is true; therefore I have great confidence in the saying that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." It will be observed that I have used the English of this quotation, although I am perfectly familiar with the Latin of it, having seen it so much in country papers.

Country editors quarrel with one another too much; too many of them imagine that they are buzz-saws, and long for opportunity to prove it. The people are not interested in these quarrels, and as a rule do not like them. A tilt between editors may be occasionally interesting, but only when the parties to it are exceptionally clever. In a newspaper controversy an editor cannot defend himself; modesty will not permit it: he can only attack the other editor, so that while both are besmirched, neither is championed. There is one name that should be kept out of a newspaper, wherever published, and that is the name of the editor. A really good editor's name is seldom seen in print in the town where he lives, for

he cannot print it himself, and the other papers will not, except in a caricature. In a political controversy one paper attacks a candidate, and the other defends him, so that the character of the candidate is left in the end where it was in the first place, but when editors pummel one another they simply debase themselves in the eyes of the community. Lawyers are the most sensible class of men in the matter of quarreling; the reason probably is that their business throws them together a great deal, while other men nurse their professional hatreds in private.

There are many comfortably rich men in the country, but few of them are editors. There are many luxurious homes in the country, but few of them are occupied by editors. The fact is, there is little money in the business; for it is a curious fact that it costs more to produce the newspapers of America than the people pay for them. Running a newspaper is like rowing a boat up-stream. A man may pull his boat slowly against the current, if he works steadily, but he dare not rest, and he cannot anchor. Every time a newspaper goes to press the editor has the feeling that his sheet might have contained more news, and more advertisements, without a dollar of additional expense, and in this business more than in any other there is a constant clamor for more work, for harder pulling at the oars. The best weekly paper I know of is edited by an old man who is particularly clever as writer, publisher, and printer, and although he owns his own home and his own office building, he is compelled to work very hard every day. Younger men not half so industrious or capable have made a great deal more money. There may be an impression in cities that country editors might do very much better if they would, but the fact is that many a man has failed to make money at editing in the country who has succeeded in the city.

Although country editors are nearly always poor, there are plenty of persons who believe that half the paragraphs in a country newspaper are paid for with enormous bribes. There are always two sides to every question, and whichever side an editor falls on, the partisans of the other accuse him of being "bought." It is little wonder, therefore, that the editor is seldom a popular man; I never knew one who was, and I never knew one who was not often accused unjustly. Probably the people believe in bribes to editors because it is a very rare editor who does not accuse his opponent of being a bribe-taker, creating a prejudice against themselves and their calling. Lazy and incompetent editors nearly always explain the success of their more vigorous opponents by declaring that they carry on a system of blackmail. I once visited a large city

the newspapers of which I had long admired almost with reverence, and was surprised to hear a citizen say that what the city really needed was better papers; they would bring "eastern capital." Every citizen of a country town wants his locality "boomed," to the end that he may sell his fifty-dollar lot for five hundred; he can appreciate how a really good paper might aid him in this, and because his lot does not advance in value as he thinks it should, he has a grievance against the editor. He longs for an editor with some "snap" in him. I don't know what "snap" means, but I know this is the quality usually thought to be lacking. There are more great men in every country town than really exist in the entire nation, and if they are not recognized, the local papers are of no account. I was once bothered a good deal by a certain man who said he could clean more chickens in an hour than any other chicken-cleaner in the world, and he wanted the fact mentioned. Men who are never suspected of greatness by other people accuse themselves of it to the editors, and when they refuse to mention this greatness, they are told that their columns contain a great deal of stuff not half so interesting. It has occurred to me that when a citizen of a country town becomes drunk, the first thing he does is to hunt up the editor to tell him what is the matter with the community.

Probably the reason every citizen feels at liberty to find fault with the editor, and not with the banker or merchant, is that he regards his contribution to the paper as in some sense a gift. Most of the subscribers and advertisers of a country newspaper are coaxed into it. In some towns it is the rule for the principal merchants to take a half-double-column advertisement, for which they pay a hundred dollars a year, and very often these stand so long without change that in the middle of summer they announce the arrival of new winter goods. Advertising in country papers pays as well as advertising in the city papers, considering the difference in the charge, but country advertisers usually do not know how to use effectively the space they pay for. The merchant also feels that if he advertises in one, he must advertise in all the papers printed in his town, and this idea is so general that an energetic, pushing editor is often held back by his slower competitors. Many business men refrain from advertising in one valuable medium because they fear that the insertion of an advertisement will cause the solicitors of poorer papers to bother them. Many business men seem to be ashamed to have it known that they have been guilty of the weakness of advertising; and some do not believe in legitimate advertising, because they have noticed that most advertise-

ments are given as a sort of duty. They have an unnatural and foolish dread of seeing their names in the papers, regarding it as a system of puffing that modesty does not warrant. Farmers and town people alike are often reminded of their duty to the "local paper," and as a rule they do not do their duty without grumbling. The country newspaper is much like the country church in the matter of support, and the country editor much like the country parson in the particular that he never makes any money and is seldom satisfactory.

It is surprising to note how nearly alike all country newspapers are; likewise how nearly alike all country towns are. Take the average county-seat town in almost any State, and the population is nearly always the same. In the eastern portion of Kansas and Nebraska, for example, the average population in the county-seat towns is from fifteen to eighteen hundred. They usually have the same number of stores, the same number of banks, the same number of newspapers (almost invariably two), the same number of mills and elevators, the same number of railroads (almost invariably two), the same number of grain and stock buyers, the same number of doctors, hotels, dentists, etc. And it is also worth noting that the population of the counties in the eastern portions of Kansas and Nebraska is nearly always the same. This is true in most States, the exceptions being in counties where large cities make a difference.

In the average State dozens of papers published at different county-seat towns can be found that look almost exactly alike; every editor who looks over exchanges must have remarked this. Usually they are of four eight-column pages, with "patent outside." The same kinds of dashes separate the editorial paragraphs on the second page; the local news is arranged in about the same way on the third page; and the editorial and local paragraphs often concern the same topics. The weather is excessively hot in one county, and the editor remarks it; the weather is excessively hot in another county, and the editor remarks it. There is good sleighing in a certain district, and you will find mention of it in all the papers, very often in connection with the liverymen taking the editors out for a "spin." There is the same similarity in the editorial columns, for most editors, as well as most men, pay too much attention to politics, and in most political discussions the difference is that one man says yes, while the other says no.

You will find about the same class of advertisements in all the papers printed in towns of the same size. The bankers always advertise, and then in the list of probabilities come the storekeepers, the implement-dealers, the law-

yers, the doctors, the liverymen, the organ-dealer, and the blacksmiths, in about the order named; and another peculiar thing is that the advertisements are worded about the same. The papers all exchange, and every new idea in advertising goes the rounds.

Before "patents" were invented there was an individuality about most country papers that does not exist now. I am almost tempted to say that the country weeklies of twenty years ago averaged better than they do now; certainly in appearance, if not in ability. The influence of the country papers is more extensive at this writing than ever before, for they are constantly increasing in numbers, but certainly many strong, influential country papers of twenty years ago have lately lost prestige; it has been divided with new papers in their field, and with the big city publications, which are constantly increasing their circulation in the country.

The circulation of each country paper is about the same—usually less than a "bundle," or nine hundred and sixty, rarely fifteen hundred. The average circulation of six thousand of the country newspapers of America is not six hundred copies. Many of the patent medicine concerns in the east make their advertising contracts through experts, who travel from town to town. If these men understand their business, and they usually do, they know the circulation of the papers in a town before they reach the hotel; they get the information by looking at the town. When the agents call at the newspaper offices, the editors usually make a claim for their circulation that the agents know is ridiculous, but it always ends in the same way; the editors agree to the price offered by the agents, or no contracts are signed. The men who travel in advance of circuses have the same knowledge of the circulation of newspapers, but they are unable to use it, for they always pay at least treble prices for their advertising. Many editors demand a hundred dollars for a circus advertisement, whether the agent desires an inch or two columns, and the editors get their price, or no picture of an elephant goes in. But no editor exaggerates his circulation so much as the circus man exaggerates the attractions in his show, and the circus man knows it, so the difficulty is usually arranged. The circus advertising agent announces regularly every season that he is instructed to reduce the advertising expense at least one half; but he never does it.

There are four classes of men who usually own country papers: 1. Farmers' sons who think they are a little too good for farming, and not quite good enough to do nothing. 2. School-teachers. 3. Lawyers who have made a failure of the law. 4. Professional printers who have "worked their way." In nearly every case the

best country papers are conducted by the latter class, although they seldom have "backing," like the other three classes. You are always hearing men longing for "backing," though I believe it is usually a bad thing to have. Very few of the successful men ever had it; men worthy of "backing" usually do not need it; a man who has "backing" does not depend upon himself, and, after all, a man must make his own way. There are few city printers occupying the best places in the country. There are many country printers occupying the best places in the cities. The country seems to be the training-school of the profession. In most of the great newspaper offices there is a growing tendency to employ men who have had a training in the country, because they have a higher sense of duty and better habits than the city contingency. The demand in every newspaper office is for "all round men"; by this is meant men who know something of the business office, the press-room, and the composing-room: if they have no occasion to use this knowledge in any other way, they may use it in being fair with the other departments.

Very many of our noted publishers, writers, and editors are printers; I know of no class that has so much to say, and I believe that most of the printers who have amounted to a good deal began in the country towns, where a printer may become a publisher after he has saved a few hundred dollars. The town in which he buys an insignificant paper may become a city, and he may grow with it. In the larger cities there are few opportunities for printers to engage in business for themselves, whereas more than half of those in the country finally try it. Of noted men more have been printers than lawyers, or practitioners of any other profession or trade. Most of the unsuccessful newspapers are owned by inexperienced men; few practical men hold on to a failing paper long, for they do not believe much in "good will." If there are many poor papers in the country, it is because of the disposition of inexperienced men to rush into the business. Take a hundred of the poorest papers in any given region, and it will be found that ninety-five of them are owned by men of no practical knowledge, who believe that anybody can run a paper.

So many country papers are published by inexperienced men that there are numerous advertising agencies devoted to fleecing them. The usual method adopted is to offer them a trade. An article is priced at more than its actual value, and then the agent offers to take out one half or one third of its stated value in advertising, the publisher to pay the remainder in cash. I once knew a young lawyer who bought a paper, and soon after he received a propo-

sition from an advertising agent, offering in large, bold, honest-looking type to give him a \$300 fire-and-burglar-proof safe for half a column for one year. The advertisement was inserted, and the lawyer has confessed to me that in the darkness of his room at night he could see that safe, with his name over the door in plain but neat gilt letters. He could see visions of the door carelessly swung open, displaying to customers not only his full name at the top of the safe, but also the drawers inside, one of which bore his initials and the word "Private." Finally he thought of sending for the safe, the contract having about expired, so he looked up the original papers to get the necessary address. Then he noticed a lot of printing in small type, which he had never noticed before, which read as follows: "Providing the order is accompanied by \$200 in cash." This cash balance usually represents the wholesale value of the article, and while a good many publishers do this class of advertising, very few of them complete the trade by paying the cash difference.

This same lawyer-editor in his salutatory said something about mounting the editorial tripod. Now I have been connected with printing offices since I was ten years old, a period of twenty-six years, but I have never seen a tripod, although so many editors claim to mount them; nor have I ever heard of a man who has seen one. There may have been a three-legged stool in the temple of Apollo, and an oracle may have occupied it, but there are no three-legged stools in the offices of editors; even the stools used by the printer always have four legs, and consequently are not tripods.

Many country papers are largely controlled by the printers employed by the inexperienced editors. The only monument ever erected at public expense in Bethany, Missouri, was unveiled last year in memory of Edwin R. Martin, an old-fashioned printer who never owned a newspaper; but he had worked in the same town for thirty years. At no time did his pay exceed \$12 a week; sometimes it was only \$6 a week. During that time the paper he served had many owners, most of whom knew nothing of newspapers, but this old veteran was a fixture in the place, and had "boarded" with the family where he died for certainly twenty years. Every week he wrote for its columns, and he never wrote anything unkind. He was fond of the cherished idols of the people, and complimented them in a quiet way. For years his paragraphs were credited to the farmer who had last traded for the paper, but in time his kindly hand was recognized, and when he died the people expressed their appreciation of his honest service to the community. Of verses alone he wrote so many that they were

collected not long ago, and printed in book-form by another old-fashioned country printer of almost equal cleverness. I "learned my trade" with Mr. Martin, and though I left him when a very young man, and went to work elsewhere, I can trace in his poems the history of the town as I remember it. A pretty girl ran away with a dissolute fellow and married him; in a few years she was dead from worry and trouble. The story was gently disguised, and printed in the home paper in verse by the old printer. In every verse there was a moral, as there was in every other line he ever wrote. All the local events that touched the hearts of the people were celebrated by him, but he never wrote of the political or other broils that were nearly always going on in the columns of the paper. He was an old man when he died, but in his time he was the social leader of the town, and excellent social customs still exist there for which he was responsible. No social affair was satisfactory without his presence. He was the leader in dramatic and musical entertainments, and was always as gentle and pure as a good woman. Behind a curtain in the room in which the printing office was located he had his bed, and those apprentices who found his favor were permitted to spend occasional evenings with him, when they learned all sorts of astonishing secrets. One of them was that some of the stories and poems in the "New York Mercury" and "Godey's Lady's Book" were from his pen, and the extra money he thus earned was spent in helping his less fortunate friends. Judging him by his opportunities, he was the best printer I ever knew; I have learned little of his art since I left him that he did not know twenty years ago. He would have been helpless in one of the great offices, but a printer from the city would have been equally helpless in his modest position. The two press-days of the week—one for each side of the paper—were great events. The temperature of the room had to be exactly right, and cold draughts were avoided as in a sick-room. The inking roller had to be washed and softened by a certain formula, and making the tympan ready was a work of the greatest care and delicacy. Although he had old type, and a hand-press so old-fashioned that I never saw another like it, he printed a marvelously neat paper; the perfecting presses of to-day do not understand the art of printing better than he understood it, though they print 20,000 complete papers in an hour where he printed 400 sheets on one side in the same length of time.

Printers have greatly improved as a class. Peter Bartlett Lee, who was famous as a "tramp printer," is dead, and he has no suc-

cessor. It was said of Lee that he could name every county seat in the United States, and the papers published therein. It is probable that he had worked in every State in the Union, but during the latter years of his life he was not popular with his craft; his sort of printers had gone out of fashion, and came to be more and more unpopular. The printers gave their "subbing" to more industrious men, and Lee was supported by the reporters and editors, who wrote him up every time he appeared. The modern printer has an ambition above being a tramp; thousands of clever paragraphs are composed and set up every day by printers; for copy is always short in country offices, and editors are glad to accept these contributions. Printers are always handing the editor contributions, and many printers contribute regularly to the city papers, for which they receive good pay. In my experience as an editor I am often told interesting things by the printers, and I usually ask them to "set it up," which they do with good taste.


There is a musical strain in country printers; most of them belong to the town brass band or sing in a choir. Many printers play guitars, some of them flutes, and belong to serenading clubs, but for some reason they do not take to fiddles. Shoemakers seem to be fiddle-players naturally, and a fiddle can always be found for the serenading parties at some of the shoe shops; but a clarinet-player is rare, and if I were starting in the printer's trade again, I should learn to play a clarinet.

Boys seem to drift into printing offices naturally. I have seen hundreds of them learning the trade, but it seems to me that in all the towns in which I have lived I never knew any boys who were learning to be tailors, or blacksmiths, or painters. There are always boys around a printing office, and there is usually fairness in their promotion. In most of the offices where I have worked there has been a particularly good boy of whom all sorts of good things were predicted, but I never knew one to fulfil expectations. The best boy I ever knew is still setting type, aged forty-two.

It is possible for local papers to succeed if there is a possibility of success; the most energetic man in the world could not make money in the arctic regions putting up ice to sell to explorers. There are papers almost entirely local in their character which have a greater circulation in proportion to the population of the towns in which they are published than the best New York dailies. I personally know of a small daily that has a local circulation of 2500 in a town of 15,000 inhabitants. The commonly accepted estimate is that five persons see every paper that is printed. This country paper, therefore, is read by $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

of the townspeople; excluding the children who cannot read, but who are enumerated in the census, the paper would appear to be read by every person in the town able to read. I believe most editors understand that next to energy and intelligence, their success must depend upon honesty and fairness; therefore this influence must be for good. Of course there are many careless editors, but the disposition of the people to criticize them severely will generally reform them.

The best country papers are usually owned by one man; I do not believe partnerships are desirable in small ventures of any kind. In the best country papers you will find few railroad advertisements, which mean free passes, for it takes time to use passes, and certain expenses are inevitable in traveling that may be avoided at home. Whenever you find a successful country newspaper, you will usually find the editor at home, and busy. Working is becoming eminently respectable; it is those who do not work who are objects of suspicion; a genius is simply an industrious man who tries so many ways that he finally finds a good one. Wherever you find a failing paper you will find an editor who does not attend to his business. There was a time when many papers were supported almost entirely by legal advertisements, but there are few such papers now; their proprietors have either gone to work or into politics.

In estimating the number of newspapers in the United States, which is something like eighteen thousand, the "Big City Thunderer," published in a village of four or five hundred people, counts for as much as the best New York daily. The "Thunderer" is responsible for most of the bad habits credited to country newspapers and to the craft in general. There are sharp writers on most of the better class of country papers, and writers of good sense and judgment. It is the editor of the "Thunderer" who says his latch-string is always out. He is the person who extends his  to people and calls for turnips, and potatoes, and corn in the shock on subscription. I have spent fifteen years of my life in the offices of small weekly papers, but I believe I could carry on my back all the produce and wood I have seen taken in on subscription; there is really very little traffic of this kind. The editor of the "Thunderer" is also the person who returns thanks for a bouquet of flowers sent "our wife." He belongs to a mutual admiration society. When the other members refer to him as "a genial, warm-hearted gentleman, and about the best editor on earth," he reprints the notices, to the disgust of his readers, and to the disgrace of his profession. The poorest editor of the "Thunderer" class can get a living, for he has accounts to

"trade out" at the stores, and he can usually trade "orders" to his help, but the "patent outside" sheets on which he prints his paper must be paid for in actual money every week, for when the editor is poor they are sent C. O. D. These "patents" are usually sheets ready printed on two outside or inside pages; sometimes in cases of eight-page papers six pages are "patent." Most of them are printed on a sheet 26x40, which is an eight-column folio, or a five-column quarto. Ready-printed sheets are furnished from twenty-eight cities and towns in different parts of the country. The same forms were at one time used for hundreds of papers, the heads, names of publishers, mottos, etc., being changed for each customer, but of late it does not often occur that any two papers use ready-printed sheets that are exactly alike. The larger ready-print companies print one hundred editions weekly, so that publishers have a large list to select from. These sheets are furnished at about the actual cost of white paper and printing, the ready-print companies making their profit from the one hundred inches of advertising space reserved. Sheets without advertising may be obtained at an additional expense of about two dollars a week, but they are rarely used. It is said that "patent outsides" were in vogue in England in 1850, and in a solitary instance in the United States in 1851, but the father of the business was A. N. Kellogg, whose name is still at the head of one of the two principal ready-print concerns. In 1861 Mr. Kellogg was printing a weekly paper at Baraboo, Wisconsin, and his patriotic printers having enlisted in the army he was unable to print his usual paper, therefore he ordered of the "Daily Journal," at Madison, half-sheet supplements containing war news to fold with his own half-sheets. He soon saw that the two pages of his paper coming from Madison would look better printed on one side of a full sheet, and thus the ready-print idea was established. The Madison "Journal" received orders for similar sheets until it printed for thirty different offices; then the business went to Milwaukee and Chicago, and finally all over the country. Eight years after Mr. Kellogg's venture there were five hundred ready-printed papers in the country; to-day the company bearing his name prints nearly two thousand, and there are six thousand altogether. The Kellogg Company alone has eight different houses and sends ready-printed sheets into twenty-nine different States and Territories, the east and south being represented quite as well as the west and north.

It would be difficult to decide just when a country weekly becomes a country daily, though I believe it is a rule that when a town obtains a population of three thousand one of the weekly newspaper publishers attempts a

daily, and fails. Most towns in the west of ten thousand population have daily newspapers; in the east the case is different, for the proximity of large cities and fast trains is fatal to provincial dailies. Even in the west the big St. Louis dailies are delivered three hundred miles away by ten o'clock on the morning of publication. This ruins the business for hundreds of miles around St. Louis, and no creditable dailies are found until Kansas City is reached. The Chicago dailies are delivered on the Mississippi River by breakfast time, and except in the case of Milwaukee, there are no really creditable dailies within two hundred miles of Chicago. There are good newspapers in Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, but with an occasional exception, they ruin the field around them. The exceptions I think of are at State capitals, which usually afford at least one good paper. As a rule the great papers of a big city are issued in the morning; but evening papers do best in the smaller towns. A large majority of the country dailies appear at four o'clock in the afternoon, when there is no competition from the city.

In the smaller country dailies there is a tremendous amount of "padding," although the same thing may be found in the best metropolitan papers, and in magazines and books. Indeed, good "padding" is better than indifferent news, but when a man learns to "pad" well he is almost a genius, and it is difficult to keep him in the country. I have seen many small provincial dailies that did not contain on certain days a single paragraph of real local news, although there were several columns of alleged local news. It was all "padded," and read very well. A good local editor is a man who can make a good page when there is no local news, and there are many such. Every country newspaper office may be referred to as a manufacturing establishment, for much of the matter printed is manufactured, and much of it is good and useful. As a general proposition, it may be stated that a man cannot make a country daily a success unless he understands the art of "padding"; he must have padding, and if he cannot employ men who can furnish it, he must be able to furnish it himself. The modern system of plates makes it possible to run a very good evening paper with two printers, a foreman to set the advertisements, and a boy, but there should be two or three reporters, and all of them should be able to "pad" well. The reporters are also expected to look out for advertising, and if the publisher also does job printing they often solicit that. The most useless man on such a paper is the man who writes the editorials; in the country the demand is for good local news. I know one reporter who also collects and solicits; when

there is a rush, he sets type in the afternoon; when the pressman is sick, he goes down into the basement, and runs the press and engine. This young man is responsible for the following actual example of "padding" in the personal column:

December 8.—Miss Mary Smith, of Bevier, is visiting Miss Sarah Jones, at 108 North Adams street.

December 9.—Miss Sarah Jones will entertain at 108 North Adams street, this evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Smith, of Bevier.

December 10.—A gay party of young folks went to the lake to-day, skating, to entertain Miss Mary Smith, of Bevier, who is the guest of Miss Sarah Jones, at 108 North Adams street.

December 11.—Miss Mary Smith, who has been the guest of Miss Sarah Jones, at 108 North Adams street, returned to her home in Bevier to-day.

In most small cities there is a "committee of safety" composed of a number of men who are always suggesting what the other citizens should do to help the town. The papers print these suggestions, and very often hundreds of columns are printed concerning an enterprise that is finally forgotten. In a town where I once worked the editors wrote every dull day about the necessity of mending the "Doniphan Road," the bad condition of which seriously interfered with the trade from a very important region, but I am lately informed that the "Doniphan Road" is still in wretched condition, although the papers have been inquiring who is responsible for at least twenty years.

All this is "padding," and it is so well received that the reporters look for it. In my own experience I have often gone out on the streets, not to find news, but to find suggestions for "padding." The never-failing source of it is the man with complaints.

A majority of the evening dailies printed in the country do not have much, if any, telegraph news sent to them direct; they have as a substitute a "plate telegraph," which service is supplied from most of the large cities. Of the six columns of "plate telegraph" usually printed in an evening paper to-day, three columns may have been set up from the city papers of the night before; the other three columns being set up at 5 or 6 A. M., from the morning papers. Stereotype plates of these six columns are then made, and sent out on the express trains, reaching their destinations in ample time for the provincial evening papers, which, as a rule, could not have had the information by any other means except the use of the telegraph, direct. The plates are made to fit metal bases kept in the office of each customer; the plate and base are exactly type-high, and as the plates come in column lengths, they may be cut in any way desired.

This service costs \$13.50 per week; \$12 for the plates, and \$1.50 for a week's expressage. Many head printers "make up" these plates as neatly as could be done with type, and while no pressman can disguise the fact that his is a "plate" paper, the reader does not seem to remark the difference. Five years ago there were many sneering remarks about this sort of matter, and it was claimed that the line between city and country papers could be drawn at "plates," but some very creditable morning papers now use them. The use of plates is an old newspaper principle. A paper that costs thousands of dollars to produce is sold for a penny, and the paper sold at this low price, in spite of the enormous original cost, is read by at least four persons who pay nothing at all for it. The reader in California does not find his paper less interesting because a copy of the same printing is being enjoyed also in New York.

It costs several hundred dollars to produce six columns of the best plates; yet a country publisher may buy stereotype duplicates of the six columns for two dollars. And the matter is not less interesting to his readers because many other publishers in many other States are using the same articles. The surprise is that, although stereotyping is an old process, stereotype plates have only been generally used eight or ten years. I sometimes doubt that ready-printed sheets have been of any great service to country newspapers, but the invention of plates was a long stride forward. By their use country newspapers may secure at small expense the services of the very best writers; by their use every country publisher may secure a great staff of special writers and artists. Every field except the local field is covered by the plates, and it is almost certain that the service will steadily improve.

E. W. Howe.

THE POSSIBILITY OF MECHANICAL FLIGHT.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.



HE publication by the press of a memoir I lately read to the National Academy of Sciences on the power required for mechanical flight has caused so much misapprehension, but also so much interest and inquiry,

that I willingly accept the invitation of *THE CENTURY* to give here at least such an explanation as consists with the imperfection of a brief account in untechnical terms.¹

In the first place, let me explain that I have in no way said that man can fly by his own strength, nor have I ever described the details of any particular "flying-machine." What has been done is to demonstrate by actual experiment that we have now acquired the mechanical power to sustain in the air (and at great speeds) bodies thousands of times heavier than the air itself, and that as soon as we have the skill to direct this power we shall be able actually to fly.

As the distinction between the possession of sufficient mechanical power and the skill to use

it may not be clear, let us observe that an ordinary balloon is essentially lighter than the air and will float in it, moving only with it, at the mercy of the wind, like a log in moving water; while the flying-machine of the future that we now speak of is to be heavier than the air, and, being designed to glide on it somewhat like a skater on thin ice, will sink if it has not power to keep moving rapidly enough to make the air support it.

It seems at first incredible that any practically obtainable power can make the viewless air at the same time support a dense body like brass or steel, and cause it to run rapidly and securely along upon the thin element. Nevertheless I have seen it done; and for this best of reasons it has seemed to me that it can be done again, and that such a matter as mechanical flight ought not to be left to the opprobrium which past mistaken efforts and consequent failure have brought on it, but that it should be reinvestigated by scientific methods.

The distinctive mark of such methods is the primary importance attached in them to obtaining definite ideas about quantity, in order to state everything in number, weight, and measure, so that we may be able to prove, for instance, just how much power is demanded for such aerial transport, and if this be beyond the ability of a man's muscles to furnish, to prove definitely whether we can or cannot build an

¹ For fuller and exacter statement the reader is referred to a recent publication by the Smithsonian Institution, "Experiments in Aërodynamics."

engine at once strong and light enough to supply this power. Almost all notions about the capacity of the air for this kind of support have been and are very vague, and are in complete contrast to the precise ones science possesses on other matters. It is to furnish these exact data, it is to answer with certainty the question "How much?" that these new experiments have been made; and few things can, it seems to me, be of more interest than their results.

Above us is the great aerial ocean, stretching over all lands, and offering an always open way to them, yet a way that has never yet been thus trodden. Can it be that the power we have always lacked is at last found, and that it only remains to learn to guide it?

Let me, in answering, compare the case to that which would present itself if the actual ocean had never been traversed because it was always covered with fields of thin ice, which gave way under the foot, which indeed permitted vessels to be launched and to float, but which compelled them to move wherever the ice drifted. Such vessels would resemble our balloons, and be of as little practical use; but now suppose we are told, "The ice which has always been your obstacle may be made your very means of transport, for you can glide over the thinnest ice, provided you only glide fast enough, and experiments will prove not only how fast you must go to make the ice bear, but that it is quite within the limits of your strength to go with the requisite speed." All this might be true, and yet if no one had ever learned to skate, every trial of this really excellent plan would probably end in disaster, as all past efforts to fly have done. Indeed, in our actual experience with the air, men have come to the same kind of wrong conclusion as would have been reached in supposing that the ice could not be traversed because no one had the strength to skate, while the truth would be that man has plenty of strength to skate, but is not born with the skill.

The simile is defective so far as it suggests that man can sustain himself by his unaided strength on calm air, which I believe to be impracticable; but it is the object of these experiments to prove that he has now the power to sustain himself with the aid of engines recently constructed, and by means I indicate, as soon as he has skill to direct them.

All the time which I have been able to give to the subject during the past four years has been spent in continuous experiment in order to determine exactly how much power is required, and how it should be applied, to sustain in rapid motion quite dense bodies in the shape of plates or planes (somewhat as a skater is sustained on thin ice), by distributing their weight over a great mass of air, whose inertia

prevents it from getting out of the way, owing to the swiftness with which they can be made to glide over it.

The experiments were made with the aid of a steam-engine of ten horse-power, which put in horizontal motion a long arm at the end of which a great variety of specially devised apparatus was connected with such planes, which were made to advance with exactly measured speeds up to seventy miles an hour.

Beginning with the year 1887, many thousand experiments of this and many other kinds were made, of which only the general result can be stated here. In one class of these trials the plane was attached to a dynamometer, which showed, in connection with a chronograph, the amount of power which made the air just support the plane, so that it neither rose nor fell, but soared along horizontally; while among the first results of observation was a demonstration of the important fact that it takes less power to sustain such a body in horizontal motion than when it is suspended over one place—a conclusion the very reverse of that formerly reached by physicists, who, not having tried the actual experiment, started from the plausible assumption that we must first see how much power it will take to keep the body suspended over one spot, and then add to that power something very much larger to find what it requires both to suspend it and to move it along.

To mention a single experiment out of many bearing on this last point, a sheet of brass in the form of a plane was suspended from the horizontal arm by a spring-balance, which, when all was at rest, was drawn out to a distance corresponding to the weight. As soon as the arm was put in movement, however, and lateral motion began and increased, the spring (which now not only sustained the plane but pulled it along) contracted more and more instead of lengthening, showing that the pull diminished with each increment of speed and each corresponding diminution of the inclination. It is very interesting to see with what slight power the heavy metal, when in such rapid motion, can be made almost to float on the air, and one can be convinced by the evidence of the spring-balance or the dynamometer, combined with the record of the speed, that (within the limits of experiment) it requires less and less power to maintain this horizontal transport of the plane the faster it goes. The above experiment is given only as an illustration, but the important conclusion just mentioned was not accepted till it had been confirmed by hundreds of varied demonstrations.

In another class of experiment the plane is no longer attached to the balance, but is placed horizontally, and left free to fall through a constant small distance while keeping in that hori-

zontal position, but at the same time being urged forward. Since it is not inclined either way, or, as a physicist would say, since there is no visible component of pressure to increase or diminish the time of fall, this time might be supposed to be the same whether it were dropped from a position of rest, or in such motion. Actual trial, however, shows the contrary in a very striking manner, for a plate more than a thousand times denser than the air may under such conditions be seen to settle down with an extraordinary slowness, as if it had almost parted with its weight, or, rather, as if the air had hardened under it into a jelly-like condition. The fact established here is also an important one, for it shows not only that by moving fast enough on it, air can be made to offer support like an elastic semi-solid, but, taken in connection with other experiments, it elucidates the result already referred to, and which, in view both of its importance, and of what may perhaps appear to the professional reader its paradoxical appearance, I will (to leave no doubt about my meaning) ask permission to repeat here in carefully chosen language. This general result is that "if in such aerial motion there be given a plane of fixed size and weight, inclined at such angles and moved forward at such speeds that it shall always be just sustained in horizontal flight, then the more the speed is increased the less will be the power required to support and advance it, so that there will be an increasing economy of power with each higher speed, up to some remote limit not yet attained in experiment." This is in startling contrast to all that we are most familiar with in land and water transport, where every one knows the direct reverse to be the ordinary case.

A mechanism designed to secure artificial flight by thus taking advantage of the inertia and elasticity of the air I call an *aërodrome* (air runner). In order to give a specific example of the weights and speed actually tried, I will select one out of many hundred experiments. This showed that one horse-power could transport and sustain in such horizontal flight over two hundred pounds' weight of loaded planes at the rate of fifty miles an hour; by which is meant that such planes actually did rise up from their support, under the reaction of the air at this speed, while carrying weights in this proportion to the horse-power, and soared along under all the circumstances of actual free flight, except that they were constrained to fly horizontally.

Engines have very lately been made for a special purpose, to weigh, together with a supply of fuel for a short flight, considerably less than twenty pounds to the horse-power, everything movable included. Again, less than twenty pounds is actually necessary for the

weight of a system of planes strong enough to support the engine and accessories; so that less than forty pounds being sufficient for such power and support, while two hundred pounds can be carried, a wide margin remains for contingencies.

Now planes have only been used for the convenience of getting exactly comparable and verifiable values, and as other forms of surface will probably give better results in practice, there is reason to believe that still more weight than that here given can be transported at this speed by one horse-power—that is, in level flight.

The aerial journey in fact is in this respect somewhat like a terrestrial one, where the traveler can ride over a nearly straight and level path to his destination if he can but control his steed; which, if it ran away with him, over mountains and valleys, would be behaving like an *aërodrome* having sufficient power for proper flight, yet which, if not guided into such flight, would be wasting this power in aimless efforts.

These experiments also indicate in general what difficulties are to be avoided to secure such guiding, but the memoir confines itself mainly to showing the principles on which machines can be built, which will demonstrably fly with the power now at command if we can but thus guide it. The present memoir does not undertake to teach in detail how to steer a horizontal course, how to descend in safety, or the like,—all very important matters, but subordinate to the main demonstration.

If asked whether this method of flight will soon be put in practice, I should have to repeat that what has preceded is matter of demonstration, but that this is matter of opinion. Expressing, then, a personal opinion only, I should answer, "Yes." It is hardly possible that these secondary difficulties will not be soon conquered by the skill of our inventors and engineers, whose attention is already beginning to be drawn to the fact that here is a new field open to them, and though I have not experimented far enough to say that the relations of power to weight here established for small machines will hold for indefinitely large ones, it is certain they do so hold, at any rate far enough to enable us to transport, at speeds which make us practically independent of the wind, weights much greater than that of a man. Progress is rapid now, especially in invention, and it is possible—it seems to me even probable—that before the century closes we shall see this universal road of the all-embracing air, which recognizes none of man's boundaries, traveled in every direction, with an effect on some of the conditions of our existence which will mark this among all the wonders the century has seen.

S. P. Langley.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Sub-Treasury Cheap Money Plan.

THE sub-treasury scheme of the Farmers' Alliance is in many respects the most extreme form in which the cheap money delusion in this country has manifested itself. It is so extreme, in fact, that many of the Alliance leaders have refused from the outset to give it their approval, and others of them who at first viewed it with favor, after examination and discussion of its provisions, have withdrawn their approval. At first it made great headway in the South, but earnest, intelligent, and courageous exposure of its dangerous fallacies by leading politicians and newspapers has so far educated the people upon the economic principles involved that it has been losing ground perceptibly during the past three months. A veritable campaign of education has been in progress in several Southern States, with this scheme as the text of public discussion, and the beneficial results afford a striking illustration of the high patriotic service of courage and conviction in politics and journalism.

The sub-treasury scheme made its appearance in the last Congress, when a bill embodying its principles was introduced in both houses, having been prepared by the National Legislative Committee of the Farmers' Alliance. Briefly summed up, it provided for the appropriation by the Government of \$50,000,000 to be used for the erection of warehouses in various parts of the country for the storage of cotton, wheat, oats, corn, and tobacco. Every county which had an annual production of these staples exceeding \$500,000 in gross value was to be entitled to a warehouse. A petition was to be sent to the Secretary of the Treasury asking for its establishment, accompanied by the title of a suitable site to be given to the Government. The Secretary of the Treasury was to appoint a manager, who should give bonds for the faithful performance of his duties, and should receive a salary of not less than \$1000 and of not more than \$2500, proportionate to the business done. Any owner of cotton, wheat, corn, oats, or tobacco might take his crop to the nearest warehouse, deposit it, and receive in return eighty per cent. of its market value in treasury notes, the manager deciding what that market value should be. These treasury notes were to be specially issued for this purpose by the Secretary, no note to be less than \$1 nor more than \$1000, to be legal tender for all public and private debts, and good as part of the lawful reserve of national banks. The manager was to give a receipt for every deposit of produce, showing its amount, grade, or quality, value at date of deposit, and amount advanced upon it, with rate of interest one per cent. per annum, and with insurance, weighing, warehousing, classing, and other charges deducted. These receipts were to be negotiable by indorsement. Produce deposited might be redeemed at any time by a return of the receipt and money advanced on interest, and the payment of all warehousing charges. The money returned was to be destroyed by the Secretary of the Treasury. If

there were no redemption of a deposit within twelve months, a sale was to be ordered for the reimbursement of the Government.

Let us see how this would work in practice. The warehouse managers, who are to decide upon the market price of the produce, would, in nearly all instances, be appointed through political influence, which is tantamount to saying that they would have little expert knowledge of the duties which they were to perform. These men would have absolute power to decide upon the sums of which the Government was to advance eighty per cent. There are, for example, eleven full grades of cotton, and about as many half grades, and there are about thirty grades of wheat. The manager must decide not merely the grade but the price as it is fixed in the markets of the world at the time. If he is an honest man and fairly capable, the opportunity for serious blunders would be very great. If he is a dishonest, or ignorant, or prejudiced, or malicious man, can any one estimate the evil and injustice of which he might be capable? He could overrate the produce of all his political and personal friends, and underrate that of all his enemies or rivals, and there would be no appeal from his decisions. The impossibility of having a just and uniform basis for the eighty per cent. advance in all the warehouses, or even in one of them, would from the outset throw fatal doubt upon the value both of the treasury notes and of the certificates of deposit, giving them at once a depreciated and uncertain standard.

The farmers who are misled into favoring the scheme think that they would receive at once a loan of eighty per cent. of the full value of their crop at only one per cent. interest, but they would pay much more than that. The warehousing, insurance, and other expenses for cotton, for example, are usually between eight and nine per cent. of its value. This would have to be paid to the Government, and would bring the interest up to nine or ten per cent. On wheat and other products there would be similar expenses, which would raise the interest on deposits of them to nearly or quite the same limits. The rate of interest, therefore, is not low enough to be beneficial to farmers who hope by this means to pay off existing debts at legal rates of interest. What a farmer would receive would be a loan for one year from the Government at the rate of nine or ten per cent. of a sum amounting to four-fifths of the total value of his crop paid to him in money of uncertain value. For the remaining fifth he would receive a certificate whose value would depend entirely upon what he got for it in open market. No buyer would ever offer him the full price as fixed by the warehouse manager, for there would be too many uncertainties about the crop's redemption to make the certificates a safe investment for anybody. They could only be negotiated at a heavy discount at best, and in many instances would scarcely be negotiable at all.

If warehouses were established, there would be a tendency among all farmers seeking an immediate market to put their produce into them. One of the advocates of the scheme estimated before a committee of the

Senate that the deposits would be so large as to require an addition of one thousand millions of dollars to the currency in January and February of each year. This flood of currency, all of which would be based upon uncertain and varying bases of valuation, would be accompanied by another flood of certificates of deposit. The Government would turn out these notes and certificates, and their receivers would at once put them in circulation. Their value would depend entirely upon the popular estimate which should be made of their purchasing power. The fact that the notes had been declared a legal tender would not add a particle to their value. The people would make their own estimate of the prospect for the fulfilment of the promise upon which they were based, and that estimate would fix their value.

What would be the prospect for this promise to be fully kept? If prices went down after the deposit, the produce would be left there till the very end of the year and sold for what it would bring. The effect of throwing a great mass of produce upon the market at one time would be to lower still further the price, and the result would be a great loss to the Government which must be made good by taxation. As the farmers of the country pay about half of the taxes, they would thus have to pay half of the cost of their own folly. From the nature of the case a falling-off in value would be almost inevitable, for speculators and purchasers would be interested in waiting for a forced sale, being thus certain of buying at a lower price. In case there should be a general rise after deposit, the chances would be that the farmers most in need of profiting by it would not be in a position to do so, for the poorer ones would have parted with their notes as soon as received, in payment of their debts, and would have also sold their deposit certificates at the first opportunity. Whatever rise there might be, therefore, would go to the advantage of the speculators in certificates.

As for the depreciated value of the notes issued in such volume, there can be no doubt upon that point. It would be fiat money of a more worthless kind than any which has hitherto been issued. It would be more worthless than the land-bank money of Rhode Island, because that was based upon the land of the State. It would be more worthless than that of John Law's bank in France, for that was based upon all the property of France. It would be more worthless than that of the Argentine Republic, for that was based upon all the landed property of the nation. In all these instances the fiat money was declared to be a legal tender and to be payable for public and private debts. In all of them it was issued for a term of years. But this warehouse-deposit money is based upon nothing except the arbitrary judgments of an irresponsible body of political appointees as to the value of products a year hence, and is to be destroyed at the end of a year. Nobody would ever consent to take it at its face value in payment of a debt, or in payment for goods, and it would be confined, as the Rhode Island paper money was, almost entirely to transactions among its original holders. It would enormously inflate prices in the communities in which it circulated, and thus make dearer everything that the farmer had to buy. But it would never be received elsewhere except at a discount, and consequently would have no effect in raising the price of the products of the farmer, which have to be sold in the markets of the world.

Then, too, each period of enormous inflation would be followed by a period of sudden and almost paralyzing contraction, for at the end of each year all the notes and certificates must be destroyed.

We have said nothing about the unconstitutional aspect of the proposition for the Government to go into the business of loaning money and speculating in crops—a form of paternalism the most extreme ever proposed in this country. One of the advocates of the measure, when asked at a hearing before a Congressional committee why its authors had not included wool, hops, rice, and cheese with the other produce specified for deposit, made answer that those staples were protected by a high tariff, 75 per cent. on wool alone, and were not entitled to further aid from the Government. Whatever virtues may reside in the protective system, it is unfortunately true that to the arguments advanced in defense of a high tariff we owe the impression, so strong among many portions of the population, that it is the duty of the Government to render assistance to all industries and occupations whose members are in distress.

Notable Civil Service Reform Gains.

WHILE the past year has not been marked by as much progress for civil service reform as its advocates hoped to see, there have been some advances made which are of great value. The first of these came in the form of two decisions by the New York Court of Appeals sustaining the constitutionality and validity of the State civil service law. The second was the order of Secretary Tracy, issued in April last, directing that the working forces of the chief navy yards of the country should be placed under civil service reform regulations.

The decisions by the Court of Appeals were on suits brought by the Buffalo Civil Service Reform Association to compel the municipal authorities of that city to obey the law and enforce faithfully its requirements. Two inspectors, one of streets and the other of health, had been appointed in utter disregard of the civil service law, and the city council had refused to allow the mayor's estimate for salaries and expenses attending the execution of the civil service law, cutting it down from \$1000 to \$50. The Civil Service Reform Association obtained an injunction restraining the inspectors from drawing any pay. The case was tried by the Supreme Court and decided in favor of the association. An appeal was taken to the General Term with the same result. The case was then carried to the Court of Appeals, and the judgments of the lower courts were affirmed without dissent. When the city council refused to allow the mayor's estimate for salaries and expenses, the clerk of the civil service commission, who had been appointed by the mayor, brought suit against the city to recover his salary. He also won his case in the lower courts, and the judgments were affirmed by the Court of Appeals, without dissent, as in the other case.

In delivering the two opinions in these cases the judges of the Court of Appeals took occasion to express their approval of civil service reform principles in the warmest terms. The opinion in each case was written by Judge Rufus W. Peckham, and as it was concurred in by all the other judges, it stands on the record as the unanimous expression of the views of the highest judicial body in the State. As such it is worthy of careful consideration, as showing the deep impression which the reform has made upon thoughtful and trained ju-

dicial minds. The opinion in the case of the two inspectors began with a comprehensive statement of the growth of the civil service reform movement, in which, after describing the condition to which the public service had been brought by adherence on the part of the appointing powers to the "semi-barbarous maxim that 'to the victors belong the spoils,'" the need of a better system was impressively stated as follows:

The chief reason for an appointment was the political work done by the applicant, and his supposed power to do more, and thus an appointment to an office in the civil list was regarded as a fit and proper reward for purely political and partizan service. No one can believe that such a system was calculated to produce a service fit for the only purpose for which offices are created, viz., the discharge of duties necessary to be performed in order that the public business may be properly and efficiently transacted. The continuous and systematic filling of all the offices of a great and industrious nation by such means became conclusive proof in the minds of many intelligent and influential men that the nation itself had not in such matters emerged from the semi-barbarous state, and that it had failed to obtain the full benefits arising from an advanced and refined civilization.

Seldom has the uncivilized aspect of the spoils system been more graphically portrayed than it is in this passage. Passing on to the steps which had been taken to secure laws bringing about reform, the court said:

The fact must be fully recognized that the duties connected with the vast majority of offices in both the Federal and State governments are in no sense political, and that a proper performance of those duties would give no one the least idea whether the incumbent of the office were a member of one political party or another.

And again, in speaking of the reform laws which had been enacted:

If the system were to be carried out to its fullest extent by appropriate legislation, and if the laws thus enacted were to be enforced *bona fide* and with cordial heartiness by the men to whose hands it would necessarily be confided, it has been confidently predicted that the improvements in our entire civil service would be such that no unprejudiced citizen would ever give his consent to return to the old order of things.

These are declarations whose truth no intelligent man can dispute, and it is of the highest public service to have them put forth from a body of such commanding influence. Reasoning from these premises, the court went on to overrule several specious pleas which had been advanced against the constitutionality of the civil service law, upholding the law at all points, and insisting upon its rigid enforcement.

In the case of the refusal of the city council to allow the appropriation for salaries and expenses, the opinion decided many questions of wide interest in connection with efforts which have been made in various legislative bodies, including Congress, to defeat the reform by cutting off appropriations for its maintenance. The court held that the refusal of the common council to place in the tax budget a merely nominal sum for carrying out the provisions of the law did not remove from the city its liability for the salary of an officer legally appointed under the law. On this point it held:

A failure between the mayor and common council to agree on any sum cannot and will not absolve the city from its obligation to pay a reasonable compensation for services thus legally rendered. . . . If it (the council) make the appropriation, well and good. If not, the officer can sue the city for the amount due, and may recover a judgment, which can be enforced like other judgments against

the city. . . . What an alderman of a common council might in good faith think was a reasonable sum is altogether too vague a basis upon which to rest a right to be paid what in fact is a reasonable sum. The proper enforcement of this general law cannot be made to depend upon the conduct of the common council or upon its consent to appropriate a sum sufficient to carry it into effect. The city may raise the proper amount if it choose to do so. It has the necessary machinery at hand for the purpose. If it choose otherwise, the law must still be executed, and, as has been seen, there is no other way so adequate or effectual for that purpose as to permit the institution of such an action as this and the recovery of a judgment with the inevitable costs and expenses which accompany such proceeding. The result will probably be that the members of a common council will in the end see that the laws of the State are certainly to be enforced, although they may run counter to the views or wishes of such members, and that the only effect of a persistent attempt on their part to obstruct or prevent their enforcement will be added expense to the municipality whose interests they misrepresent.

This emphatic and stern notification that the civil service law was not different from other laws, but must, like all others, be enforced strictly, was one which the professional politicians everywhere had long needed. They had from the time of the law's enactment looked upon it as being in some curious way a kind of statute which nobody need obey, and for the violation of which the courts would inflict no penalty. In Buffalo the city council had not only appointed the two inspectors in disregard of it, had not only refused to make appropriation for salaries and expenses under it, but for two years, while the suits growing out of their conduct were pending in the courts, they had refused to confirm veterans of the war who had passed the civil service examination and were entitled to appointments in the municipal service. As soon, however, as the decisions of the Court of Appeals were announced, all opposition to the law ceased, and from that time it has been enforced without serious antagonism in all branches of the service within its jurisdiction.

In regard to Secretary Tracy's order placing the navy yards of the country under civil service reform regulations, the effect of that and the need for it can best be stated in his own words. In a speech in Boston, delivered a few days before the order was issued, he said:

For fifty years the employment of labor at the navy yards has been the one weak spot in navy administration. Whatever the party in control of the Government, it seems hitherto to have been powerless to exclude political influence in the employment of navy yard labor. It is not enough apparently that the mechanics and workmen in the Government shops should be Republicans or Democrats; they must wear the collar of the ward bosses who run the local political machine. The practice is a source of demoralization to any party that attempts to use it, destructive to the Government services, and debauching to local and national politics. It is an ulcer on the naval administrative system, and I propose to cut it out.

In order to cut out the ulcer, the Secretary issued an order placing the force in the Brooklyn Navy Yard under the reform regulations after June 1, and the forces in the Norfolk, Portsmouth, Washington, and Mare Island navy yards after July 1. All positions of foreman and master mechanic were declared vacant on those dates, and were filled by men who passed the best examination designed to test their especial fitness for the work. The examinations were open to all American citizens, former employees entering upon the same footing as other competitors. It is obvious

that this extension of the civil service regulations, if carried out faithfully and made permanent, as there is every reason to believe will be the case, will prove to be one of the most important advances which the reform has made.

Progress of Ballot Reform.

The year 1891 will be a notable one in the history of ballot reform, for it will mark the enactment of new ballot laws in fourteen States, bringing the number of States which have such laws up to twenty-nine, two-thirds of the entire number. We append the full list, with date of enactment and character of each law:

Arkansas.....1891	Good.	New Jersey.....1890	Poor.
California.....1891	Bad.	New York.....1890	Bad.
Connecticut.....1889	Poor.	North Dakota.....1891	Good.
Delaware.....1891	Good.	Ohio.....1891	"
Illinois.....1891	"	Oregon.....1891	"
Indiana.....1889	"	Pennsylvania.....1891	Bad.
Maine.....1891	"	Rhode Island.....1889	Good.
Maryland.....1889	Fair.	South Dakota.....1891	"
Massachusetts.....1888	Good.	Tennessee.....1889	"
Michigan.....1889	"	Vermont.....1891	"
Minnesota.....1889	"	Washington.....1890	"
Missouri.....1889	"	West Virginia.....1891	"
Montana.....1889	"	Wisconsin.....1889	"
Nebraska.....1891	"	Wyoming.....1890	"
New Hampshire.....1891	"		
Whole number.....29			
Enacted in 1888.....1			
" " 1889.....10			
" " 1890.....4			
" " 1891.....14			

In characterizing these laws as "good," "poor," "bad," and "fair" we have followed a very simple method. All the laws denominated "good" are modeled closely upon the original law in the series, that of Massachusetts, and are careful and thoroughgoing adaptations of the Australian system. They have the secret, official, blanket ballot, and they place independent and third-party nominations upon an equal footing with those of the regular parties. Fifteen laws follow the Massachusetts method in arranging the names of candidates in alphabetical order on the ballot, with the politics indicated after each name. Eleven arrange the names in party groups, with the title of the party at the top. There are twenty-three of the "good" laws, so that genuine ballot reform is an accomplished fact in one more than half the States of the Union. The Michigan law provided originally for separate party ballots to be distributed both in and out of the polling-places, but at the last session of the legislature it was amended so that at present it provides for the registration blanket ballot of the Australian system obtainable only inside the polling-places.

The remaining six laws we have put into three classes, that of Maryland being set down as "fair," those of Connecticut and New Jersey as "poor," and those of New York, Pennsylvania, and California as "bad." The Maryland law is good so far as it provides for a secret, official, blanket ballot, but it is defective in allowing any foreign voter to take a friend or interpreter into the booth with him to assist him in preparing his ballot, and in certain other provisions which are calculated to prevent entire secrecy in voting. The Connecticut and New Jersey laws are in no sense the Australian system, since they provide official ballots, but allow them to be circulated elsewhere than in the polling-places, and do not provide blanket ballots. The

Connecticut law is the cruder of the two, and it was to the defective and confusing character of its provisions that the prolonged contest over the governorship in that State, growing out of the last election, was mainly due.

The laws of New York, Pennsylvania, and California, which differ in many other respects, have the common characteristic of discriminating so heavily against independent and other third-party nominations as to pervert completely the leading principle of ballot reform. They mark a turning-point in the tactics of the professional politicians in opposition to the reform. Not venturing longer to resist the popular demand for the reform, its enemies pretend to grant it, but in doing so insidiously introduce modifications which destroy its vital principles. The foremost principle of the Australian system is that which places independent and third-party nominations on an equal footing with those of the regular parties. It was to give all candidates equal and exact facilities for having their ballots printed and distributed at the polls that the work and expense of the printing and distributing were taken from the political organizations or machines and put into the hands of the State. When the machines did the work and paid the cost they had such power over the ballots that independent nominations were beset on every side with obstacles which made their success at the polls virtually impossible except in the rare instances when they were sustained by great popular uprisings. So long as the machines paid the cost of the work it was difficult to deprive them of this dictatorial and corrupting control. By removing from them the expense and putting it upon the State, the way was open for removing from them also their exclusive control. Nobody presumed to say that they should be relieved of the expense and still be allowed to retain their control. In order to destroy their control the principle of nominations by petitions was introduced, and its justice was universally admitted. The people of the State were to bear all the expense of the election, and the State was to assure to all the people equal and exact rights under the system of voting by which the election was to be conducted.

The New York, Pennsylvania, and California laws seek to destroy this principle by placing such restrictions upon its exercise as are practically prohibitive. We speak of the New York law as it was amended at the last session of the legislature. In its original form it did not discriminate against independent nominations. We said of it, after its passage in 1890, that though it was the outcome of a compromise, it was "really an excellent measure," and that, taken in connection with the law requiring the publication of campaign election expenses, it supplied the State of New York with the "most thoroughly reformed electoral system of all the States in the Union." We did not mean by this that New York had a completely reformed electoral system, or one that could not be improved. It had the only corrupt practices act which had been passed, and a ballot law which gave the State a secret official ballot and put independent nominations on an equal footing with regular party ones. At its first trial in the election of November last the law worked well, and the chief point of criticism was the provision requiring a separate ballot for every party, instead of a blanket ballot for all. This provision led to a confusing number of

ballots, and there was a general demand for its repeal. It had been put into the law to satisfy the demands of opponents of the Australian system, and had been yielded reluctantly by the advocates of that system, who had grave doubts of its usefulness.

Instead of repealing this provision, the legislature passed a series of amendments, raising the number of signatures required for independent nominations, repealing a provision of the law which allowed an independent candidate to have his name printed upon the ballots of the regular parties as well as upon a separate ballot of his own, and substituting a provision which forbids him to have it printed upon more than one ballot. Another amendment permits any regular candidate to file a caveat forbidding the printing of an independent nomination upon his ballot. The combined effect of these changes is to make an aggregate of 10,000 signatures necessary for the nomination of a complete independent state ticket, and to make the nomination of independent candidates for separate offices in various parts of the State practically impossible, for such nominations will have to stand by themselves upon an incomplete ticket, which no voter ought to be asked to deposit.

In the Pennsylvania law the discrimination is brought about in a different but scarcely less effective manner. The signatures of three per cent. of the voters of the portion of the State over which the office to be filled extends

are required for any independent nomination, and all independent nominations must be filed so far in advance of election (40 days) as to be practically prohibitive. Then, as a still further obstacle, all independent and third-party nominations must be arranged together in alphabetical order at the end of the blanket ballot, while the regular party nominations are arranged in groups with the party title at the top. As the voter can indicate his choice for a party ticket by simply placing a mark opposite the title, but must check every name in the list of independent candidates in case he wishes to vote for them, it is obvious that the regular parties have all the advantages. The California law makes the number of signatures necessary for independent nominations five per cent. of all the voters, and requires all such nominations to be filed thirty days before election. This percentage is of itself tantamount to a prohibitive enactment.

These three laws, in fact, instead of aiding independent nominations, make them nearly or quite impossible, and thus destroy the leading principle of ballot reform, which is the facilitating of such nominations. These laws give the regular party machines a greater power than ever, for while, under the old system, they could make the printing and distributing of independent ballots difficult, under the new, as these laws pervert it, the use of all such ballots at the polls is practically forbidden by law.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Question of Pensions.

I.—A SOLDIER'S VIEW.

HAVING read with great care the article relative to pension matters prepared by Mr. Sloane and others, and published in the June number of your magazine, allow me to submit a few suggestions relative to that important topic as viewed from a pensioner's standpoint.

The article in question seems to be directed mainly against the action had in allowing arrears of pensions, and in passing what is generally known as the Dependent Pension Bill of June 27, 1890, and appears to be intended to convey the impression that our comrades who accepted the moneys granted as arrears, and those who accept the relief granted under the recent act, are unpatriotic. On their behalf I respectfully demur to the indictment.

As respects the first class I shall only ask to be shown why the comrade who waited from the time of his discharge until 1880 before asking for the pension due him at his discharge, and each year thereafter up to the time when he applied for it, and then accepted the amount found to have been due him under the law and the rulings and ratings fixed by the Department, without an allowance of one cent of interest on the amount which was legally due him during each of the several years since his discharge, is any less patriotic than I who applied for my pension promptly after my discharge in 1866, and have drawn it regularly since?

Many a comrade failed to apply from motives of the purest patriotism. He would not ask for a pension so long as he was able to support himself and family by his own exertions, because he knew that the nation was carrying an enormous debt, and its enemies were doing all they could to injure its credit and bring about the repudiation of the obligations issued during the war. After years of toil, by reason of increasing disabilities due to advancing age, he finds himself unable longer to continue the struggle unaided. He then asks for, and receives in a lump payment, the sum which is due him, and which would have been paid quarterly during the several years since his discharge had he seen fit to apply for it within one year after his discharge.

What is there unpatriotic in that case?

Nay, more; I personally know comrades to-day who were disabled during their army service, and who could be placed on the pension-roll at any time by simply filing a claim with proof of service and identity, and appearing before any examining board of surgeons north of Washington, who have never applied for pensions, and probably never will, because they know that the national debt is not yet paid, and they have been, and are, able to care for themselves and dependent ones without aid from any quarter. If the author of your recent article has any extended acquaintance among the survivors of the Union army, he doubtless knows of many such cases.

As regards the merits of the act of June 27, 1890, allow me to submit a few facts relative to the practical

working of that act which appear to have escaped entirely the notice of Mr. Sloane.

We will first note the existing conditions which prompted the action embodied in that bill. The lapse of years, the infirmities incident to age, and casualties of various kinds, had rendered large numbers of our old comrades incapable of self-support. The county poorhouses and other refuges were becoming crowded with such inmates. Their disabilities, being of a nature not directly connected with or chargeable to their army services, or perhaps due to accidental injury received since discharge, left them without the pale of relief afforded by existing pension laws. Hence the burden of their support was falling directly on the surviving comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and other charitable organizations, and on the taxpayers of the several counties where these disabled ones had been forced to seek shelter in the county-houses.

In this manner the citizens of such counties as had been most patriotic and had furnished the largest quotas of their able-bodied sons for the defense of the nation were now being rewarded (?) by the assessment of extra heavy taxes for the support of their county poor. It was the intent and design of the act of June 27, 1890, to lift that burden from the shoulders of the taxpayers of such counties and place it upon the shoulders of all taxpayers, to the end that those who had made no sacrifice of life, blood, or treasure might contribute at least equally with those who had given of their best and bravest for the maintenance of the national life.

The practical working of the act is good. Many a comrade who had been forced to seek shelter in the poorhouse now finds that with the aid of the modest sum allowed under that act, and with what he is still able to do towards his own support, he can once more resume his place as a citizen and become again a worker among his fellows.

As the sums granted under said act cannot exceed \$12 per month, and no veteran is placed on the roll unless he is disabled to the extent of two-thirds of total disability and therefore entitled to a rating of \$6 per month or more, there appears to be but little chance for the undeserving or the malingerers to be successful in an effort to secure pensions thereunder. No pensions of from \$72 to \$100 per month can be paid thereunder to men who are able to earn salaries in positions worth \$4000 per annum, as occasionally happens under other pension acts, special and general.

It is not alone in the benefit conferred upon the disabled comrades included in the terms of this act, and upon the taxpayers resident in the several counties where they reside, that the most beneficent effects of this legislation are found. The widows of this class of comrades—where the death cause is not chargeable to their own vicious habits—are now promptly granted a pension of \$8 per month, and many are thus enabled to keep their children about them and to raise and to care for them as mothers. Otherwise they would be obliged to break up their homes, and see their children sent to charitable institutions or abandoned to the care and custody of strangers.

It is true that the large majority of our old comrades are poor men; as respects the accumulation of wealth, the man who gave from three to five of the best years of his life, generally between the ages of twenty and thirty, on returning to civil life found himself handi-

capped in the race. Where there is one among us with wealth enough to care for him and his, and also to share to aid a destitute comrade, there will be found in any large gathering of old comrades thousands who, like myself, are wholly dependent upon their pensions and their daily earnings for the support of their dear ones. It is dire necessity, not want of patriotism, that has at times prompted the "demands" for equitable pension legislation that are so severely animadverted upon by Mr. Sloane and his coadjutors in your recent article.

With a word as to my right to speak as a representative soldier I will close this already long protest. I served continuously from early in April, 1861, until July, 1866, during the late war; was shot through the lung at Antietam, in September, 1862, and lost a leg at Gettysburg in July, 1863. The first ten years after my return to civil life were spent in the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury Department adjusting the claims of our comrades, their widows and orphans, for arrears of pay, bounty, etc. The next ten years were spent in the General Land Office adjudicating contests arising between the different claimants under the railroad grants, and the contests between the settlers on the lands within the granted limits and the railroad companies, etc. Numbers of those settlers were soldiers. Since then I have been employed as a special examiner of the Pension Bureau in the investigation of cases requiring special examination. I have worked in many different States both east and west of the Mississippi, and in Florida, Alabama, and Georgia; have always belonged to the G. A. R. since it was established, and have met many thousands of veterans at State encampments and G. A. R. camp-fires, etc. East, West, and South, and in the regular course of my business and duties. I have had ample opportunity to become well acquainted with the feelings and aims of my comrades of the late war, their desires, hopes, and aspirations. Having thus passed thirty years of my life in the service of my country and my comrades, I feel that if I am not, *I ought to be* qualified to speak as an expert on this matter.

I know that while it is true that some comrades will be found at times who are clamorous for the passage of a service pension bill, there are but few who will not listen to reason, and upon receiving an explanation of the probable expense and the increased taxation which would be necessary in such a case, and the fact that such a measure is in conflict with the very genius of our institutions, in that it tends to create a privileged class, etc., and that if we once admit the validity of a claim for pensions for service in the army, no valid objection can be made to a claim for distinguished service in the diplomatic corps or other branches of the Government service, and thus our nation would soon be burdened with a pensioned "civil list," as the British Empire is at present—when these facts are clearly placed before them, even the most thoughtless will promptly admit that it is safer to adhere to the governing rule, as heretofore established, and make disability the basis of all pension legislation. And *all* will admit that they do not want a service pension if it is to endanger the pensions allowed to their disabled comrades, or to the widows and orphans of those who have been mustered out and are now awaiting the final roll-call.

As a survivor of the late war I cannot but feel deeply when I see the motives of my comrades impugned, and

if I have used too strong language in their defense, I hope it may be pardoned. I frankly admit that I do feel proud of my comrades and their record in the war for the Union. The humblest one who volunteered and followed the old flag has thereby earned the right to have his name inscribed upon the roll of honor and to be cherished and remembered through all time and eternity; yea, even until the "heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll," and the universe shall be dissolved in showers of star-dust never again to be gathered.

Frank Bell.

II. — REJOINDER BY PROFESSOR SLOANE.

YOUR readers will doubtless admire, as I do, the repression and good temper of Mr. Bell's letter, but they cannot fail to note exactly the same unmoral pleas to which the article on "Pensions and Socialism" called attention.

1. He admits that right-minded veterans have not drawn the pensions they might legally have secured under the Arrears Act because disability through army service was not such as to prevent their earning a living for themselves and their families; but he can see no difference between these patriots and those who, taking the law as their only standard of right, clutch what they can get, without caring whether their disability was due to military service or to hereditary ailments and the ordinary risks and toils of the times of peace between the close of the war and 1880.

2. He also admits with creditable frankness that soldiers enfeebled by age, or sickness not due to military service, are, under the act of June, 1890, the recipients of alms disguised under the name of pension. But he says nothing of the dismay of the honest pensioner who sees the name prostituted to cover quite another thing, nor of the well-used opportunities for dishonesty which the bill created. I cannot hear of a single rural community where public morality has not suffered by the tolerance in it of men known to be drawing pensions (*sic*) they have not deserved, secured too often, alas! by false swearing.

3. It is not true that the soldier who returned from the war in good health was handicapped in the race. (The preference of veterans in the public service is well illustrated by the case of Mr. Bell himself.) On the contrary, the life of the moral soldier was a wholesome life; the training of the army made him more adaptable for all uses than other men, and it is generally believed that most of the fighting and exposure throughout the war fell on less than one-third of the total number enlisted. The general poverty of the so-called veterans to which Mr. Bell refers, if it exists at all, and its existence is certainly doubtful, is due to causes utterly unconnected with the war.

4. Your readers will also observe the phrases, "due him under the law," "legally due him," at the beginning of Mr. Bell's letter, and the very different ones, "inscribed upon the roll of honor," "cherished and remembered . . . until . . . the universe shall be dissolved in showers of star-dust," etc., which occur at the close. To him there appears to be some connection between them, as if the latter were the climax of the former. My object was to show that in yielding to temptation and taking advantage of public sentimentality and a fallible human law, the claimant so far destroyed his

own claim to either respect or honor, and, more heinous still, dragged in the mire the very name of veteran so cherished by the honest soldiers and the nation at large.

The generation of men now coming into the ranks of public service, while too young in 1861 to enlist, knew well the questions at issue and the horrors of the war. It yields to no older one in devotion to the principles for which the army fought, and cannot endure to endanger or lose those very jewels thirty years later by weakly yielding either to the threats of sturdy beggars or to the unconsidered requests of honest and honorable feebleness, which takes refuge too often with the former class instead of seeking help where alone it can be had without dishonor, among the Christian philanthropists who are abundant in all American communities, and who would gladly pay millions for their country's honor, but refuse one cent for tribute even to their loved veterans. It would be very instructive to print the letters which have been sent me within the last month by soldiers who fought for three years, or more or less, actually demanding the repeal for their sakes of the acts which disgrace their true manhood; but the space at my disposal of course forbids me to do so now.

William M. Sloane.

Weakness and Danger of the Single Tax.¹

FIRST.—The advocates of the single tax on land values, with one accord, emphasize the epithet "single." Their distinguished leader has declared all other taxes to be either stupid or unjust or both. To make room for this exclusive plan all existing ways and means of raising revenue, national, State, and local, must be cleared away. The tariff, the internal-revenue imposts, the liquor licenses of States and cities, any existing taxes on franchises, on railway receipts, on successions—all must be abandoned, and no other projects for raising revenue, such as an income tax, must be entertained. The single tax is nothing if not "single"; it is not one which might be engrafted upon the stock of an existing system, whose elements might gradually give place to its expanding efficiency. It calls for the obliteration of all our traditions and ideas regarding taxation; such as the idea that as all persons are under the protection of the state, so all persons may, if the public needs require, be called upon to contribute not only their services but their wealth to the support of government and its reasonable purposes. The single-tax doctrine is not to touch persons as such, but only as they are receivers of the public in the income and profit of land. There is an idea that as all forms of property are protected by the state, they may all be, of right, subjected to taxation, if the public needs require. The single-tax men know of only one kind of property which may be justly taxed. Again, there is the idea that as all industries and employments are protected by the state, the government may, if public needs demand, collect some fraction of the income and profit of industry. There is no possible room nor justification for an income or succession tax under the single-tax régime.

There is another idea which has played a great part

¹ The reader is referred to a discussion of "The Single Tax," by Henry George and Edward Atkinson, in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1890.—ED.

in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, embodied in the epigram, "No taxation without representation." Defiance of this immemorial tradition cost one of the Stuart kings his crown, and his head to boot. "No taxation without representation" was the cry which nerved the hearts and steadied the aim of the embattled farmers at Lexington and Concord. Long usage has settled the import of this maxim. It imports not merely that they who are not represented are not to be taxed, but also that they who are *not taxed* ought not to be *represented*. In conformity with this established usage, and in obedience to universal sentiment, the framers of the national Constitution provided that representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned according to population, and not according to property or values of any kind. Representation and direct taxation are, in the national code, coextensive and inseparable.

These ideas are embodied in our State constitutions, some if not all of which provide specifically that taxes shall be as nearly "equal" as may be. It will take a long time to persuade American taxpayers that "equal" may mean the laying of all taxes upon some one class of people or some one kind of property.

Supposing, however, that all such ideas and traditions had been by some magic eradicated, and a single-tax scheme to have been actually formulated, how would it work under a system of government as complicated as our own? We have three systems of taxation working side by side, and two independent government agencies of tax administration. We have a national system of indirect taxation by means of imposts on imported merchandise, and by internal-revenue excises on certain selected articles. We have State taxes and local taxes, mostly direct, administered by a mixed agency of State and local officials. The single-taxers demand a revolution of these systems. Suppose that possible, the question arises, What agency do they propose to employ? There would be no sense in using two or three agencies for administering a single-tax system. Some one of these must be made the primary agent for obtaining the single-tax revenue, and be required to pay over to the other one or two their respective shares as the same may be ascertained. Would the State government subordinate itself to town and city authorities in this matter? On the contrary, the power of local taxation by cities and towns would vanish away, and the municipalities would have to content themselves with such moneys as the legislature would dole out to them. Local government, the pride of American and Anglo-Saxon freemen, would of consequence disappear.

But how would the State governments fare when it came to the question whether they or the national Government should be primary collectors of the single-tax revenue? Does not every school-boy know that we changed the government of the United States one hundred years ago from a confederation to a national union chiefly because the States could not be persuaded nor compelled to collect and pay over the "single tax" on improved lands provided for in the Articles of Confederation?

The framers of the Constitution applied themselves to make a national government which should not need the interposition of any State to raise and collect its revenue. They put into that document a power to raise revenue, absolute, unassailable, irrevocable, and this

power has been defined and supported by a long course of supreme adjudication. The single-tax scheme, if worked at all, must be executed by the general Government and its agents, and the States and all municipalities throughout the States will enjoy only such revenues as Congress may see fit to apportion and pay over. Under such a scheme the forms of democracy might indeed survive, but the state and the government would, in essence, be imperial.

For these reasons, (1) the impossibility of clearing away at a single sweep all existing taxes, (2) the persistence of ancient custom and doctrine, (3) the peculiar and complicated nature of our American government—for these reasons, not to mention others, the exclusive tax on land values has no claim to consideration as a practical working scheme in this country in our day.

SECOND.—If the single tax be examined as a mere theory it will be found that its advocates make certain tacit assumptions which, when expressly stated, are seen to be false. They assume, for example, a state of universal and continuous peace. Deprived of every means of raising extraordinary revenue for war purposes, the nation, invaded and beleaguered, must lay down its arms and accept the terms of the foe at the point where the single-tax receipts shall have been exhausted. Were that the doctrine of the world, one single nation not so scrupulous about collecting taxes from persons, chattels, incomes, franchises, and successions, might soon dictate the conditions of existence to all the rest. The single tax thus endangers, if it does not deny, the right and power of nations to maintain their organized existence. The old common-law doctrine is safer and better, that a free and brave people may "rob the cradle and the grave" to recruit their defensive force, and throw the last dollar they can wring from the orphan and the widow into their military chest.

These single-tax dreamers assume the continuous and universal advancement of society—population always on the increase and evenly so, wealth increasing, intelligence and virtue always abounding more and more. The world does move, has moved, but never on any continuous line of advance by steady and unbroken march. The lot of civilized man in general has been painful and stormy. The progress of particular nations has been "by fits and starts"; periods of depression succeed epochs of advance as by a kind of rhythm. There have been times in the history of this country when the rental value of land in some States would not have paid the salaries of the town clerks. Fortunately our "unjust and stupid" taxes on imports and incomes, on property of many kinds, saved us from political marasmus.

The progress of wealth and population is not uniform in different parts of the country. Population shifts and industries migrate. Rents go down in New England and go up in the Dakotas. The census returns show that the population of counties in the older States, and even in some of the newer ones, is declining from decade to decade. In such counties the revenue from a single tax on land values might be a minus quantity. It may however be expected by the single-tax advocates that the great national taxing machine will in some way compensate for such inequalities.

The enthusiasts again make no allowances for those disasters which in every generation wreck cities, dis-

mantle provinces, and even involve continental areas in vast loss and ruin. Famine is chronic in India and China. In the latter empire only three years ago 1,500,000 people were homeless or starving from the overflow of a single great river. Would an exclusive tax on land values be the only appropriate source of revenue for the provinces thus desolated? It is only a few years since several counties of a Western State, on the eve of a promising harvest, were visited by the red-legged grasshopper and swept as clean of vegetation as the pavements of a city. Would the doctrine of the unearned increment have been a solace to those stricken farmers? Would a single tax on city lots have been a convenience and a boon to the people of New Ulm and Rochester and Sauk Rapids after they had been swept by the tornado? States, like men, do wisely not to carry all their eggs in one basket. It is a principle of taxing systems to distribute the burden so that no one class, nor any one kind of property or industry, shall be ruined in case of disaster. There is no safety-valve to the single-tax boiler.

Passing by a group of other assumptions of interest to economists, such as that land is the only form of wealth which increases in value as population swells, that value and utility are interchangeable terms, and that value is a result of production and not an outcome of exchange, we reach the fundamental postulate of the single-tax optimists, which is that all land belongs to everybody. This statement is only the exaggeration and caricature of a doctrine that is true, but only true within reasonable limitations, and as understood by reasonable persons, who know the inadequacy of language to express all that is in the minds of men. We assert the equality of all men, and we understand that word in a certain reasonable way. We say, for example, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and the statement is true, but only true in a reasonable sense. The words do not import that any individual or clique or party may withdraw consent, refuse to pay taxes or to serve on juries, nor that resident aliens, minors, paupers, and idiots may vote. The state in a certain true sense owns all its territory, but that truth does not conflict with the right of citizens also to own lands. The doctrine that the land of the world belongs to God's children is a harmless truism of no practical efficacy; "void," as lawyers phrase it, "for uncertainty." Property is an institution, an inheritance, not a theory. Rights, practical, reasonable, legal rights, do not descend from the clouds; they have grown up out of human experience and the nature of things. Finally (under this head), these amiable proselytes neglect to take any account of the probable political consequences of their scheme, provided it were possible to clear the way for it.

It is a common experience of nations that changes in their economic institutions are followed by totally unexpected consequences: so short is the sight of the wisest men. But there is one consequence of the scheme under discussion which experience may warn us from pursuing. Put all your taxes on any one class of persons and you at once consolidate the members of it into a compact body, ready either to embarrass and to oppose the government or to take possession of the powers of the state and to dictate the laws. If the class selected be the land-holding people,—and that class embraces a large majority of the voters,—all ex-

perience teaches that they will surely and rapidly establish themselves as the ruling class in the state. In this day of large production, when the fashion of large farms worked by machinery is coming so widely into vogue, we should not have long to wait before a landed aristocracy showed its powerful grip upon our legislative departments, placed its best man in the executive chair, and filled the bench of our supreme tribunal with judges whom it could depend upon. Mr. George himself suggests the best reason of all for expecting this result. On page 384 of "Progress and Poverty" he says: "The tax on land values is the only tax of any importance that does not distribute itself. It falls upon the owners of the land, and there is no way in which they can shift the burden upon any one else." He was thinking at the moment as an economist, not as a politician. Lay the taxes on landlords and you may trust the real-estate lawyers to find them a political way of escape from the burdens.

It is with difficulty that the people now submit to direct taxation in amounts sufficient to support the institutions which modern states must needs maintain. The public schools are ill equipped, the teachers poorly paid. Would things be bettered if the fortunes of the state were placed in the hands of the land-holding class? That class would name the assessors, dictate the rates and valuations and the purposes to which revenue should be applied, or human nature will have undergone a new creation.

THIRD.—Finally, the single-tax plan is not a plan of taxation at all in the proper and accepted sense of the word, and it was not originally proposed as a plan of taxation proper. There are two ideas inherent in the word tax, or rather two phases of one idea. The word, at bottom, means to apportion by cutting, and we have the principle on the one hand that taxes must be proportioned to the public needs, and on the other, apportioned equitably among the people who are to pay. These principles are reasonable, of universal acceptance, and of immemorial usage. No free people will for a moment consent that their agency, the government, may assess and collect taxes *ad libitum* and without regard to the purposes and duties of government. Nor will a wise people, by imposing the burdens of the state on any one class, lay the foundation for a claim by that class to rule the state. Exactions of money, goods, or services not proportioned to public uses, and not apportioned to private ability and interest, are not, in any just sense of the word, taxes. The proposed single tax is but a piece of remedial social policy. Its advocates hold that under existing conditions human progress is and must continue to be accompanied by poverty—deepening, widening, irremediable poverty. They refuse to admit that such means as better government, better education, better habits, coöperation, and so on, can have the least effect in counteracting this tendency, whose cause they find in the private ownership of land. Private property in land they declare to be a "bold, bare, enormous wrong, like chattel slavery"; for this alleged wrong they see but one remedy—the utter abolition of private property in land.

Mr. George is of opinion that it would be socially just and economically advantageous to abolish all private titles by a single stroke of legislation, but thinks it better to "accomplish the same thing in a simpler,

easier, and quieter way." In "Progress and Poverty," on page 364, he says, "It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent." Here we have the core and essence of the single-tax philosophy—confiscation, frankly and for the moment boldly, confiscation: confiscation of rent, because that will lead to virtual confiscation of land. Thus without jar or shock land would "be really common property." How genial the suggestion of doing things in a simple, easy, and quiet way, instead of resorting to the honest but rough-and-ready plan of universal eviction!

Mr. George is indeed so mild-mannered a mutineer that he will not scare his fellow citizens with a naughty word. He hastens to replace that malodorous term with another which may hold up its head in any respectable circle. These comfortable words may be read on the page just quoted: "What I therefore propose as the simple yet sovereign remedy which will

raise wages,
increase the earnings of capital,
extirpate pauperism,
abolish poverty,
give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it,
afford free scope to human powers,
lessen crime,
elevate morals, and taste, and intelligence,
purify government, and
carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is

to appropriate rent by taxation."

Is this honest? Is it candid to say "appropriate rent by taxation" when confiscation of land is meant? Confiscation and taxation are not synonymous and interchangeable terms. They are diverse and irreconcilable terms. Taxation implies apportionment to public needs and private ability. Confiscation means seizure to the public treasury in an arbitrary way. In this case it is specifically insisted that the collection of rental value is not to be gauged by the regular and usual demands of the state. The whole or "nearly" the whole rental is to be extorted; for if not, the object in view, which is not revenue, but virtual confiscation of land, will not be effected. If more than a scintilla of rent remains in the hands of the landlords, they will have the advantage of society. It is admitted that the rental value of land "in well-developed countries" is now more than enough to support the government, and will increase with the progress of society. Confiscation, however, is to go on, and the swelling surplus is to be disposed of by the establishment of "public baths, libraries, gardens, lecture-rooms, music and dancing-halls, theaters, universities, technical schools, shooting-galleries, playgrounds, gymnasiums, etc." The end of the socialist is to be reached without alarm or violence. In a matter involving a revolution in government, the reconstruction of society, and the abandonment of immemorial institutions, the idea of effecting the object by indirections and the use of smooth words is amusing, not to say nauseous. No one will be deceived. The four millions of farmers in the United States, before they cast their ballots for "appropriating rent by taxation," will understand just as well as the most ardent apostle of the single tax that "this simple device of placing all taxes on the value of land" will "be in effect putting up the land at auction to whoever" will "pay the highest rent to the state." The object of this paper being simply to expose the true nature and original purpose of the so-called single tax, it is not necessary

to enter upon any defense of the institution of property in land, nor to apologize either for defects in our existing land laws or for acknowledged evils in our present system of taxation for revenue.

William W. Folwell.

A British Consul's Confidence in the Union Cause.

THE following despatch (for a copy of which, made from the original in the British Foreign Office, THE CENTURY is indebted to Lady Archibald) was written by Sir Edward Archibald, Consul-General at New York, to Lord John Russell, "Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State," eleven days after the fall of Fort Sumter and three months before the first battle of Bull Run. It is remarkable for its estimate of the temper and resources of the North, for its prediction of the ultimate failure of secession, and for its advice to the British Government that from motives both of humanity and policy it should ally its influence and sympathies with the Union cause.

BRITISH CONSULATE, NEW YORK, April 24, 1861.

MY LORD: I have the honour to report to Your Lordship that there has been no communication by mail or telegraph to or from Washington since Friday afternoon. During the last two days we have had rumours that the authorities of the State of Maryland had undertaken to restore the railroad communication through Baltimore, and reestablish telegraphic communication with the national Capital; but thus far nothing appears to have been done in this respect, and as, in the sadly disturbed state of the country, the special messenger with Lord Lyons's despatches for this packet may possibly fail to arrive before her departure, it may perhaps be needful that I should give Your Lordship a brief review of the startling events of the past few days, and a report of the existing condition of public affairs in this country.

Your Lordship will have learnt from Lord Lyons of the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the forces of the Confederate States, and of its evacuation on Sunday the 14th instant. A full knowledge of the whole of this affair leaves no shadow of doubt that Major Anderson, and the very slim garrison under his command, displayed great courage and gallantry, and succumbed only when deprived of the capability of further resistance. Why the naval expedition sent from this port for the reinforcement of the Fort did not coöperate with its defenders or send them assistance has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

On Monday the 15th President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling out a militia force of 75,000 men to aid in executing the laws, and ordering the combinations of lawless men in the seceded States to disperse within twenty days, and at the same time summoning Congress to meet on the 4th July next in special session.

The ambiguity of the President's inaugural address, the subsequent vacillating and apparently objectless policy of his Government, and the useless efforts of the Peace Conference at Washington and of the Virginian Convention to establish a satisfactory basis of reconstruction of the Union, had combined to produce a state of apathy and indifference in the public mind, which seemed almost introductory to a recognition of the Southern Confederacy as the readiest solution of the complicated condition of public affairs.

But the attack upon and capture of Fort Sumter, followed by the President's proclamation, caused a sudden and complete transformation of public sentiment. The ulterior revolutionary designs of the Confederate leaders, and the seditious preparation they had made to accomplish them, were now fully comprehended; and the stinging insult which had been inflicted on the national flag by the merciless bombardment of Fort Sumter and its starving garrison roused such a feeling of intense indignation throughout the entire North and West that the President's proclamation was responded to with an enthusiasm for which he himself could not have been prepared, and which it is hardly possible adequately to describe.

The whole population of the free States, as it were one man, sprang to its feet on the instant, determined to sustain the Government, vindicate the honour of the national flag, and effectually quell the rebellion. Political differences of every kind were at once hushed, and there was but one heart, and one voice, in the unmistakable declaration that not only should the Government be upheld, but the Union be preserved, at whatever cost of blood or treasure.

During the whole of the last week, and up to the time I now write, the most vigorous and energetic efforts have been made to push forward troops for the defense of the national Capital and other assailable points. The enrolment of volunteers has gone on without ceasing. The question is not who shall join the army, but rather who shall remain at home?

The most liberal contributions of money and means of all kinds have been made by public bodies and by private individuals.

This city has been, for the time, converted into a military camp. Business of every kind has given place to the needful military preparations. The clergy, the bench, the bar, — all classes, — men, women, and children, are fired with a patriotic ardour which the newspapers, filled as they are with details, still imperfectly describe. On Saturday a public meeting in support of the Government was held in this city at which not fewer than 100,000 persons were present, presided over by the leading and influential members of the community, and at which complete unanimity prevailed. A report of the proceedings and resolutions will be found in the newspapers which I transmit herewith. Day after day has only added to the excitement and to the earnestness of the movement.

To revert to the order of events, the President's proclamation was followed by one from General Davis inviting applications for letters of marque and reprisal against Northern commerce. This in its turn was followed by a proclamation of President Lincoln, dated the 19th instant, establishing a blockade of all the ports of the seceded States; and instructions have now been issued to the collectors of customs forbidding the clearance of any vessels for ports in the seceded States.

On or about Wednesday the 17th instant, the Convention of Virginia in secret session resolved to secede without submitting any ordinance for ratification by the people, as required by the Convention itself; and the leaders of the revolution in that State at once proceeded vigorously to coöperate with their more southern allies by organizing a large force, and seizing on Federal property. A body of some 2500 men despatched to seize the important United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was defeated in its purpose only by the burning and blowing up of the arsenal by the detachment in charge of it, which then with difficulty effected its retreat.

Meantime Fort Pickens at Pensacola has been closely invested by the Confederate forces, augmented by some of those released from Charleston.

This fort was without doubt reinforced more than a week since by troops sent in the United States ship *Brooklyn*, and is said to be capable of effectively resisting the efforts of its besiegers. No intelligence whatever has been received from that quarter for several days, but it is believed the bombardment of the fort is now being prosecuted, and, whether successfully or not, it will be attended with great loss of life. Rumours prevail this morning that the fort has actually been captured. On the other hand, most serious apprehensions have been, and still are, entertained for the safety of Washington. The rapid advance of such a force as was known to be at the command of General Davis, with the active coöperation of the Virginians, it was fully feared might overpower the small body of troops defending that city under the command of General Scott. That this was the chief stroke of policy in the plans of the Confederate leaders is now well understood. The possession of the national Capital, and the belief of the existence of an extensive sympathy throughout the North with the Secessionists, or, at all events, of an indisposition to act coercively against them, were relied on to secure for the Confederate leaders such an ascendancy as would enable them to dictate the terms of the reconstruction of the Union.

I send inclosed a slip or two from the papers of to-day giving the latest reports from Baltimore and Washington. From these it appears that the Capital is yet in a critical condition. I have also addressed to the Foreign

Office the New York morning papers for the last four days.

In the absence of any positive intelligence of the movements of the disunionists, owing to the interruption of the telegraphs and mails, it remains at this moment uncertain whether they may not make, and possibly succeed in, an attack on the Capital. It is believed, however, that their delay before Forts Sumter and Pickens, the indecision of the Virginian Convention, and, above all, their entire miscalculation of the sentiments of the people of the North, have somewhat marred their plans; and it is hoped that by the forces already at the command of the President they may be kept in check until the overpowering numbers fast hurrying to the Capital can be mustered there.

The unexpected outbreak of the war had found the North and West, though abounding in men, money, and a spirit of hearty loyalty to the Constitution, still greatly unprepared in armament and equipment. Among the plans of the Secessionist leaders long since preconceived and executed, and now openly boasted of in the South, was the removal from the free States of arms and munitions of war. Already there is discovered an alarming deficiency of even small arms for the militia and volunteers.

The first movement of troops on the call of the President was from Massachusetts, followed by large levies from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and this State. On Friday last, while passing through Baltimore, a portion of a Boston regiment was attacked by a very numerous mob of sympathizers with secession, when the troops were enabled to force their way through the city only after a riot and a combat in which two soldiers and eleven citizens were killed, and many wounded on both sides. The city from thenceforth hitherto has been entirely under the control of the Secessionists, and mob law rules. The railway bridges in the neighbourhood of the city have been burnt or cut down, the telegraph seized and interrupted, and all regular communication through Baltimore with Washington suspended.

It appears to have been a preconceived but not suspected plan of the Confederate leaders to prevent, at the proper moment, the sending of any reinforcements to Washington through Maryland, in which State the Union party is for the present overpowered and silenced. In proof of this plan a body of some three or four thousand Virginians passing round by Harper's Ferry are reported to have advanced into Maryland, to overawe and operate in that State, but which, at last accounts, had not yet approached Baltimore. This unruly city is now kept in terror of bombardment from Fort McHenry, which is in possession of an adequate force of Federal troops. A few days, however, will see the Baltimoreans brought to their senses, for (from what is manifest of the deep indignation of the North at this obstruction of their highway to the national Capital) a further persistence in such a course of proceedings would, I verily believe, lead to the bombardment and probable destruction of the city.

Fort Monroe, commanding the mouth of the James River, one of the strongest forts of the country, and an important strategical position, has been fully garrisoned by Federal troops. The navy yard and stores at Norfolk, however, being incapable of defense, were the day before yesterday destroyed, and all the ships of war there were burnt to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. At this port (New York) all vessels are prevented from proceeding to sea between sunset and sunrise, and guard-boats are stationed at the outlets to see that no provisions or munitions of war are allowed to be sent to the enemy's ports.

The ships at the navy yard at Brooklyn are being equipped for sea with all possible speed. These consist of the *Wabash* and *Roanoke*, screw steam frigates, and the *Savannah*. The *Perry* brig went to sea yesterday. Orders have been given to fit out a large number of gunboats of light draft; and the merchants of the Northern ports will supply numerous effective vessels to aid the blockade of Southern ports, and act in union with the Federal naval forces.

But now that this war has been provoked by the leaders of the secession movement, it is, I think, quite certain that the North will not allow it to be terminated until they have completely crushed the rebellious uprising against the authority of the Government, and either coerce the seceded States back into the Union, or dictate the terms and conditions of their separation from it.

Although the North has been taken at a disadvantage, has been by the wily plans and prearrangements of the Secessionists stripped of arms, of which they are now in great want for their volunteers, there cannot be a question that they will, nevertheless, effectually suppress the rebellion. They have, after long and patient forbearance, entered upon the struggle forced upon them with a determination never to bring it to a close until they shall have effectually prevented the possibility, for a long time to come, of the recurrence of any similar attempt to subvert the Constitution of the Republic.

For my own part, in this view of the case, I believe that the most merciful course and, in the end, the most salutary results will depend on the Federal Government placing itself as speedily as possible in such a commanding attitude of power as to render further resistance to its authority utterly hopeless. I believe that the escape of the white population of the South from the horrors of servile insurrections (of the commencement of which there are already rumours) renders it necessary that the Federal Government should put out its whole strength, as it is preparing to do, at the earliest moment, and thus anticipate the useless wasting by the Southern States of the strength and means which they will now, more than ever, require to keep their slave population in subjection.

The national honour vindicated, the Constitution upheld, and the Government established in its supremacy, I have no fears that the Southern States will be unfairly dealt with. Motives of interest, no less than magnanimity, under such circumstances, will secure to the Southern States, whether they continue in the Union or a separation be agreed on, everything to which they have a just right or claim.

A prolongation of the contest, I need hardly say, will be attended with most disastrous consequences to other nations, and especially to our own commercial interests. In view of this certainty, and under the consciousness of the vast importance of the crisis, pardon my presumption, My Lord, if I venture to suggest the consideration of the expediency of a prompt interposition by Her Majesty's Government by way, if not of a mediator (which perhaps would hardly now be accepted), then by affording to the lawful Government of the United States such a consistent and effective demonstration of sympathy and aid as will have the merciful effect of shortening this most unnatural and horrid strife. It is unnecessary to waste a word on the many considerations which I believe would influence Her Majesty's Government to adopt such a line of policy in so far as it consistently may; but of this I feel assured, knowing what I do of the American people of the North and West, that, whether countenanced by England or not, they will never lay down arms until they have entirely subdued and extinguished this rebellion. The issue raised, in fact, is one which leaves them no alternative; while, on the other hand, I need not say how adverse and revolting to the spirit and feelings of the age and of our own nation would be the triumph of the principles on which the founders of the new Confederacy have based their government.

Praying Your Lordship's pardon for these observations, which have run to greater length than I intended, I have, etc., E. M. ARCHIBALD.

A Brotherhood of Christian Unity.

On the evening of April 20 a meeting was held in Orange, New Jersey, to consider the subject of Christian Unity. I had become so impressed, or, I may say, oppressed, by the lack of united feeling and united effort among the churches that I asked some friends to join me in issuing a call for such a meeting. It was not largely attended, but an earnest spirit was evident in those who were present. In the essay which I had prepared for the occasion I suggested as a possible solution of the difficulty, or as an effort at least to attempt to translate sentiment into some form of action, the formation of a Brotherhood of Christian Unity. Dr. Lyman Abbott, hearing of my plan, asked me to present it in the columns of "The Christian Union." In the editorial department of the issue of June 11, containing the article, Dr. Abbott wrote as follows:

Mr. Seward's article on another page affords another and a somewhat striking indication of that growing tendency towards the unity of faith which is characteristic of the present age. It is peculiar in that it distinctly recognizes and proposes to leave wholly undisturbed the difference in creed, ritual, and government which separates the denominations, and simply furnish a testimony to the unity of faith which is deeper than any creed. It is also peculiar in that it is based upon the principle that loyalty to Christ, not adhesion to a series of intellectual propositions, is the true and adequate basis of Christian Union. To what Mr. Seward's plan may grow it is not possible to foretell. It may be born before its time, and be only a precursor of a movement on similar principles, but possibly different in form, to follow hereafter. In any case the suggestion cannot be in vain, for it is never in vain for a prophet to familiarize the public mind with new ideas which it is not yet ready to receive. We commend Mr. Seward's simple pledge to the consideration of our readers as one step towards a realization of a fellowship which now has no symbol. Let them read his plan and then answer to themselves the question, Why not?

The response of the public to the suggestion is truly remarkable. Letters of inquiry pour in from all directions and from people of every Christian sect and of no sect. It indicates that the feeling of dissatisfaction with the present bondage to creeds is widespread and deep. Those who write usually express the opinion that the plan of a Brotherhood of Christian Unity is a practical movement in the right direction without undertaking too much. As its title implies, it is a fraternization rather than an organization. It is not proposed, at least for the present, to have any constitution, officers, or funds. Its purpose is merely to enable individuals to place themselves more definitely under the law of love. It goes back of the ecclesiasticism of the past eighteen centuries and accepts the creed of Christ and of the first century—love to God and love to man. It gives an opportunity for members of the Christian Church in all its various branches to acknowledge one another as brethren of one family, and not as belonging to distinct factions. It also gives an opportunity for those who are out of the churches and out of sympathy with the church creeds to step upon a Christian platform. The only qualification of membership of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity is signing the following pledge:

I hereby agree to accept the creed promulgated by the Founder of Christianity—love to God and love to man—as the rule of my life. I also agree to recognize as fellow Christians and members of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity all who accept this creed and Jesus Christ as their leader.

I join the Brotherhood with the hope that such a voluntary association and fellowship with Christians of every faith will deepen my spiritual life and bring me into more helpful relations with my fellow men.

Promising to accept Jesus Christ as my leader means that I intend to study his character with a desire to be imbued with his spirit, to imitate his example, and to be guided by his precepts.

I have prepared a pamphlet treating the subject more fully, which will be sent with two copies of the pledge for ten cents (to cover expenses). One pledge is in certificate form, illuminated and printed on bond paper. The other is note-size, to be signed and returned as a means of recording the membership.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Theodore F. Seward.

W. L. Dodge.

WILLIAM LEFTWICH DODGE, the painter of "David and Goliath," reproduced on page 665, is in his twen-

ty-fifth year, having been born in Virginia in the spring of 1867. His mother, herself an artist of talent, early discovered the boy's inclination towards art, and removed with him to Munich, and thence to Paris, where at the age of sixteen he entered the École des Beaux-Arts. During his school career he took several prizes, passed Number One in the competition for entrance to Gérôme's class, and six months after his admission won the third medal in the Concours d'Atelier. The next year he obtained an honorable mention and another medal, and in the third year (1888) the first prize, Prix d'Atelier.

Mr. Dodge first became known to Americans by his picture "The Death of Minnehaha," painted during the third year of his student course, and when he was but nineteen years of age. This picture was exhibited at the Prize Fund Exhibition of The American Art Galleries in 1886, and was awarded a gold medal. "David and Goliath" was painted in the year in which the artist achieved his majority. It was exhibited in the Salon in the spring, and at Munich in the fall of 1888, and received a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. The next year Mr. Dodge exhibited the largest picture and most important composition he had undertaken (36 x 18 feet) — "The Burial of the Minnisink" — in illustration of Longfellow's poem, together with a very clever study of the nude in sunlight, called "Water-lilies."

He returned to this country in the autumn of 1889, and in 1890 gave at the American Art Galleries an exhibition which awoke much criticism. It is but fair to say, however, that most of it was of a friendly nature, the critics probably bearing in mind that it was hardly to be expected that a boy twenty-two years of age would handle compositions covering hundreds of square feet of canvas, and in some cases containing more than fifty figures, without laying himself open to some adverse criticism. While it is true that art knows neither age nor nation, the fact of this lad having successfully handled pictures of such a size is certainly remarkable. I think that Mr. Dodge is far from having reached the fullness of his development, and that, could he be given large wall spaces to work on, we

should probably have in him an artist who would make his impression on the nation. He is versatile, and, although his facility of execution occasionally carries him away, is an excellent draftsman, ingenious in his arrangement of groups, and with a good eye for the discernment of character.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Greeley's Estimate of Lincoln.

UPON looking over the table of contents of the July CENTURY, just received, my eye fell upon "Greeley's Estimate of Lincoln — an unpublished address." I at once turned to it to see if it was the lecture I heard Mr. Greeley deliver in Washington a few years after the war. I looked first at the opening paragraph, for I had a distinct recollection of the pun on the words "attempts at the life of Abraham Lincoln." Sure enough, there it was, but with the foot-note doubting whether it was ever delivered. There is no doubt of it, and I presume you will receive other testimony to the same effect.

JAS. M. HUDNUT.

348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 1, 1891.

MR. G. H. CRAWFORD writes to say that Mr. Greeley delivered the Lincoln lecture in New York, he thinks, about 1870.

MR. ROBERT E. DEYO points out an error on pages 373 and 379 of the Greeley lecture in the July CENTURY, where the name of Congressman Daniel Gott is printed Galt.

MR. SAMUEL SINCLAIR calls attention to a typographical error on page 375, in which the inauguration of Pierce is referred to the year 1856. Mr. Greeley properly wrote 1852.

Erratum.

THE picture on page 176 of the June CENTURY in Mrs. Harrison's article on "Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia," was incorrectly entitled "The Hall at Westover," it being in reality a picture of the hall of the house of Dr. E. G. Booth, at the Grove, in James City County, Virginia. The mistake arose from its general resemblance to the hall at Westover.

EDITOR.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

To Jessie's Dancing Feet.

HOW, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do thy light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding mazes turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something, when you dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and filmy laces in
A swirl around thee flow!
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that 's crossed

Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot;
That show the silver grayness of
Thy stockings' silken sheen,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

How, as the spider, from his web,
Dangles in light suspense,
Do thy sweet measures' flow and ebb
Sway my enraptured sense!
Thy flut'ring lace, thy dainty airs,
Thy every charming pose —
There are not more alluring snares
To bind me with than those.
Swing on! Sway on! With easy grace
Thy witching steps repeat!
The love I dare not — to thy face —
I offer, at thy feet.

W. D. Ellwanger.

The Ill-Omened Crow.

(SINISTER CORNIX.)

DE jay he bow ter de bluebird,
An' de buzzard he say ter de crow,
"I gwine down in de holler,
You gwine pick down de row."

De jay am de feddered Eshaw —
Selled his birt-right fur sumpen ter eat;
But de plumb born t'ief er de cornfiel'
Am de 'Nias wid de ole crow feet.

So he fill up he craw twel hit hu't him,
An' he still lookin' roun' fur some mo',
Den he plume hisse'f in de tree-top,
'Ca'se he got mighty fur way ter go;

Fur de craw hit swell, keep er-swellin',
Twel hit' 'pear lack hit fitten ter bus'—
Haint no rock in de road do dat grin'in',
An' dat crow he jes light out an' dus'.

De debbil he stan' in er cabin,
Wid his hat pull ober one eye,
An' he call, "Misser Crow, how you make hit?"
An' de crow he cry, "Gwine die!"

An' de craw keep er-swellin' an' er-swellin',
Fur de corn he steal won't hide;
An' de debbil he grin twel hit busted,
An' de crow he laid down an' died.

Den de debbil he gadder up de inside,
An' plant dat corn in er row,
An' he chuckle an' he laugh in he in'ards,
Fur he layin' fur ernudder fool crow.

Den er crow come an' set on er fence-rail,
An' turn up he eye ter de sun,
Den couter erroun' 'mongst de green blades,
Jes lack de odder one done.

Den he fill up he craw lack de odder one,
An' de debbil pull he hat in he eye,
An' holler, "Misser Crow, how you make hit?"
An' de crow he cry, "Gwine die!"

Den de debbil he laugh an' he holler,
As de crow he shake lack er leaf,
"/ has got de onliest pebbles
Dat 'll grine up de corn av er t'ief!"

So dey bargains wid de def er-callin',
An' dey bargains wid de def 'longside,
An' der crow he go ter de debbil's,
Whar de pebbles am hot an' dried;

An' he sarve de debbil by night-time,
An' he sarve de debbil by day,
Twel de blood er de yeth dry in him,
Twel de fedders done drappin' erway.

Den de crow gwine pinin' an' honin',
Den de crow he gwine fur ter tire,
An' he flewed an' he flewed in de night-time,
An' he flewed frough de debbil's own fire.

Fur de debbil make er fire ouden light-'ood,
Wid de pot er de hot pitch nigh,
An' de blaze hit clomb ter de house-top,
An' de heat hit clomb ter de sky.

But he flewed an' he flewed, dough hit scotch him,
An' de fedders dey sizzle an' fry;
Den de debbil let loose er de waters,
An' de flood er de weepin' rin high.¹

Hit 'pear lack de waters gwine drown him,
An' de debbil he gain on him fas',
An' he retch, but de crow keep er-duckin'
An' er-sheddin' twel he kim out at las'.

An' he flewed an' he flewed, dough he 's drippin',
An' he flewed an' he flewed, dough he 's wet;
Den hit 'pear lack de ole wings er-floppin',
Den hit 'pear lack de debbil git him yet;

Fur de debbil cotch holt er de fedders,
But de skeered crow he skim fur de lan';
De debbil he make fur de crow's ole nake,
But de crow lef' his tail in his han'.

An' he flewed an' he flewed, jes er-shiv'rin',
An' er-shakin' wid de debbil on his track;
But he winned in de race, an' dat make him cute,
But de fire make his fedders black.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Bouillabaisse.

(THE MARSEILLES RECIPE.)

GARLIC? A bit, perhaps, merely to justify

The old tradition;

But just the tiniest shred—so small you might deny

Its breath's suspicion.

Saffron? Yes, put some in; though of the saffron, too,

Be not unstinted—

And yet enough, so that your hands, when you get

through,

Are golden-tinted.

Fish? Most assuredly. But it must be first-class,

Fresh, fine, *comme ça*—Lobster, and whiting small, the kind we call *rascasse*,

Et cetera.

Oil? That is needed too; but let it not exceed

A fair-sized drop.

You must know how to pour one globule, bird's-eye

bead,

And then to stop.

Rosemary? fennel? thyme? fine herbs in general?

Naturally;

Tied in a little bag, clean, dainty, and withal

Tempting to see.

Then let the whole thing boil. Meanwhile, of bread—

fresh, mind!—

Thick slices place.

[Deprecatingly:]

And so, if you've good luck, you may produce a kind

Of bouillabaisse.

But for the simon-pure, the grand, the marvelous dish,

Beyond compare,

Is needed, more than herbs, and even more than fish—

The Marseilles air!

Henry Tyrrell.

¹ According to the superstition, there is no water in the abode of the Evil One except a stream from the tears of the lost, which is salty and bitter. The victims are alternately scorched and drenched in the waters of tears, for they never dry up.

My Sweetheart.

WHENEVER I play on the old guitar
The songs that my sweetheart taught me,
My thoughts go back to the summer-time
When first in her toils she caught me;
And once again I can hear the sound
Of her gleeful voice blown over
The meadow, sweet with the scent of thyme,
And pink with the bloom of clover.

The faded ribbon is hanging still
Where her dimpled fingers tied it—
I used to envy it stealing round
Her neck, for she did not chide it;
And the inlaid pearl that her ringlets touched
As she leaned above it lightly
Glowed even now with a hint of gold
That it once reflected brightly.

Whether her eyes were blue as the skies
On a noon-day in September,
Or brown like those of a startled fawn,
I can't for the world remember;
But when she lifted them up to mine
I know that my young heart tingled
In time to the tender tune she sang
And the airy chords she jingled.

Yet now, though I sweep the dusty strings
By her girlish spirit haunted,
Till out of the old guitar there trips
A melody, blithe, enchanted,
My pulses keep on their even way
And my heart has ceased its dancing,
For somebody else sits under the spell
Of the songs and sidelong glancing.

M. E. Wardwell.

That Note in Bank.

I SOUGHT to be the Bellamy of song,
And in the year two thousand Anno Dom.
My disembodied spirit made the tour
Of these much swelled, still one, United States,
And to the man of that now distant age
I put forth certain inquiries. "Where 's Poe,
And Whittier, and Dr. Holmes?" And so,
Descending to the decades *quorum pars*
Fini, I softly breathed the names of those
Whose songs of woods, and glens, and lady-loves,
Had oftenest adorned the boiler-plate
In those now dim exchanges. Then they gaped,
The men of this cold, self-admiring age,
"Why, who were *they*? The esoteric cult,
The age of transcendental tone in art,
Has swept these dreamers into nothingness.
Our poets do not sing of woods or glens,
Of ravens, or of sea-shells, or of old
New England elms and maples. Some write ads
In verse, and hence are valued much
Down in the business office; others sing
Of this and that new enterprise that has
The Mountains of the Moon for opening up.
Some few o'er railroad tracks of distant age,
Ivied and broken like an olden fort,
Pour forth their plaint—such fellows are too slow
For this progressive age. No railroads now!
We have the swift aerial express
For Santiago, and for Melbourne too.
The flag of these indissoluble States
Floats from each citadel of old Cathay:
Europe went under seventy years ago.
Why, what is this Van Winkle stare about?
Don't you read history? The planets all
Within a radius of a million miles
Are getting sore; to say 'One wants the earth'—
Faugh! that is too antique for anything!

The men of this fast day don't comprehend—
We want the stars. Don't talk in ancient tongue
If you would have this generation list.
Alas! poor Rip, you don't know what you've
missed."

"Well," gasped I, after pause, cold beads upon
My mummied brow, "one thing I'd like to ask:
Do people marry as they used to do?
And does the butcher's and the baker's bill
Come round with such persistent frequency?
Do notes mature in bank?"

Here with a sound

Somewhat resembling those old words of wrath
Which issued from my dim composing-room
Whene'er a form was pied, he bolted forth
To take the next aerial express
From Boston to St. Petersburg. All I could catch
Was something of "a note in bank to-day
On the great House of Romanoff which he
Must hurry off to meet—'t was then near three!"

William B. Chisholm.

Exit.

"WE are growing old," she cried;
"We must stop this prancing.
See, the world does not provide
Music for *our* dancing.
When we are young, and do not care,
Of it there 's a plenty.
Ah, how much you have to spare,
Sweet-and-twenty!"

"Now we ought to step aside
For the coming dancers,
Or march slow—to save our pride—
Through a set of lancers.
Jigs and springs, and heel and toe,
Do not even name them!
They are not for *us*, you know;
Never claim them!"

"There are corners, safe and still,
Left that we may fill them.
Let those play the fool who will;
Scorn will never kill them
If they stay upon the floor
Knowing they must change it.
Yet," she whispered, "if once more
That old tune we knew before
Heads were wise and hearts were sore
Played, and we *might* have the floor,
How we'd dance it!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

'T is Ever Thus.

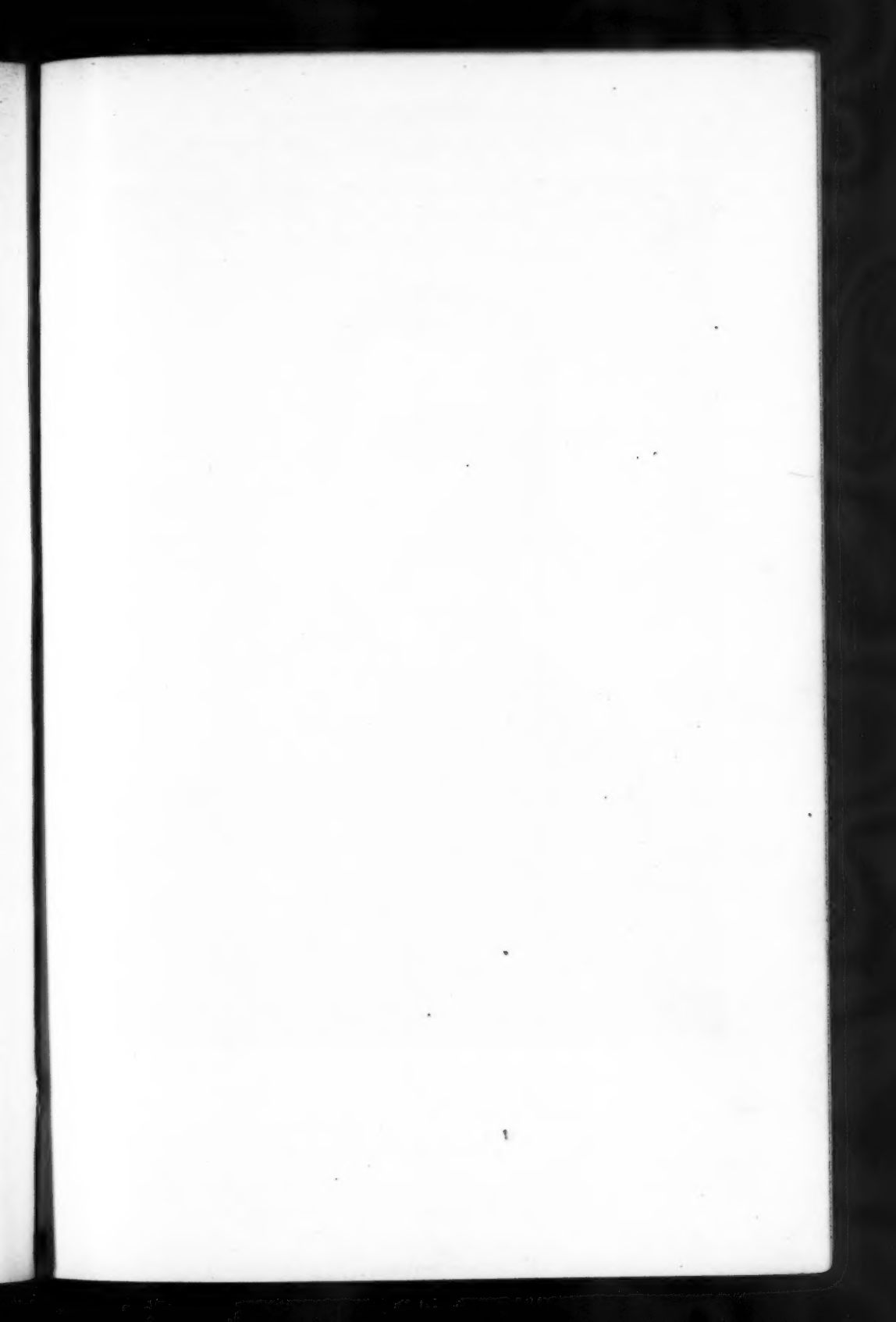
AD Astra, De Profundis,
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,
Spring, The Eumenides.

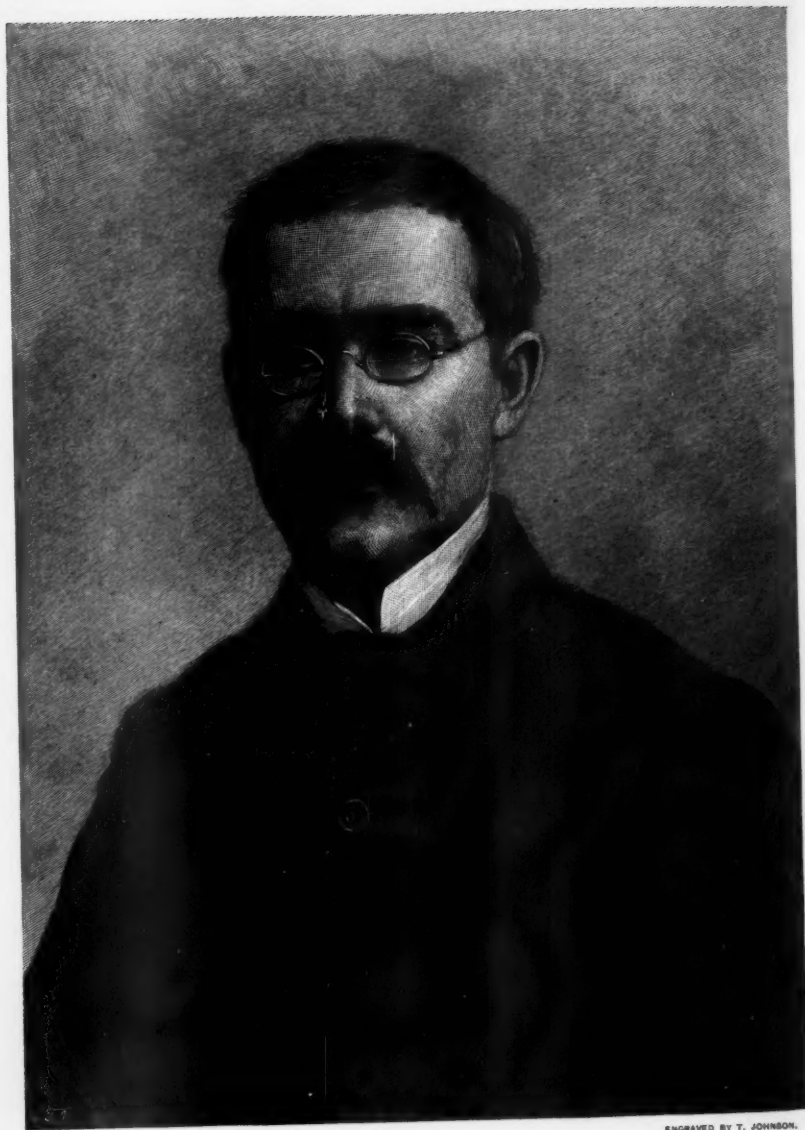
Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis,
Waiting, Theocritus;
Vanitas Vanitatum,
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,
Sleep, Palingenesis;
Salvini, Sursum Corda,
At Mt. Desert, To Miss —.

These are part of the contents
Of "Violets of Song,"
The first poetic volume
Of Susan Mary Strong.

R. K. Munkittrick.





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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

*Sincerely
Rudyard Kipling*